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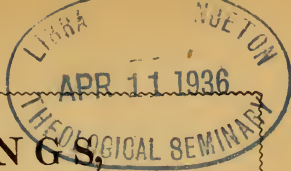
Section

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v. 1







SONGS,
ODES, AND OTHER POEMS,

ON

NATIONAL SUBJECTS;

COMPILED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

BY WM. McCARTY.

—◆—
PART FIRST—PATRIOTIC.
—◆—

"A moi, Auvergne—ce sont les ennemis."

Chev. d'Assas.

PHILADELPHIA :
PUBLISHED BY WM. McCARTY,
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1842.

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WM. McCARTY,
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of Pennsylvania.

Stereotyped by L. Johnson, Philadelphia.

This Volume is Dedicated

To the memory of WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, JEFFERSON, LAURENS, SAMUEL ADAMS, HANCOCK, PATRICK HENRY, HAMILTON, MONROE, MADISON, and all the other statesmen, orators, and civilians, who assisted to gain the independence of their country in 1776 ; or to support it in 1812.

It is also Dedicated

To the MILITIA and YOUNG MEN of the United States.

You will remember that the independence of your country was achieved through much tribulation and suffering. That we might be free, our fathers endured every extreme of penury and pain ; the frozen ground was marked with the blood of their naked feet ; they lived in prisonships, where they were the victims of worse than savage cruelty ; and they dared without hesitation to serve their country amidst every species of torture and death. Should you determine to emulate their courage, fortitude, and perseverance, amidst all dangers, and in every emergency, obey the laws, and respect the institutions of your country ; then, with the blessings of Divine Providence, she need fear no foreign aggression.

Respectfully,

THE COMPILER.

NICHOLAS, Chevalier D'Assas, was born at Vigan. He was an officer in the Regiment d'Auvergne, and by his patriotic death rendered himself worthy of the admiration of posterity. On the night of the 15th of October, 1760, he commanded the outpost at Klostercamp, in the neighbourhood of Gueldres, and at break of day went out to examine the posts. While so occupied, he fell in with a division of the enemy's troops, who were on the point of attacking the French army. He was seized, and threatened with immediate death if he uttered a cry to alarm his regiment. The safety of the French army was at stake. Without a moment's hesitation, he summoned all his strength and exclaimed, "A moi, Auvergne, ce sont les ennemis!" The threat was immediately executed, but the patriot had gained his object. The immediate advance of the Regiment d'Auvergne, who had heard, but were too late to save him, rendered the attack of the enemy unsuccessful. D'Assas was never married; but a pension of 1000 livres was decreed to his family forever. The payment was interrupted during the French Revolution, but it has since been renewed.

P R E F A C E.

THE compiler of these volumes for many years entertained the plan of making a collection of national songs and ballads : deeming the task, however humble, one the result of which would be acceptable to his countrymen.

To fulfil the undertaking, required little else than resolution to begin, and industry to finish the work. The songs lay scattered through magazines, newspapers, and other periodicals, common song-books, and stall-ballads. All these were to be collected and examined. Files of newspapers from the period of Braddock's defeat to the death of President Harrison, a period of eighty-six years, have been carefully searched : and the *Pennsylvania Magazine* of 1775-76. *Carey's American Museum*, the *Port Folio*, the *Analectic Magazine*, and *Niles' Weekly Register*, have also been examined.

The compiler has also to acknowledge contributions from several gentlemen of Philadelphia, who have made collections. Yet he cannot flatter himself that he has all that may be obtained. Many copies of songs and ballads of the revolution, and of the war of 1812, he is persuaded yet remain in private hands. He would respectfully solicit from persons possessing such productions, the loan of their copies for publication: it being his intention to publish all that can be obtained. Some of the ballads included in this work, may be deemed of small poetical merit; but the present and future generation of Americans will hardly disdain those strains, however homely, which cheered and animated our citizen-soldiers and seamen, "in the times that tried men's souls," at the camp-fire or on the forecastle. The introduction to Patriotic Songs 10 and 18, was written by Alderman JOHN BINNS. That to 31, was taken from the National Gazette, about three years since, and is substantially corroborated by the annexed letter, from the author himself, written a short time before his death. A few party


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songs have been given: but as they seem to refer to important eras in our political history, the compiler hopes he may be pardoned for introducing them, especially as he has shown himself impartial, by giving as many on the opposite side of the question.

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*Philadelphia, April 24, 1841.*

SIR:—

IN compliance with your request, I give you an account of the occasion and circumstances attending the composition of the national song of "HAIL COLUMBIA."

It was written in the summer of 1798, when war with France was thought to be inevitable. Congress was then in session in this city, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility had actually taken place. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or the other; some thinking that policy and duty required us to espouse the cause of republican France, as she was called; others were for connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to preserve a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly

offensive to the portion of the people which espoused her cause, and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think not so high, in our country, as it did at that time, upon that question. The theatre was then open in our city. A young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me on Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. His prospects were very disheartening; but he said that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the "PRESIDENT'S MARCH," he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but had not succeeded. I told him I would try what I could do for him. He came the next afternoon; and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. The object of the author was to get up an *American spirit*, which should be independent of, and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents: and look and feel exclusively for our own honour and rights. No allusion is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them: or to the question, which was most in fault in their treatment of us: of course the song found favour with both parties, for both were Americans; at least neither could disavow the sentiments and feelings it inculcated. Such is the history of this song, which has endured infinitely beyond the expectation of the author, as it is beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiments and spirit.

Very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,

JOS. HOPKINSON.

*Rev. Rufus W. Griswold.*

THE  
AMERICAN NATIONAL  
SONG-BOOK.

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PATRIOTIC SONGS.

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From the Pennsylvania Chronicle, July 4, 1768.

I A SONG.

*To the Tune of "Hearts of Oak," &c.*

COME, join hand in hand, brave Americans all,  
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call;  
No tyrannous acts shall suppress your just claim,  
Or stain with dishonour America's name.

In freedom we're born, and in freedom we'll live!

Our purses are ready—

Steady, friends, steady;—

Not as slaves, but as freemen our money we'll give.

Our worthy forefathers (let's give them a cheer)  
To climates unknown did courageously steer;  
Through oceans to deserts for freedom they came,  
And, dying, bequeath'd us their freedom and fame.

In freedom we're born, &c.

Their generous bosoms all dangers despised,  
So highly, so wisely their birthrights they prized;  
We'll keep what they gave, we will piously keep,  
Nor frustrate their toils on the land and the deep.

In freedom we're born, &c.

The tree their own hands had to Liberty rear'd,  
They lived to behold growing strong and revered;  
With transport then cried, "Now our wishes we gain,  
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain."

In freedom we're born, &c.

How sweet are the labours that freemen endure,  
That they shall enjoy all the profit, secure—  
No more such sweet labours Americans know,  
If Britons shall reap what Americans sow.

In freedom we're born, &c.

Swarms of placemen and pensioners\* soon will appear,  
Like locusts deforming the charms of the year;  
Suns vainly will rise, showers vainly descend,  
If we are to drudge for what others shall spend.

In freedom we're born, &c.

Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all,  
By *uniting*, we stand, by *dividing*, we fall;  
In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed  
For Heaven approves of each generous deed.

In freedom we're born, &c.

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\* The ministry have already begun to give away in pensions the money they lately took out of our pockets, without our consent.

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All ages shall speak with amaze and applause
Of the courage we'll show in support of our laws ;
To die we can bear, but to serve we disdain,
For shame is to freemen more dreadful than pain.
In freedom we're born, &c.

This bumper I crown for our sovereign's health,
And this for Britannia's glory and wealth ;
That wealth and that glory immortal may be,
If she is but just, and if we are but free.
In freedom we're born, &c.

—◆—

From the Pennsylvania Magazine, for July, 1775.

2 LIBERTY-TREE.—A NEW SONG.

BY ATLANTICUS, (THOMAS PAINE.)

Tune—"The Gods of the Greeks," or, "In a Mouldering Cave."

In a chariot of light from the regions of day,
The goddess of Liberty came :
Ten thousand celestials directed the way,
And hither conducted the dame.
A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand, as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she named LIBERTY TREE.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,
Like a native it flourish'd and bore ;
The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,
To seek out this peaceable shore.

Unmindful of names or distinctions they came,
For freemen like brothers agree;
With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,
And their temple was LIBERTY TREE.

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
Their bread in contentment they ate,
Unvexed with the troubles of silver and gold,
The cares of the grand and the great.
With timber and tar they old England supplied,
And supported her power on the sea;
Her battles they fought, without getting a groat,
For the honour of LIBERTY TREE.

But hear, oh, ye swains, ('tis a tale most profane,)
How all the tyrannical powers,
King, commons, and lords, are uniting amain,
To cut down this guardian of ours!
From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms!
Through the land let the sound of it flee;
Let the far and the near all unite, with a cheer,
In defence of our LIBERTY TREE.

3 DESTRUCTION OF THE TEA, 1774.

Tune—"Hosier's Ghost."

As near beauteous Boston lying
On the gently swelling flood,
Without jack or pendant flying,
Three ill-fated tea-ships rode;

Just as glorious Sol was setting,
On the wharf a numerous crew,
Sons of Freedom, fear forgetting,
Suddenly appeared in view.

Armed with hammer, axe, and chisels,
Weapons new for warlike deed,
Towards the herbage-freighted vessels
They approached with dreadful speed.

O'er their heads, in lofty mid-sky,
Three bright angel-forms were seen;
This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
With fair Liberty between.

"Soon," they cried, "your foes you'll banish,
Soon the triumph shall be won;
Scarce shall setting Phœbus vanish,
Ere the deathless deed be done."

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
Hatches burst and chests display'd;
Axes, hammers help afforded;
What a glorious crash they made!

Squash into the deep descended
Cursed weed of China's coast;
Thus at once our fears were ended!
British rights shall ne'er be lost.

Captains! once more hoist your streamers,
Spread your sails, and plough the wave!
Tell your masters they were dreamers
When they thought to cheat the brave.

4

FREE AMERICA.

BY GENERAL WARREN.

Tune—"British Grenadier."

THAT seat of science, Athens,
And earth's proud mistress, Rome ;
Where now are all their glories ?
We scarce can find a tomb.
Then guard your rights, Americans,
Nor stoop to lawless sway ;
Oppose, oppose, oppose, oppose,
For North America.

We led fair Freedom hither,
And lo, the desert smiled !
A paradise of pleasure
Was opened in the wild !
Your harvest, bold Americans,
No power shall snatch away !
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

Torn from a world of tyrants,
Beneath this western sky,
We formed a new dominion,
A land of liberty :
The world shall own we're masters here ;
Then hasten on the day :
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

Proud Albion bow'd to Cesar,
And numerous lords before ;

To Picts, to Danes, to Normans,
And many masters more :
But we can boast, Americans,
We've never fallen a prey ;
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

God bless this maiden climate,
And through its vast domain
May hosts of heroes cluster,
Who scorn to wear a chain :
And blast the venal sycophant
That dares our rights betray ;
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

Lift up your hands, ye heroes,
And swear, with proud disdain,
The wretch that would ensnare you,
Shall lay his snares in vain :
Should Europe empty all her force,
We'll meet her in array,
And fight and shout, and shout and fight
For North America.

Some future day shall crown us,
The masters of the main,
Our fleet shall speak in thunder
To England, France, and Spain ;
And the nations over the ocean spread
Shall tremble and obey
The sons, the sons, the sons, the sons
Of brave America.

5 AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY FRANCIS HOPKINSON, ESQ., *Author of the "Battle of the Kegs."*

MAKE room, all ye kingdoms, in history renown'd,
Whose arms have in battle with victory been crown'd,
Make room for America, another great nation;
She rises to claim in your councils a station.

Her sons fought for freedom, and by their own bravery
Have rescued themselves from the shackles of slavery;
America is free; and Britain's abhorr'd;
And America's fame is forever restored.

Fair Freedom in Britain her throne had erected;
Her sons they grew venal, and she disrespected.
The goddess, offended, forsook that base nation,
And fix'd on our mountains: a more honour'd station.

With glory immortal she here sits enthroned,
Nor fears the vain vengeance of Britain disown'd,
Great Washington guards her, with heroes surrounded;
Her foes he, with shameful defeat, has confounded.

To arms! we to arms flew! 'twas Freedom invited us,
The trumpet, shrill sounding, to battle excited us;
The banners of virtue, unfurl'd, did wave over us,
Our hero led on, and the foe flew before us.

In Heaven and Washington we placed reliance,
We met the proud Britons, and bid them defiance;
The cause we supported was just, and was glorious;
When men fight for freedom, they must be victorious.

6 THE LAND OF LOVE AND LIBERTY.

Tune—"Rule Britannia."

HAIL, great republic of the world !
The rising empire of the west ;
When famed Columbus' mighty mind impress'd,
Gave Europe's sons a place of rest.

Be thou forever, forever blest and free,
The land of love and liberty.

Beneath thy spreading, mantling vines,
Beside thy flowery groves and springs ;
And on thy lofty, thy lofty mountains' brow,
May all thy sons and fair ones sing,
Be thou forever, &c.

From thee may future nations learn
To prize the cause thy sons began ;
From thee may future, may future tyrants know,
That sacred are the rights of man.
Be thou forever, &c.

Of thee may sleeping infancy,
The pleasing, wondrous story tell ;
And patriot sages, in venerable mood,
Instruct the world to govern well.
Be thou forever, &c.

May guardian angels watch around,
From harm protect these new-born states,
And all ye friendly, ye friendly nations, join,
And thus salute the child of fate :
Be thou forever, &c.

7 THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY.

In the still hour of nature, when mankind repose,
And darkness her veil round the universe throws,
As the gleamy-shot meteor, so radiant with light,
A goddess descends on the bosom of night.

From her left Freedom's ægis flashed terror afar,
And her right shook the spear, redoubted in war;
On her helm was COLUMBIA, letter'd in gold,
And Peace with sweet olive did the motto enfold.

On her countenance heavenly benignity play'd,
And the stars of the Union encircled her head;
Of her country, the emblem was marked on her zone,
And bright as bold Phœbus fair Liberty shone.

With majesty awful, "My children," she cried,
"Of my bosom the treasure, the glory, the pride—"
While she spoke, the wing'd lightning glared fiery on
 high,
And dread independence shot fierce from her eye.

"Thou nation of patriots, thou land of the brave,
Where tyranny rots in her dark, silent grave,
As peace to the wretched, or spring to the year,
So are to my bosom thy warriors dear.

"If war's sweeping tempest from Europe returns,
Columbia, indignant, shall marshal her sons;
With flags proudly waving, the tyrants defy,
Victorious she'll triumph, or gloriously die.

"When rages the battle, and the dread trumpets sound,
From the breast gushes life at the deep mortal wound;

Still fearless they'll hurl the death-winged dart,
And victory swell warm through each warrior's heart.

"I know you're intrepid, and danger will dare,
In friendship unshaken, unconquer'd in war ;
As nature extensive, your glories I'll spread,
Or lay you immortal in honour's proud bed.

"My sons oft in battle their prowess have shown,
And humbled Britannia their valour must own :
The infant of Liberty, suckled but now,
Pluck'd the laurel of conquest from royalty's brow.

"Oppression's dark legions, here gloomy array'd,
Here Freedom's proud eagle defiance display'd,
When in terrible fury your fathers arose,
And dread as Omnipotence hurled down their foes.

"The spirit undaunted, that knew not to yield,
Sought peace in uprightness, or death in the field,
Was the spirit unconquer'd your sires that possess'd,
And such let the soul be that still fires your breast.

"At Yorktown and Bunker's famed hill have they bled,
And in freedom majestic, when Washington led,
Did the rights of your country support on the plain,
Or laid their corpse mangled on mountains of slain.

"How oft they strode fearless o'er death's bloody field,
With virtue their motto, and courage their shield !
How oft, crown'd with glory, their banners did wave,
Let the shades of my heroes attest from the grave.

"Now, nourish'd by wisdom, and strengthen'd by years,
The goddess of Liberty dreadful appears
To her foes, as the thunder that round her head roars,
Profound as the ocean that washes the shores."

8

COLUMBIA.

BY DR. DWIGHT.

COLUMBIA ! Columbia ! to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies ;
Thy genius commands thee, with raptures behold,
While ages on ages thy splendours unfold :
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime :
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name :
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire,
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire ;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend ;
A world is thy realm, for a world be thy laws,
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause ;
On freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star ;
New bards and new sages unrivall'd shall soar,
To fame unextinguish'd, when time is no more :
To thee, the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly, from all nations, the best of mankind ;
Here, grateful to Heaven, with transports shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odours of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend ;
Their graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul still enliven the fire :

Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image instamped on the mind ;
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of wo.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey ;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold ;
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendours shall flow ;
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow ;
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush the tumults of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From the noise of the city I pensively strayed,
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired ;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.

9

NATIONAL GRATITUDE.

HAIL! the first, the greatest blessing
God hath given to man below ;
Hail to freedom, independence,
Boundless, boundless may they flow !
Favour'd people, bless'd Columbia, happy nation,
Freedom, peace be ever thine.

Give to God the power and glory,
Own 'twas his almighty hand
Which from Britain's isle conducted
Patriot heroes to this land;
Then a desert, waste and howling, then a desert,
Now the asylum of the earth.

Who subdued the warlike savage,
Nimrod-hunter of the wood?
Who amid the storm of battle,
In the cloud of pillar stood?
'Twas Jehovah, 'twas Jehovah, 'twas Jehovah,
Universal nature's Lord.

When a parent to the children
Scorpions gave instead of bread,
Who, educating good from evil,
Hungry babes with plenty fed?
Shout Jehovah, sing Jehovah, shout Jehovah,
Praises, praises be to him.

High exalted, firmly seated,
Independent, sovereign, free,
May Columbia's grateful millions
Glory, glory give to thee.
Might, dominion, praises, blessing, glory, glory,
All the glory, Lord, be thine.

Every nation, all the kingdoms,
Bless, O, bless, eternal Sire!
Man adoring, angels hymning,
Love and gratitude inspire.
Rapture feeling, transports shouting, praises sounding,
Hail, they cry, amen, amen!

THE author of the following complimentary poem, to the men and the principles of '76, was an Englishman. He was born and died in Liverpool. He was esteemed and respected for his personal worth, his talents, and his liberal principles. He was the friend of Roscoe! It is nearly half a century since the writer of this note parted with Edward Rushton. He was then, and for many years before had been blind. His bland and gentle manners, his conversational powers, and the zeal and eloquence with which he advocated the principles of universal freedom, made his society much sought after. All his poems, and he wrote several, proclaim not only his love of freedom and the whole human family, but the goodness of his heart. Praise from such a man is no light homage paid to the courage and the virtue of the founders of our republic.

10 AMERICAN FREEDOM.

BY E. RUSHTON.

YE men of Columbia, O hail the great day
Which burst your tyrannical chain;
Which taught the oppress'd how to spurn lawless sway,
And establish'd equality's reign;
Yes, hail the bless'd moment, when, awfully grand,
Your Congress pronounced the decree
Which told the wide world that your pine-cover'd land,
In spite of coercion, was free.

Those worthies who fell in the soul-cheering cause,
To the true sons of freedom are dear;
Their deeds the unborn shall rehearse with applause,
And bedew their cold tomb with a tear.
O, cherish their names—let their daring exploits
And their virtues be spread far and wide,
And if fierce-eyed ambition encroach on your rights,
Again shall her schemes be destroy'd.

As he tills the rich glebe, the old peasant shall tell
(While his bosom with gratitude glows)

How your Warren expired—how Montgomery fell,
And how Washington baffled your foes.
With transport his offspring shall catch the glad sound,
And as freedom takes root in each breast,
Their country's defenders with praise shall be crown'd,
While their plunderers they learn to detest.

By those fields that were ravaged, those towns that
were fired,

By those wrongs which your females endured ;
By those blood-sprinkled plains where your warriors
expired,

O, preserve what your prowess procured ;
And reflect that your rights are the rights of mankind,
That to all they were bounteously given ;
And that he who in chains would his fellow-man bind,
Uplifts his proud arm against Heaven.

How can you, who have felt the oppressor's hard hand,
Who for freedom all perils did brave,

How can you enjoy ease, while one foot of your land
Is disgraced by the toil of a slave ?

O, rouse, then, in spite of a merciless few,
And pronounce this immortal decree—

That "whate'er be man's tenets, his fortune, his hue,
He is man—and shall therefore be free!"



11

HAIL AMERICA.

HAIL, America, hail, unrivall'd in fame,
Thy foes, in confusion, turn pale at thy name ;
On thy rock-rooted virtue, firmly seated sublime,
Below thee break, harmless, the billows of time.

May thy starry flag, waving, still glory pursue,
And freedom find ever a guardian in you.

Huzza, huzza, huzza, brave America,

Whom freedom secures ;

The high car of crest-blazing glory is yours.

Let Spain boast the treasures that glow in her mines ;

Let Gallia rejoice in her olives and vines ;

Let bright-sparkling jewels in India prevail ;

Let thy odours, Arabia, diffuse in each gale ;

'Tis America only is bless'd with the soil

Where the fair fruits of virtue and liberty smile.

Huzza, huzza, &c.

For the blessings of freedom and plenty are yours.

Our bosoms, enraptured, beat high at thy name,

Thy health is our transport, thy triumph our fame ;

Like our sires, with our swords we'll support thy
renown ;

What they bought with their blood, we'll defend with
our own :

Smile, ye guardians of freedom, while your sons
implore,

That America flourish till time be no more.

Huzza, huzza, &c.

For the blessings of freedom and valour are yours.

The muses to thee their glad tribute shall pay,

They flourish with freedom, with freedom decay ;

Their hearts faintly murmur and silently stand,

While the sword of oppression hangs over our land.

Can the eagle soar freely, or dart like the wind,

When his limbs are oppress'd or his pinions confined ?

Huzza, huzza, &c.

For science and arts and fair freedom are yours.

Unsheathe'd while the sword of oppression remains,
And the blood of our heroes still crimson the plains,
See America, weeping, exhort each brave son,
That their hearts, as their glory, might always be one.
'Tis the charter of freedom, attend to the call;
United we stand, but divided we fall.

Huzza, huzza, &c.

For patriots, and heroes, and virtue are yours.

With sweetness and beauty thy daughters shall rise,
With rose-blooming cheeks, and love-languishing eyes,
The graces and virtues solid comforts prepare
For heroes deserving the first of the fair.

For to whom should the blessings of freedom descend,
But the sons of those sires who dared freedom defend?

Huzza, huzza, &c.

The high car of crest-blazing glory is yours.



12

LAND OF LIBERTY.

To Liberty's enraptured sight,
When first Columbia's region shone,
She hail'd it from her starry height,
And, smiling, claimed it as her own.
"Fair land," the goddess cried, "be free!
Soil of my choice! to fame arise!"
She spoke, and heaven's minstrelsy
Swell'd the loud chorus through the skies:
All hail, forever great and free,
Columbia—land of liberty.

Columbia's genius heard the strain,
And proudly raised his drooping crest;
His sons impatient fill'd the plain,
While panted high each patriot's breast:
Their fetters they indignant spurn'd,
They waved their faulchions in the air,
And where the goddess' altar burn'd,
From kneeling warriors rose the prayer—
To die be ours, if thou art free,
Columbia—land of liberty.

War blew the clarion loud and long;
Oppression led his legions on;
To battle rush'd the patriot throng,
And soon the glorious day was won—
Each bleeding freeman smiled in death;
Flying he saw his country's foes,
And, wafted by his latest breath,
To heaven the cheerful pæan rose—
Content I die, for thou art free!
Columbia—land of liberty.

And shall we ever dim the fires
That flames on Freedom's hundred shrines?
Shall glory's children shame their sires?
Shall cowards spring from heroes' loins?
No, by the blood our fathers shed,
O, Freedom! in thy holy cause,
When streaming from the martyr'd dead,
It seal'd and sanctified thy laws—
We swear to keep thee great and free!
Columbia—land of liberty.

13 THE PRAISE OF COLUMBIA.

To no monarch, no tyrant in robes will we sing
The pension-bought sounds from a heart of deceit;
Let love give the harmony, friendship the string,
Bright joy strike the chord, and the muses repeat:
 'Tis the praise of Columbia awakens the song,
 And the loud trump of Fame shall re-echo the
 strain;
 America's freedom the theme shall prolong,
 And the world shall repeat it again and again.

For oppression no altar, no temple we raise,
Where the proud sons of indolent power might rest;
'Tis the goddess of Freedom we honour and praise,
Whose temple is found in each patriot's breast:
 Then let the praise of Columbia, &c.

Independence we fought for, that blessing we gain'd,
Trade, commerce, and plenty still add to our store;
These rights shall by valour be ever retain'd,
And peace, love, and friendship still dwell on this
 shore:
 Then in praise of Columbia, &c.

May the true sons of Freedom still form a proud band,
And e'er guard the shore where bright Liberty reigns;
May Heaven in unity link heart and hand,
And smile on the host that no slavery stains:
 Then in praise of Columbia, &c.

14

LIBERTY HALL.

OLD Homer !—but what have we with him to do ?
What are Grecians or Trojans to me or to you ?
Your heathenish heroes no more I'll invoke ;
Choice spirits, assist me ; attend, hearts of oak.

Perhaps my address you may premature think,
Because I have mentioned no toast, as I drink ;
There are many fine toasts ; but the best of them all
Is the toast of the times, my lads, LIBERTY HALL.

This fine British building by Alfred was framed ;
Its grand corner-stone Magna Charta was named ;
Independency came at Integrity's call,
And rear'd the grand pillars of LIBERTY HALL.

Independence our forefathers bought with their blood,
And their sons and their sons' sons will make their
deeds good :
By this title we stand ; by this title we fall ;
For life is not life, out of LIBERTY HALL.

See Columbia triumphant ; her ships sweep the sea ;
Her standard is Justice, her watchword, " be free."
Our Congress is chosen, our countrymen all,
God bless them, and bless us, in LIBERTY HALL.

O, where is this hall ? Lord North fain would know ;
'Tis neither at London, St. James's, nor Kew ;
'Tis a palace of no mortal architect's art,
For LIBERTY HALL's an American's heart.

15

NEW COLUMBIA.

BY H. BLISS.

WHEN Columbia arose from the wide-spreading flood,
All alone from the isles and the nations she stood ;
The voice of her angel was heard through her clime,
And he sung this sweet strain in the morning of time :
“ Columbia, all hail ! happy world of the west !
Most spacious thy climes—in thy station most bless’d ;
Though the last on the map of the nations to stand,
Thy fame shall be first, and the fairest thy land.

“ Here the scenes which the future so bright shall unfold,
The nations unborn shall with wonder behold ;
For lo ! where the brute and the savage both roam,
With towns and vast cities the deserts shall bloom.
O’er the thrones of the east, here an empire shall rise,
Whose base shall be Freedom, and glory the prize,
As firm as the chains of thy mountains to be,
Or thy bounds which the shores of two oceans decree.

“ Here tyrants no longer mankind shall enslave,
Nor pamper the base on the spoils of the brave—
The fiend of oppression shall struggle in vain,
To torture thy sons with the lash and the chain :
Nor here shall ambition, more honour’d than God,
Reap laurels and kingdoms from conquest and blood ;
Its honour shall flow from a source more refined,
E’en the glory and welfare of millions combined.

“ With a world in thyself, in thy soil and thy clime,
And the means of improvement more vast and sublime ;
On a scale more enlarged man’s existence shall rise,
And the faults of the past make the future grow wise :—

New laws and new systems more perfect shall grow,
And plenty and peace like thy rivers shall flow ;
And the road to distinction, all equal shall find,
Where virtue and talents ennoble mankind.

“ While the groans of sad Europe are heard from afar,
And the nations are wreck'd on the billows of war,
And the fate of their slaves, by their tyrants decreed
By thousands to toil, and by thousands to bleed ;
To this land of repose, lo ! the sufferers shall come,
Where the stranger shall find both a refuge and home ;
Here millions, more bless'd, future ages shall see,
In the bosom of ease, independent and free.

“ Thy heroes and sages, when freedom is born,
Like the stars without number, thy States shall adorn ;
As high as the Greek or the Roman's proud name,
Unrivall'd to shine in the temple of fame.
Here genius, with science, united shall soar,
New plans to unfold, and new fields to explore ;
As the arts in progression, advancing shall find
The means to supply all the wants of mankind.

“ With union and light, in sweet triumph to blend,
Their freedom invaded, thy sons shall defend ;
At their voice so commanding, their foes shall be dumb,
Both their tyrants abroad and their traitors at home :
While virtue and knowledge more strength shall
command
Than their fleets on the seas, or their walls on the land,
And thine eagle the olive and quiver shall bear,
Till the lions of Europe shall roar in despair.

“ Here, the gospel of peace, more divinely display'd,
No laws shall pervert, and no tyrant invade ;

Nor its beauties expose to the infidel's hate ;
By uniting its powers with the compact of state—
Or enforcing belief in a merciful God,
Through regions all streaming with heretics' blood !
But a gospel more pure shall its votaries embrace,
As free as the air, to the whole human race.

“ Nor less shall fair virtue its triumphs impart,
And the laws of humanity flow from the heart ;
Thy sons in the paths of true honour shall move,
And thy daughters with beauty and innocence rove.
In this world of the west shall the nations behold,
In the annals of time, a new era unfold,
All nature exults, now she points to its birth !
Still waiting to give a new charter to earth.

“ Columbia, all hail, happy world of the west !
Thy God shall protect thee, thy land shall be bless'd ;
For a phoenix of empire thy reign shall display,
From the dust of old kingdoms, to blaze into day.”
Thus on high, from a cloud o'er the mountains that
spread,
With a rainbow of light that encircled his head,
The voice of the angel that bade thee arise,
Proclaim'd the decree, and flew back to the skies.

16

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

FAREWELL to my country, a lasting farewell !
Sweet scenes of my childhood, forever adieu !
Now hid from my sight is the flowery dell,
And now the dear cabin recedes from my view ;

Thy murmuring streams no more breathe on mine ear ;
Thy wild-waving woods, too, are lost to my sight :
Sweet gem of the world, I drop the sad tear,
And farewell to Erin, dear land of delight.

Sweet days that are past, how ye come o'er my soul !
Ye chill my warm blood, as the sad scenes I trace :
Though time shakes his sand, and the wide waters roll,
Nor distance, nor seasons, those scenes shall efface ;

Brave, brave were thy sons, unshaken by fear ;
And blooming thy maidens to my ravish'd sight.
Sweet gem of the world ! I drop the sad tear
To Erin, dear Erin ! the land of delight.

The tempest arose, and the ravager came ;
Thy streams, stain'd with blood, reveal'd the sad tale !
Thy wild-waving woodlands were shrouded with flame,
And the hell-hounds of war descended the vale ;

O ! my mother, my sister, my Kathleen so dear !
Can I think without madness on that horrid night.
To your shades, ye beloved ones, I drop the sad tear,
And to Erin, dear Erin ! the land of delight.



17 SONS OF HIBERNIA.

Tune—"Patrick's day in the morning."

YE sons of Hibernia who fled from oppression,
And found an asylum in this happy land ;
Remember the wrongs and woes past expression
Inflicted by George's tyrannical band.
Behold, now the day of sweet vengeance approaches,
When marshall'd in warlike array we'll advance,

~~~~~  
With the sons of Columbia united and steady,  
To charge the proud foe we'll always be ready,  
And tyrants defy, night and morning.

When tyranny, terror, and sad desolation,  
Overwhelm'd like a torrent the seats of the brave,  
And the bloodhounds of Britain spread wide devastation,  
And Erin's true sons found a premature grave;  
Then the goddess of Liberty, touch'd with compassion,  
Invited her votaries over the main,  
To the shores of Columbia, where Freedom so charming,  
Our hearts still delighting, our bosoms still warming,  
Shall gladden the scene night and morning.

For the boon we'll be grateful, and foremost in battle,  
Defying the minions of Britain and France,  
Where trumpets resound and where cannons do rattle,  
Impetuous we'll rush and undaunted advance.  
Through Canada's wilds or the plains of Quebec,  
On the ocean's wide bosom or Florida's sands,  
We will prove our devotion, the cause it is glorious,  
Defending our rights we shall e'er be victorious,  
All dangers we'll brave night and morning.

Our triumph completed, the prospect will brighten,  
No more we'll be shackled by Liberty's foes!  
The empire of Freedom shall spread and enlighten,  
Philanthropy's friends shall enjoy sweet repose.  
United and free, and all tyrants defying,  
Equal rights, equal laws we'll preserve as our boast;  
Our well-earned liberty always enjoying,  
And still with the precepts of justice complying,  
Fair Freedom's support and adorning.

THOMAS MUIR, the author of the following poem, was a native of Scotland and a lawyer. He was a distinguished member of the celebrated convention in favour of parliamentary reform, which assembled in that country in 1793. In 1794-5 Mr. Muir was tried, convicted, and sentenced to Botany Bay for fourteen years, for having permitted his hair-dresser to take from his table Thomas Paine's "Rights of Man." Muir was, with the eloquent Gerald, Margarot, and other Scotch and English reformers, actually transported to Botany Bay, where a majority of them died. Muir has been dead more than twenty years.

## 18 THE SCOTCH EMIGRANT.

BY THOMAS MUIR.

BLOW, blow, ye breezes, o'er the western main,  
And bear the lingering vessels from the shore,  
The shore beloved! beloved, alas! in vain,  
Which these dim eyes, through tears, e'en yet  
explore.

Dear to the patriot is his native land,  
Bound to each feeling are his native hills;  
Yet when he flies them for a foreign strand,  
Dire are his wrongs, and heavy are his ills.

Why hail'd our fathers Caledonia's clime?  
And why preferr'd the horrors of the north?  
Wise was their choice! for Freedom stalk'd sublime  
On Clyde's gay borders, and the banks of Forth.

Sweet is the gale from Idumea's groves,  
Lovely the vale where proud Damascus towers;  
Yet there, in blood-stain'd steel, the tyrant roves,  
And just equality and right o'erpowers.

Should Nature act the despot in the soil,  
Rage in the tempest, madden in the wave—  
And should brief man in imitation boil,  
Where shall humanity her children save?

Bless'd be the chiefs of Massachusetts' Bay,  
Who rear'd the standard of the rights of man,  
Who in the desert pointed out the way  
Where freeborn minds might live on Freedom's plan.

Hither, ye youths of Europe, let us roam,  
Found the proud city by Ohio's wave;  
Where Freedom is, there is the patriot's home;  
Where Freedom is, there, also, dwell the brave.

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## 19 THE TEMPLE OF LIBERTY.

*"Where Liberty dwells, there is my country."*

THOUGH sacred the flame which our country enkindles  
In every fond heart that for Liberty glows;  
Yet cold is that breast where uncherish'd it dwindles,  
And sad the effect which from apathy flows:  
O, thou that wert born in the cot of the peasant,  
But diest of languor in luxury's dome,  
Whose magic can make e'en the wilderness pleasant,  
Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home.

How bless'd is the land that can boast independence,  
The race who the charter of Freedom have gain'd!  
Whose fathers bequeath'd it, and bid their descendants  
Inherit the legacy pure and unstain'd!  
That land is Columbia's supremely bless'd region,  
Where Freedom's bright eagle o'ershadows her  
dome,  
To watch o'er her rights, and protect her religion—  
Hail, Temple of Liberty! thou art my home.

## 20 THE GENIUS OF IRELAND.

*Tune—"General Wolfe."*

WHEN Liberty's standard Columbia raised high,  
And with valour astonish'd the world,  
The sons of Hibernia loud shouted for joy,  
And the ensigns of Freedom unfurl'd;  
'The wish of each heart was, "Columbia be free!  
Let tyrants ne'er sully thy fame!  
May thy sons ever joy under Liberty's tree,  
And all mankind still honour thy name."

Each heart beat to arms, and the volunteer corps  
Heard the sound, and appear'd on parade;  
Such a sight Ireland's genius ne'er witness'd before,  
And yet still on her harp thus she play'd:  
"The wish of each heart is, Columbia be free!  
Let tyrants ne'er sully thy fame!  
May thy sons ever joy under Liberty's tree,  
And all mankind still honour thy name."

The silver-toned instrument peal'd such a choir,  
That old ocean leap'd back with surprise!  
The rocks roll'd it high from the far sounding shore,  
And the echo shrill enter'd the skies.  
Enraptured, the angels re-echo'd the strain,  
"Columbia shall ever be free!  
The world enfranchis'd shall honour thy name,  
And thy sons nourish Liberty's tree."

The genius sang on: "See my sons o'er the waves,  
Raise their ensigns, never to yield!  
They've vow'd that Columbians ne'er shall be slaves,  
While there's one man alive in the field;



It thrills through my heart, great Columbia is free!  
My sons shall ne'er sully thy fame :  
In their blood they have planted the Liberty tree,  
With their blood they will nourish the same."

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## 21 UNIVERSAL FREEDOM.

THE Power that created the night and the day,  
Gave his image divine to each model of clay ;  
Though on different features the god be impress'd,  
One spirit immortal pervades every breast.  
And Nature's great charter the right never gave,  
That one mortal another should dare to enslave.

The same genial ray that the lilies unfold,  
Gives the diamond its lustre, it brightness to gold ;  
That which Europe's proud sons to rapture inspire,  
Warms each African breast with as genial a fire.

And Nature's great charter, &c.

May the head be corrected, subdued the proud soul  
That would fetter free limbs, and free spirits control :  
Be the gem or in ebon or in ivory enshrined,  
The same form of heart warms the whole human kind.

And Nature's great charter, &c.

May Freedom, whose rays we are taught to adore,  
Beam bright as the sun, and bless every shore ;  
No charter that pleads for the rights of mankind,  
To invest these with gold, those with fetters can bind.

And Nature's great charter, &c.



## 22

## HAIL, LIBERTY.

HAIL! Liberty, supreme delight,  
Thou idol of the mind!  
Through every clime extend thy flight;  
The world range unconfined.  
The virtues of the just and brave  
Exist alone with thee;  
Nature ne'er meant to form a slave;  
Her birthright's Liberty.

Though all the tyrants in the world  
Conspire to crush thy fame,  
Still shall thy banners be unfurl'd;  
Eternal be thy name.  
The virtues of the just, &c.

Then let the world, in one great band  
Of glorious unity,  
Drive despotism from each land,  
Or die for Liberty.  
The virtues of the just, &c.

Columbia, how bless'd art thou,  
Free from tyrannic sway!  
Assert thy rights, thy laws avow,  
Drive discord far away.  
The virtues of the just, &c.

And may'st thou, to the end of time,  
A sweet asylum be  
To patriots of every clime,  
Who sigh for Liberty.  
The virtue of the just, &c.

## 23

## WAR.

*Written during captivity at Tripoli.*

WHEN the sweet smiling moon rolls her orb through  
the sky,

And the white clouds are flying afar,

I rove

Through the grove,

While no danger is nigh,

And with pensiveness utter a heart-broken sigh,

As I think on the horrors of war.

O'er the earth hostile armies, in battle around,

Spread destruction and carnage afar,

While blood,

Like a flood,

Flows with crimson the ground,

And the groans of the dying unnumber'd around—

O! the horrors of merciless war!

Heaven hasten the time when the battle shall cease,

And dread terror be banish'd afar;

When love,

Like a dove,

With the emblems of peace,

Shall return to the ark, and all wretchedness cease,

Which embitters the horrors of war.

Then the vulture despair shall from misery fly,

And no ill-omen'd, grief-bearing star,

Shall keep

Gentle sleep

From the fatherless eye,

Nor disturb the repose of the brave with a sigh,

For the wide-wasting horrors of war.

**24**      WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

No peerage we covet, no sceptres desire,  
Nor gewgaws that garnish a throne ;  
For Liberty loves on her own native lyre  
To celebrate sons of her own.

And always with rapture his virtue she sings,  
And exults on the morn of his birth,  
Who shakes every throne of despotical kings,  
And gives a new lesson to earth.

O, widely diffuse it, ye winds, as ye blow ;  
O, waft it, ye waves, that they fan ;  
For the choicest of gifts that the God can bestow  
Is the blessing of Freedom to man.  
Oh ! WASHINGTON, hail ! whom the breath of pure  
Fame  
With praises more sweet shall perfume,  
Than ever embalm'd or exalted a name  
In Macedon, Athens, or Rome.

For Freedom, say, what did that foe of the Greek,  
Alexander, that hero admired ?  
Let the foes or the friends whom he massacred, speak,  
Or the beautiful city he fired.

Ye unfetter'd freemen, examine each deed  
That made him renown'd or adored ;  
Then mention what race by his valour was freed,  
Or bless'd by his sceptre or sword ?

Did conquering Cesar Rome's senate obey ?  
Did his legions disperse at a word ?

Did he halt or retire from a summit of sway,  
That saving his country conferr'd ?  
Then, WASHINGTON, hail, &c.

Did Athens, did Sparta one hero produce,  
To extinguish their feuds by his mind ?  
Or prove to the free the pre-eminent use  
Of union to them, and mankind ?

Ah, no ! if the wise but one patriot adept,  
Oné leader like ours had enjoy'd,  
No lover of Science or Freedom had wept,  
For Science and Freedom destroy'd.  
Then, WASHINGTON, hail ! &c.

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## 25 THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

*Tune—"The Dauphin."*

CROWN'D with auspicious light,  
Columbia's eagle, rise !  
Thine emblems bless our sight,  
Thine honours greet our eyes.  
Nations admire thy rising dawn,  
And shall salute thy day ;  
While generations yet unborn  
Receive the genial ray.  
An empire's born !—let cannons roar ;  
Bid echo rend the sky ;  
Let every heart adore  
High Heaven, our great ally.  
Illustrious era, hail—  
Thy stars in union grow,

Opposing mists dispel,  
And with fresh splendour glow.  
Thy glories burst upon the gloom,  
Where darkness dragg'd her chain;  
The sons of cruelty and death  
Shall own thy gentle reign.  
An empire's born, &c.

Let joy our hearts engage,  
Let foul contention cease;  
Exchange for jealous rage  
The enrapturing smile of peace.  
No human genius e'er devised  
A federal plan more pure;  
Wisdom, and strength, and freedom guard  
Columbia's rights secure.  
An empire's born, &c.

Now, Fame, exert your powers,  
Your silver trumpet raise:  
Still Washington is ours;  
Through earth proclaim his praise.  
He once, in crimson fields of blood,  
Forbade us to be slaves;  
And now, with an illustrious hand,  
Again his country saves.  
An empire's born, &c.

Discord aghast shall frown;  
Science her temple rear;  
Labour insure her crown,  
And useful arts appear.  
Then bend your spears to pruning-hooks,  
Break up the generous soil,

While fruits of plenty round the land,  
Reward the reaper's toil.

An empire's born, &c.

Commerce, your sails display,

While agriculture sings :

Where late the bramble lay,

The rose of beauty springs.

Union shall glad revolving years,

No partial view remain ;

Justice aloft advance her scale,

And public virtue reign.

An empire's born, &c.

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## 26

### THE RAISING.

COME, muster, my lads, your mechanical tools,  
Your saws and your axes, your hammers and rules ;  
Bring your mallets and planes, your level and line,  
And plenty of pins of American pine.

For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,  
A government firm, and our citizens free.

Come, up with the plates, lay them firm on the wall,  
Like the people at large, they're the groundwork of all ;  
Examine them well, and see that they're sound ;  
Let no rotten parts in our building be found ;

For our roof we will raise, &c.

Now hand up the girders, lay each in his place,  
Between them the joists must divide all the space ;  
Like assembly-men, these should lie level along,  
Like girders, our senate prove loyal and strong :

For our roof we will raise, &c.

---

The rafters now frame, your king-posts and braces,  
And drive your pins home to keep all in their places;  
Let wisdom and strength in the fabric combine,  
And your pins be all made of American pine :  
For the roof we will raise, &c.

Our king-posts are judges—now upright they stand,  
Supporting the braces, the laws of the land ;  
The laws of the land which divide right from wrong,  
And strengthen the weak, by weakening the strong.  
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,  
Laws equal and just, for a people that's free.

Lo! up with the rafters—each frame is a State!  
How noble they rise! their span, too, how great!  
From the north to the south, o'er the whole they extend,  
And rest on the walls, while the walls they defend!  
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,  
Combined in strength, yet as citizens free.

Now enter the purlins, and drive your pins through,  
And see that your joints are drawn home, and all true ;  
The purlins will bind all the rafters together,  
The strength of the whole shall defy wind and weather ;  
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,  
United as States, but as citizens free.

Come, raise up the turret, our glory and pride :  
In the centre it stands, o'er the whole to preside ;  
The sons of Columbia shall view with delight  
Its pillars and arches, and towering height ;  
Our roof is now raised, and our song still shall be,  
A federal head, o'er a people still free.

Huzza! my brave boys, our work is complete :  
The world shall admire Columbia's fair seat ;  
Its strength against tempest and time shall be proof,  
And thousands shall come to dwell under our roof.

Whilst we drain the deep bowl, our toast still shall be,  
Our government firm, and our citizens free.

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## 27

## INDEPENDENCE.

BY J. H. PRICE.

In the volume of fate, as the book was unfolded,  
Long ages before the creation ;  
Twelve letters of gold on its pages were writ,  
Which predicted the birth of a nation.

Here's a sigh for our heroes who perish'd in glory,  
And a song for our statesmen immortal in story ;  
Here's a health to each friend that loves social  
communion,

And a health to the sage who presides o'er the  
Union.

" Unsullied by faction, and lasting as time,  
Let the empire of Freedom extend,  
Till it circle each region—enliven each clime,  
And Peace with mild Liberty blend."

Here's a sigh for our heroes, &c.

Thus spake the Almighty : the fiat went forth,  
Mid joyous and loud acclamations ;  
Columbia awoke, she asserted her birth,  
And rose to a seat with the nations.

Here's a sigh for our heroes, &c.



---

Her Freedom achieved, and conquer'd her foes,  
As the standard of triumph unfurl'd ;  
Resplendent with brightness, her day-star arose,  
And its lustre blazed forth on the world.  
Here's a sigh for our heroes, &c.

Columbia's mild genius stood firm on the strand,  
As he trod the rough sea-beaten shore ;  
The spear and the olive-branch waved in his hand,  
The emblems of peace and of war.  
Here's a sigh for our heroes, &c.

On the foaming Atlantic he darted a look,  
And the flash of his eye was severe ;  
He stamp'd—and the waves of old ocean were shook,  
He frown'd, and the sky dropp'd a tear.  
Here's a sigh for our heroes, &c.

For he saw with regret a piratical band  
Usurp father Neptune's domain ;  
The trident was snatch'd from the grasp of his hand,  
And his surges were mark'd with a stain.  
Here's a sigh for our heroes, &c.

“ O, my country,” he cried, as he lifted his spear,  
“ Ere thy race of existence is run,  
The glad millions of Europe thy laws shall revere,  
And warm in the glow of thy sun.  
Here's a sigh for our heroes, &c.

“ Be thine the mild era of reason and truth,  
Thine empire exalted and free ;  
And, O ! may the angel who nourish'd in youth,  
In age guard thy liberty tree.  
Here's a sigh for our heroes, &c.

~~~~~  
“Blow, blow, ye soft breezes! ye zephyrs, awake!
And ye storms round the hemisphere hurl’d,
Conspire with the roar of the whirlwind to make
Columbia the pride of the world.
Here’s a sigh for our heroes, &c.

“Let the furthestmost India her luxuries send—
Her tribute let Africa roll;
And the wide-waving wings of thy commerce extend,
Till they darken the snows of the pole.”
Here’s a sigh for our heroes, &c.

He ceased—and the canvass swung loose in the gale
The sheet o’er the billow was spread;
And the winds with their music breathed full in the sail,
When the cloud-bearing tempest had fled.
Here’s a sigh for our heroes, &c.

The tyrants no more of the ocean and land
Columbia’s free soil shall enslave;
Secure on their own native soil shall they stand,
Or ride in the foam of the wave.
Here’s a sigh for our heroes, &c.

In the firm, stately ark which our forefathers rear’d,
We fear no disastrous presages;
Our charter protected—our rights, unimpair’d,
Shall descend to remotest of ages.
Here’s a sigh for our heroes, &c.

When the spirit of Freedom in vengeance shall rush,
And crumble proud empires to dust;
Undismay’d and serene mid the horrible crush,
In the arm of Jehovah we’ll trust.
Here’s a sigh for our heroes, &c.

And when, swift descending to regions of sorrow,
Their tyrants shall shrink in dismay;
The lamp that still guides us will guide us to-morrow,
And shine full as bright as to-day.
Here's a sigh for our heroes, &c.

We will follow fair Freedom wherever she goes—
And, led by the light of her star,
In the lap of the goddess securely repose,
From the wide-wasting horrors of war—
Here's a sigh for our heroes, &c.

Till Time from his glass the last sand shall have
shaken—
And, reaching his goal in the west,
By Eternity's dark rolling tide overtaken,
He sinks in its ocean to rest.
Here's a sigh for our heroes, &c.



28

ROYAL SPORT.

Tune—"Fidelity."

THE genius of Freedom, of unsullied fame,
In Europe was hunted as royal fair game;
Eluding the chase of his Albion foes,
He sought in Columbia a place to repose.
Fol, lol, &c.

Not long under cover, till Britain's fell pack
Took scent of the genius and follow'd his track,
Asserting their title to hunt on the ground,
Wherever his majesty's game could be found.
Fol, lol, &c.

The sons of Columbia, the heirs of the soil,
Such savage-like sporting determined to spoil;
Resolved like freemen their rights to maintain,
And drove the fell pack to their kennel again.

Fol, lol, &c.

The bloodhounds of Britain again we now spy,
Unkennell'd, uncoupled, and all in full cry,
And driving full speed to be in at the death,
To wind the shrill horn upon Freedom's last breath.

Fol, lol, &c.

There's all the old tories and old refugees,
And merciless Indians united with these;
At the sound of the bugle they follow the track,
And join in the chase with the old British pack.

Fol, lol, &c.

Though daring a while to make game of our cause,
Unpunish'd they shall not long sport with our laws;
For, lashing the puppies half trained to the chase,
We'll send them to Scotia again in disgrace.

Fol, lol, &c.

Though spies and though traitors should practise their
wiles,

Fair Freedom shall ne'er be entrapp'd in their toils;
Like true-blooded Yankees, we'll smoke their stale
tricks,

And play them the game of old seventy-six.

Fol, lol, &c.

John Bull he may bellow, his lion may growl;
His bullies may bluster, his war-dogs may howl;
Like our fathers, our freedom we'll ever maintain;
They beat the whole pack, and we'll beat them again.

Fol, lol, &c.

29 FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Tune—"Adams and Liberty."

COLUMBIANS, arise! let the cannon resound!

Let that day be mark'd with joy's noblest expression,
When Liberty's sons did her standard surround,

Determined their rights to secure from oppression:

Their Freedom to shield,

They remain'd on the field

Till their foes were compell'd to their valour to yield.

Then let us, assembled, with one voice proclaim,

We ne'er will dishonour our ancestors' name.

Should our empire extend from the line to the pole,

On the east and the west, know no bounds but the
ocean,

May one bond of union encircle the whole;

May we ne'er be distracted by civil commotion:

While in one cause we join,

Though all Europe combine,

Our glory will ever triumphantly shine.

Then let us, assembled, &c.

Though Party the floodgates of anarchy ope,

And with torrents of passion threaten wide desola-
tion;

May our free constitution, the ark of our hope,

An Ararat find in the sense of the nation:

Let our enemies learn

Their devices we spurn;

With a heart to maintain we've the mind to discern.

Then let us, assembled, &c.

Down the swift stream of Time, as our fathers descend,

To their sons they resign the glorious commission,

The rights of their country and laws to defend

From foreign invasion, and factious division:

While united we stand

In defence of our land,

No foe but will dread to encounter our band.

Then let us, assembled, &c.

30 FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Tune—"Infancy."

COME, genius of our happy land,

And bless this festive day;

Thy sons are all a loyal band;

We love thee and obey,

We love thee and obey.

For should the blasts of war be heard,

To threat impending harms,

Secure beneath the veteran band,

We'll brave the world in arms,

We'll brave the world in arms.

Bold as our sires, nor born to yield,

But scorn for scorn bestow;

The blossoms which adorn our field

Bloom not to deck a foe,

Bloom not to deck a foe.

For should the blasts of war, &c.

THE ORIGIN OF "HAIL COLUMBIA."—In the year 1798, when patriotic feeling pervaded the country, and when there were several parties in the field, Mr. Fox, a young player who was more admired for his vocal than histrionic powers, called one morning upon his friend, Mr. Hopkinson, and after stating that the following evening had been appointed for his benefit, and expressing great fear for the result, as not a single box had been taken, begged his friend to do something in his behalf. "If," said Fox, "you will write me some patriotic verses to the tune of the 'President's March,' I feel sure of a full house. Several of the people about the theatre have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done: yet I think you may succeed." Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, and in a short time wrote the first verse and chorus, which were submitted to Mrs. Hopkinson, who sang them to a piano accompaniment, and proved the measure and music to be compatible and in keeping. In this way the second and other verses were written, and when Mr. Fox returned in the evening, he received with delight the song as it now stands. The following morning small handbills announced that Mr. Fox would sing a new patriotic song, &c. The theatre was crowded; the song was sung and received with rapture; it was repeated eight times, and again *encored*, and when sung the ninth time, the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night, "Hail Columbia" cheered the visitors of the theatre, and in a very few days it was the universal song of the boys in the streets, from one end of the city to the other. Nor was the distinguished author of this truly national song—a song which met the entire approbation of all parties of the day—forgotten. The street in which he resided on one occasion was crowded, and "Hail Columbia" broke on the stillness of midnight from five hundred patriotic voices.

31

HAIL COLUMBIA.

BY JOSEPH HOPKINSON, ESQ.—1798.

Tune—"President's March."

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!

Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valour won.

Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost ;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty ;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots ! rise once more ;
Defend your rights, defend your shore ;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound, the trump of Fame !

Let WASHINGTON's great name

Ring through the world with loud applause,

Ring through the world with loud applause :

Let every clime to Freedom dear,

Listen with a joyful ear.

With equal skill, and godlike power,
He govern'd in the fearful hour
Of horrid war ; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.

Firm—united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands—
 The rock on which the storm will beat:
 The rock on which the storm will beat,
But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.
 When hope was sinking in dismay,
 And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolved on death or liberty.
 Firm—united, &c.

32 NEW HAIL COLUMBIA.

“Lo! I quit my native skies—
To arms! my patriot sons, arise,
 Guard your freedom, rights and fame;
 Guard your freedom, rights and fame;
Preserve the clime your fathers gave;
Heaven's sacred boon from villains save—
 Let such daring impious foes
 Your grandeur in oblivion close—
Your virtue, wisdom, worth decline,
And gasp, convulsed at Freedom's shrine.
 Rise! my sons, to arms arise!
 Guard your Heaven-descended prize:
 Prove to Europe and to me—
 Columbia's sons are brave and free.”

We hear, bless'd shade, your warning voice;
Approve your call—pursue your choice—
 With hearts united, firm, and free,
 With hearts united, firm, and free,

The sacred boon your valour won
Shall wake to arms each patriot son :
And, glowing with the glorious cause,
Of freedom, country, rights, and laws—
The storm of worlds our arms will brave,
Or sink with freedom to the grave.
Peaceful seek your native skies—
Lo ! to arms your sons arise !
Firm and fix'd our foes to brave,
Till Heaven's trump shall burst the grave.

" Worthy sons of glorious sires !"
Behold, the warning shade retires ;
Pleased your martial fame to spread—
Pleased your martial fame to spread—
Where immortal patriots stand,
Watching Freedom's favourite land ;
Charm'd to hear such deeds of fame,
In holy choir they'll breathe your name,
Till ancient heroes catch the sound,
And thus the heavens with joy rebound—
" Happy nation ! brave and free ;
Friends to man and Liberty—
Long enjoy the sacred boon,
Which immortal valour won."

Illustrious shade, to thee we swear,
To Freedom's altar we'll repair ;
And, like a band of Spartans brave,
And, like a band of Spartans brave,
To Pluto's realm each foe convey—
Ere lawless tyrants bear the sway—
Till Freedom's banner is unfurl'd,
And waves around the darken'd world ;

Till, from the centre to each pole,
In rapturous sounds shall constant roll :
 “Hail! sweet Freedom, gift divine ;
 Lo! we bend before thy shrine.
 Firmly fix'd on this decree,
 To follow death or Liberty.”

33

HAIL, INDEPENDENCE.

HAIL, Independence, hail!
 Bright offspring of the skies!
Behold thy sons unite,
 Behold thine altars rise!
Lo! freeborn millions rise and swear
 Their birthrights to maintain;
Resolved no foreign yoke to bear,
 To drag no tyrant's chain.
 'Tis Freedom's day, let millions rise,
 To Freedom's standard fly;
Obey Columbia's call,
 Unite—live free—or die.

Long had our favour'd clime,
 Beneath indulgent Heaven,
Enjoy'd the smiles of peace,
 Midst copious blessings given.
Here INDEPENDENCE' banners waved,
 Triumphantly unfurl'd;
With laurels crown'd, Columbia rose
 The envy of the world!
 'Tis Freedom's day, &c.

But, lo! what gathering clouds
Assail Columbia's shore!
From Europe's crimson'd clime
What hellish thunders roar!
'Tis mad Ambition's hydra form,
Loud threatening from afar,
That pours around the impending storm,
And swells the trump of war.
'Tis Freedom's day, &c.

Rise, injured freemen, rise!
Outstretch the indignant arm;
Defend your country's cause,
Nor dread the rude alarm.
Around fair Freedom's altar throng,
Pronounce the firm decree;
Swear to avenge your country's wrongs,
Live like your fathers, free!
'Tis Freedom's day, &c.

Hail, Vernon's sainted chief,
Glory's immortal son;
Long may those laurels bloom
Thy matchless valour won;
And may thy grateful country long
Revere thy deathless name;
And with thy well-earn'd praises swell
The eternal trump of Fame!
'Tis Freedom's day, &c.

Hail, Independence, hail!
Columbia's proudest boast!
Ne'er shall thy sons forget
The price thy blessings cost.

Long may our youth undaunted stand,
To stem oppression's flood ;
To guard our country's sacred rights,
And seal it with their blood.
'Tis Freedom's day, &c.

34

RISE, COLUMBIA.

BY R. T. PAINE.

WHEN first the sun o'er ocean glow'd,
And earth unveil'd her virgin breast,
Supreme mid nature's vast abode,
Was heard the Almighty's dread behest,
Rise, Columbia, Columbia, brave and free,
Poise the globe and bound the sea.

In darkness wrapp'd, with fetters chain'd,
Will ages grope, debased and blind ;
With blood the human hand be stain'd,
With tyrant power, the human mind.
Rise, Columbia, &c.

But, lo ! across the Atlantic floods
The star-directed pilgrim sails ;
See ! fell'd by Commerce, float thy woods ;
And clothed by Ceres, wave thy vales !
Rise, Columbia, &c.

In vain shall thrones, in arms combined,
The sacred rights I gave, oppose ;
In thee, the asylum of mankind,
Shall welcome nations find repose.
Rise, Columbia, &c.

Nor yet, though skill'd, delight in arms ;
Peace, and her offspring Arts, be thine :
The face of Freedom scarce has charms,
When, on her cheeks, no dimples shine.
Rise, Columbia, &c.

While Fame, for thee, her wreath entwines,
To bless, thy nobler triumphs prove ;
And though the eagle haunts thy pines,
Beneath thy willows shield the dove.
Rise, Columbia, &c.

When bolts the flame, or whelms the wave,
Be thine to rule the wayward hour :
Bid death unbar the watery grave,
And Vulcan yield to Neptune's power.
Rise, Columbia, &c.

Revered in arms, in peace humane :
No shore nor realm shall bound thy sway,
While all the virtues own thy reign,
And subject elements obey !
Rise, Columbia, brave and free,
Bless the globe, and rule the sea !

35 AMERICAN HAPPINESS.

WHILE beneath the sharp scourge of tyrannical power,
The nations of Europe complain ;
And princes, and prelates, and placemen devour
What industry toils to obtain :

By ignorance, indolence, slavery depress'd,
While Asia and Africa mourn;
Where the lamp that illumines the national breast
Is dimly discover'd to burn :

In this happy clime, by Columbus explor'd,
The genius of Freedom presides ;
Her sons to protect, wields the wide-waving sword ;
With wisdom our government guides.

No monarch his millions here annually spends,
By the sweat of his subjects obtain'd ;
Nor gives to his favourites, flatterers, and friends,
What labour has honestly gain'd.

To support our free system of government, all
Their proportion with cheerfulness pay ;
Or does, on our purses, necessity call—
Her mandates we promptly obey.

No armies of hirelings our country o'erspread,
At once to oppress and despoil :
As he earns, every citizen eats his own bread,
And feeds on the fruits of his toil.

No privileged clergy our property seize,
To sate their extortionate thirst :
We give and withhold when and whate'er we please,
Adjudging to each what is just.

Wide over our fields wave rich oceans of grain ;
Our meadows with provender teem ;
The full horn of Plenty is pour'd on the plain ;
And Peace sheds abroad her bright beam.

Columbians ! how bless'd is your lot in this life,
By the goodness of Providence given ;

Remote from injustice, corruption, and strife,
To enjoy all the bounties of Heaven.

How blissful, compared with the sorrowful fate
Of the rest of this sublunar globe ;
Where the wounds which oppression inflicts on the state
Are too deep and too deadly to probe.

While our bosoms expand with emotions of joy
For these favours so freely bestow'd ;
Let each heart hymns of gratitude offer on high
To our good and beneficent God.

And let all who love liberty firmly unite,
To preserve it unsullied and pure ;
To protect from infraction each rational right,
And bar to oppression the door.

O, let not corruption enfeeble your hands,
On which Freedom must lean for defence ;
Nor Dissension dissolve your reciprocal bands,
Whatever her specious pretence.

But by virtue transmit to your sons unimpair'd,
What your sires by their valour obtain'd ;
From the fraud of your foes those immunities guard,
Which by force were so happily gain'd.

United and virtuous, your empire shall stand,
The glory and pride of the world,
Till Time from his glass shall shake out the last sand,
And Eternity's flag be unfurl'd.

But should luxury, vice, and contention arise,
And your manners and morals deprave,
The fabric of Freedom, which now towers to the skies,
Must tumble in Tyranny's grave.

Should Liberty, through the misdeeds of her friends,
From this her last refuge be driven,
She will fling her fair form on the wings of the winds,
And return to her birth-place in Heaven.

34* THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

Written by Mr. MILNS, New York, 1798.

POETS may sing of their Helicon streams ;
Their gods and their heroes are fabulous dreams :
 They ne'er sang a line
 Half so grand, so divine
 As the glorious toast
 We Columbians boast—
The Federal Constitution, boys, and Liberty forever.
The man of our choice presides at the helm ;
No tempest can harm us, no storm overwhelm ;
 Our sheet anchor's sure,
 And our bark rides secure ;
 So here's to the toast
 We Columbians boast—
The Federal Constitution, and the President forever.
A free navigation, commerce, and trade,
We'll seek for no foe, of no foe be afraid ;
 Our frigates shall ride,
 Our defence and our pride ;
 Our tars guard our coast,
 And huzza for our toast—
The Federal Constitution, trade and commerce forever.
Montgomery and Warren still live in our songs ;
Like them our young heroes shall spurn at our wrongs :

The world shall admire
The zeal and the fire,
Which blaze in the toast
We Columbians boast—
The Federal Constitution, and its advocates forever.

When an enemy threatens, all party shall cease;
We bribe no intruders to buy a mean peace;
Columbia will scorn
Friends and foes to suborn;
We'll ne'er stain the toast
Which as freemen we boast—
The Federal Constitution, and integrity forever.

Fame's trumpet shall swell in Washington's praise,
And time grant a furlough to lengthen his days;
May health weave the thread
Of delight round his head.
No nation can boast
Such a name, such a toast,
The Federal Constitution, boys, and Washington
forever.

35* THE GREEN-MOUNTAIN FARMER.

BY R. T. PAINE.

BLESS'D on his own paternal farm,
Contented, yet acquiring;
Below ambition's gilded charm,
Yet rich beyond desiring;
The hill-born rustic, hale and gay,
Ere prattling swallows sally,

Or ere the pine-top spies the day,
Sings cheerly through his valley.
Green Mountains, echo Heaven's decree !
Live, Virtue, Law, and Liberty.

With love, and plenty, peace, and health,
Enrich'd by honest labour,
He cheers the friend of humbler wealth,
Nor courts his prouder neighbour ;
At eve, returning home, he meets
His nut-brown lass, so loving ;
And still his constant strain repeats,
Through groves and meadows roving,
Green Mountains, &c.

Should faction's wily serpent spring,
With treacherous folds to entwine him,
Undaunted by his venom'd sting,
To flames he would consign him.
The hardy yeoman, like the oak
That shades his woodland border,
Would baffle Anarch's vengeful stroke,
To shelter law and order.
Green Mountains, &c.

Should hostile fleets our shores assail,
By home-bred traitors aided,
No free-born hand would till the vale
By slavery degraded ;
Each heart would join the patriot brave,
To die proud Freedom's martyr,
And shed its latest drop to save
His country's glorious charter.
Green Mountains' echo then would be,
Fight on, fight on, for Liberty !

36 **FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.**

Tune—"The Exile of Erin."

WHEN first that proud queen, whom the waters environ,
Who rules without rival the wide-spreading waves,
Strove to stretch o'er our country her sceptre of iron,
And make her brave sons a base nation of slaves;
Our fathers, relying on Heaven for assistance,
Seeking support from allies at a distance,
Resolved to her tyranny manful resistance,
And their country proclaim'd independent and free.

Seven long years for their rights they contended,
With merciless myrmidons hired from afar,
Thousands were kill'd in the cause they defended,
Or sunk with the burdens they bore in the war.
Martyrs to Freedom! may the tree long be cherish'd
For which in our soil while yet planting, you perish'd,
Whose roots with your hearts' blood you joyously
nourish'd,
And which to your sons yields such heavenly fruit.

Wisdom in council—in combat cool bravery,
Marr'd the cunning of tyrants, and courage of slaves;
Our fathers threw off the vile shackles of slavery,
And spurn'd the dominion of madmen and knaves.
Britain, her wiles by our statesmen outwitted,
Her disciplined ranks by raw soldiers defeated,
Disgraced, from our shores with her ruffians retreated,
And our country confess'd independent and free.

That work which our sires with such labour effected,
Which cost what defies calculation to count;
By ourselves and our sons be forever protected,
Whatever the danger, the toil, or amount.

And may this proud day, which gave birth to our
nation,

Be held by our patriots in high estimation,
And receive from republicans glad celebration,
Till the earth on its axis shall cease to revolve.

To the sages, who guided our grand Revolution,
To the soldiers, whose swords gave success to the
cause ;

To the patriots, who founded our free constitution,
Be thanks universal—unbounded applause.

While one spark of freedom our bosoms shall fire,
Their names and their deeds virtuous acts will inspire,
Posterity rival the feats they admire,
And millions unborn taste the blessings they bought.

And now to the pilot our vessel who's guiding,
Whose virtues and talents the world o'er have
shone,

May the love of the people o'er whom he's presiding,
For the toils and the cares of his station atone.

Peace of mind, health of frame, length of days be him
given ;

Through his life may felicity flow pure and even ;
And when by his God he is call'd home to Heaven,
Of his spirit may our rulers a portion retain.



37 FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY JOSEPH STORY, ESQ.

WELCOME ! welcome the day, when, assembled as one,
Our gallant forefathers proclaim'd us a nation ;
When Liberty rose, as from chaos the sun,
To illumine our realm with the rays of salvation ;

Heard in triumph, her voice
Bade her children rejoice,
And defend by their valour the laws of their choice.
Let the slave bite the dust, who to power bends the
knee :
Our God shall protect those who dare to be free.
Mid the perils of war, mid the darkness of death ;
Our sires forced their way through the wilderness
dreary ;
In vain famine and sickness shed pestilent breath ;
They grew by defeat, and their zeal ne'er was weary.
Lo, Liberty's light
Through the tempest shone bright,
'Twas their cloud by the day, and their pillar by
night.
Let the brave ne'er despair, for, though myriads oppose,
The arm nerved by Freedom shall conquer all foes.
Shades of heroes departed ! the perils ye bore,
The fame of your deeds, to your offspring descending,
Shall swell through each vale and enkindle each shore,
From the spring of the morn to the day's western
ending.
Your country to save,
Mid the battle's dire rave
Ye bled, and the laurels have cover'd your grave ;
While we mourn your sad doom, not unblest'd be the
sigh ;
'Tis sweet, 'tis sublime, for our country to die.
Where Liberty dwells, lo, what beauties arise,
Arts, science, and virtue enjoy her protection ;
E'en the soil a fresh nurture distils from the skies,
And pours from its bosom the fruits of perfection.

Beneath her mild reign
Commerce freights the free main,
And the loves and the graces disport on the plain.
Then perish the coward who shrinks to a slave!
Heaven gives its rich blessings to nourish the brave.
Such blessings are ours—with our honours content,
We ask but our rights in their peaceful possession:
Not vainly we threaten, nor lightly resent:
Our hearts leap in union to combat oppression.
When perils are rife,
We decline not the strife:
Our altars and homes are more dear than our life:
The land of our fathers ne'er nourished a slave:
To die or be free is the right of the brave!

38

SACRED INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. D. BANGS, ESQ.

Tune—"Hail Columbia."

HAIL! sacred Independence, hail!
Long may thy glorious cause prevail;
By valour won and sealed with blood:
By valour won and sealed with blood.
That cause which heroes died to save,
Shall ne'er want champions free and brave.
Lo! Columbia's sons arise,
Indignation fires their eyes.
Vengeance calls—no more delay!
Wash your honour's stains away.
Death or Freedom be our toast!
Freedom was our fathers' boast.

Peace, with honour ; but an arm
Nerved to guard our rights from harm.

Mark the proud, exulting foe !
See your flag with shame laid low !
Your claims are mocked, your rights despised,
Your claims are mocked, your rights despised ;
Your captured brethren still are slaves,
And native blood has tinged your waves.
Throw the olive branch afar ;
Steel your hearts for vigorous war.
Draw the sword—on Heaven depend ;
May Heaven a just deliverance send !
Death or Freedom be our toast ;
Freedom was our fathers' boast.
Peace, with honour ; but an arm
Nerved to guard our rights from harm.

Spirits of the immortal dead !
Whither has our glory fled ?
Shall sons forget their fathers' fame ?
Shall sons forget their fathers' fame ?
O ! warm our hearts with holy fire ;
Our breasts with patriot zeal inspire !
To tyrants never may we sell
The liberty for which you fell ;
While memory of your deeds remains,
And life and vigour swell our veins.
Death or Freedom be our toast ;
Freedom was our fathers' boast ;
Peace, with honour : but an arm
Nerved to guide our rights from harm.

Welcome the glad, the glorious day
On which our annual vows we pay ;

And at our country's altar swear—
And at our country's altar swear—
That the rich blessings we enjoy
No time shall waste, no foe destroy.
Brothers ! rally, hand in hand,
Round your dear, your native land ;
And when the storm of war is o'er,
Taste the sweets of peace once more.
Death or Freedom be our toast :
Freedom was our fathers' boast.
Peace, with honour : but an arm
Nerved to guard our rights from harm.

39

FREEDOM AND PEACE.

Written during the embargo, by ALEXANDER WILSON, author of "*American Ornithology*."

WHILE Europe's mad powers o'er the ocean are
ranging,
Regardless of right, with their bloodhounds of war,
Their kingdoms, their empires, distracted and chang-
ing,
Their murders and ruins resounding afar :
Lo ! Freedom and Peace, fair descendants of heaven !
Of all our companions the noblest and best,
From dark eastern regions by anarchy driven,
Have found a retreat in the climes of the West.
Then Freedom and Peace we will cherish together ;
We'll guard them with valour—we'll crown them
with art ;
Nor ever resign up the one or the other,
For all that ambition's proud pomp can impart.

Here dwell the blest cherubs, so dear to our wishes !
Here, throned in our hearts, they inspire all our
themes ;
They sport round each cottage, with smiles and with
blushes,
They glide through our streets—they sail down our
streams :
The shades of our heroes, immortal, delighted,
Look down from the radiant mansions of day :
“ Be firm ! ” they exclaim : “ Be forever united,
And nations may threaten, but cannot dismay.”
For Freedom and Peace, &c.

The demons of discord are roaming the ocean,
Their insult, and rapine, and murder are law !
From scenes so atrocious of blood and commotion,
It is great, it is godlike, a while to withdraw.
Perhaps, when the hand that has fed is suspended—
When Famine’s pale spectres their steps overtake,
The firm voice of Truth may, at last, be attended,
And Justice and Reason once more re-awake.
But Freedom and Peace, &c.

Away with the vultures of war and ambition,
Who, headlong, to rearing of navies would run !
Those cancers of nations—those pits of perdition—
Where Britain and France will alike be undone.
Far nobler the arts of our country to nourish,
Its true independence and power to increase :
And while our resources of industry flourish,
To hail the glad blessings of Freedom and Peace.
Then Freedom and Peace, &c.

The storm we defy : it may roar at a distance :
Unmoved and impregnable here we remain ;

We ask not of Europe for gifts or assistance,
But justice, good faith, and the rights of the main :
Should these be refused, in ourselves we're a world !
And those who may dare our domains to invade,
To death and destruction at once shall be hurl'd ;
For Freedom hath sworn it, and shall be obey'd !
Then Freedom and Peace, &c.

We want neither emperor, king, prince, nor marshal,
No navies to plunder, nor Indies to fleece ;
Our honest decrees are, " To all be impartial,"
Our orders of council, are Freedom and Peace :
But commerce, assail'd by each vile depredator,
Our country has will'd for a while to restrain ;
And infamy light on the head of the traitor
Who tramples her laws for base lucre and gain.
Then Freedom and Peace, &c.

Look round on your country, Columbians ! undaunted,
From Georgia to Maine—from the lakes to the sea ;
Is one human blessing or luxury wanted,
That flows not amongst us unmeasured and free ?
Our harvests sustain half the wide eastern world ;
Our mines and our forests unexhausted remain ;
What sails on our great fishing-banks are unfurl'd !
What shoals fill our streams from the depths of the
main !
Then Freedom and Peace, &c.

The fruits of the country, our flocks and our fleeces,
The treasures immense in our mountains that lie,
While discord is tearing old Europe to pieces,
Shall amply the wants of our people supply ;

New roads and canals, on their bosoms conveying
Refinement and wealth, through our forests shall
 roam ;

And millions of freemen, with rapture surveying,
Shall shout out, "O, Liberty ! this is thy home !"
 Then Freedom and Peace, &c.

Great shades of our fathers ! unconquer'd, victorious,
To whom, under Heaven, our freedom we owe,
Bear witness, that Peace we revere still as glorious :
For Peace every gain for a while we forego :
But should the huge sons of ambition and plunder,
Should ocean's proud scourges our liberty claim,
Your spirits shall ride in the roar of our thunder
That sweeps to the gulf of perdition their name.
 Then Freedom and Peace, &c.

Our strength and resources defy base aggression ;
Our courage, our enterprise, both have been tried ;
Our nation, unstain'd with the crimes of oppression,
Hath Heaven's own thunderbolts all on our side :
Thence henceforth let freeman with freeman be brother,
Our peace and our liberty both to assert ;
Nor ever resign up the one or the other
For all that ambition's proud pomp can impart.
 Then Freedom and Peace, &c.

40 THE GENIUS OF FREEDOM.

WHEN Tyranny's scourge, and Oppression's chill blast,
Which Cruelty's banner of darkness unfurl'd,
The sunbeams of Freedom with clouds overcast,
The genius escaped from a despotic world :

On the wings of the wind,
Left England behind,

And flew to our shores, an asylum to find.
Unfriended, and wandering, unblest'd, and alone,
Our forefathers welcomed the maid as their own;
The gloom of despair from her brow chased away,
And Liberty's day-star then beam'd a bright ray.

The proud sons of Europe soon sought the retreat,
Where dwelt the sweet maid with our ancestors
brave;

They strove to destroy Freedom's favourite seat,
But heroes united their country to save:

Each freeman arose,
The slaves to oppose,

And scatter'd destruction on Liberty's foes!
Their strength was exerted; the loud trump of fame
Taught tyrants to tremble at Washington's name!
But low lies the chief who our liberties saved,
And deep in each heart is his memory engraved!

The deeds of our chieftains shall history tell,

And each son of Liberty hear, with a sigh,
How Warren expired, and Montgomery fell;

How Mercer and Wooster for Freedom could die!

Their courage oft tried,
With honour they died,

And Liberty's offspring shall bless them with pride!
Old Ocean shall boast, whilst he rolls his salt wave,
Of Truxton, of Preble, Decatur the brave;
And Fame shall record, and America weep
The fate of her children who died on the deep!

Where, far o'er the ocean, yon proud turrets stand,
The shouts of our seamen pierced Tripoli's skies;

Where Eaton pluck'd laurels from Africa's sand,
 The eagle triumphant in victory flies !
 The world thus may see
 Columbia's free,
 And united, will ever victorious be.
 No danger America's sons can appal :
 They'll conquer their foes, or with honour will fall !
 The rights of their country still anxious to save,
 In glory they'll triumph ! or welcome the grave !

41 UNION AND LIBERTY.

Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."

HARK ! the trumpet of war from the east sounds alarms,
 And Columbia forewarns to prepare for commotion ;
 Mighty Gallia on land bends the world to her arms,
 While Britannia enslaves with her navy the ocean ;
 By no laws they're restrain'd :
 Every right they've disdain'd,
 With the slaughter of millions their cause is maintain'd.
 Then unite, all ye sons of Columbia, unite,
 Your country demands you—prepare for the fight.
 The lust of dominion each tyrant inflames,
 And Europe enkindles in fiercest contention ;
 By strength if they fail to accomplish their aims,
 Intrigue light the fire of intestine dissension ;
 E'en our realm they have tried
 By finesse to divide,
 But their force and their cunning alike we deride ;
 For as one will the sons of Columbia unite
 When their country demands them, and march for
 the fight.

Napoleon may boast of the deeds he has done,
And in conquest surpass e'en the mad Alexander;
May count all the victories his vassals have won,
Where slaves were his foes, and a slave their commander.

Swift as light through the sky
Should his myrmidons fly,
As a rampart our breasts their attacks would defy;
For as one, &c.

Let old England exult in her castles of wood,
And shake every port in the East with her thunder;
Let her quench her ambition with oceans of blood,
And, wing'd by the winds, feed her avarice with plunder;

Her huge lion may roar,
With his mane bathed in gore:
Still America's eagle triumphant shall soar;
For as one, &c.

When our ancestors sought in this clime a retreat
From the horrors of slavery and fell persecution,
Here the goddess of Liberty planted her seat,
Secured by its distance from Europe's pollution;
And her hallow'd fane
Undefiled shall remain,
Till time shall be lost in eternity's reign.
For as one, &c.

Though our Moses has mounted to regions of day,
Where heroes e'er banquet on blisses supernal,
We have thousands of Joshuas who still point the way
That shall proudly conduct us to glory eternal;

While each patriot sire,
Like a pillar of fire,
Round his orb sheds a light that shall never expire;
Then as one, &c.

Our vales each production luxuriant will yield;
The stores of the world on our clime are attendant:
Not a blade but proclaims, as it waves on the field,
That in fact, as of right, we may be independent;
All the groves catch the sound,
Every stream bears it round,
While its echoes from mountain to mountain rebound;
Then as one, &c.

Then the bloodhounds of war, an infuriate band,
May threat with their legions the world's devastation;
Protected by union, our country shall stand
Like the mountains of ages, till earth's conflagration;
And when Liberty flies
To her seat in the skies,
Upborne on her wings every votary shall rise;
Then as one, &c.

Tune—"Adams and Liberty."

OF the victory won over tyranny's power,
Since, brethren, we've met for a glad celebration,
Let this we now spend be festivity's hour,
While we hail with acclaim the birth-day of our nation.
Come, friends, let us fill,
And drink—Liberty still:
Its guards and its basis the whole people's will;

And so long as the earth in her orbit shall roll,
May America's sons own no other control !

The freedom of conscience our ancestors sought,
When oppression they spurn'd and with terrors con-
tended :

For their rights, when invaded, our fathers have
fought,
And to us the rich boon, seal'd with blood, has de-
scended.

Let each freeman then swear
That no fetters he'll wear,
While his heart freely beats, and he breathes the free air,
Nor ever, while earth in her orbit shall roll,
Will America's sons bow to foreign control.

See the fair fields of Europe still blasted with war,
And the ties, which connect man to man, torn asunder !

In safety we view the red flame from afar,
And hear at a distance the burst of the thunder.

But should foes gather round,
We're on Liberty's ground,
Too wise to be trapp'd, and too strong to be bound ;
Nor ever, while earth in her orbit shall roll,
Will America's sons brook a foreign control.

The foe of our youth marks with dread our increase ;
Across the Atlantic with envy she glances ;

Her wither'd arm shakes, as she threatens our peace,
Or with serpent-like cunning insidious advances.

But her arms we defy ;
To her arts we reply,
That in Freedom we live, or for Freedom we die,
And never, while earth in her orbit shall roll,
Will America's sons bend to Britain's control.

Though traitors, assuming the patriot's name,
Would guile us, our honour and rights to surrender;
Will freemen thus forfeit their country's fair fame,
While a voice can be heard, or arm move to defend her?
Once more let us tell,
That we never will sell
Those blessings we know how to value so well;
And as long as the earth in her orbit shall roll,
We'll disdain all submission to lawless control.

43 INDEPENDENCE AND UNION.

BY SAMUEL G. SNELLING.

Tune—"Hearts of Oak."

HARK! the deep sounding cannon, in thunder proclaim
The triumph of freedom and slavery's shame;
On this morn rose resplendent bless'd Liberty's sun,
And the children confirm'd what their fathers had done.

What was purchased with blood, with our lives we'll
maintain;

"We always are ready—

Steady, boys, steady—

We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again and again."

The shackles which tyranny forged, as a yoke
For the people, this morn were triumphantly broke;
Let Europe then covet what freemen can boast,
Our theme Independence—and Union our toast.

What was purchased with blood, &c.

While Lexington's plain every bosom inspires,
Revenge! cries the blood of our murdered sires;

~~~~~  
View Bunker's proud mount! on her crimson-stain'd  
heights

Sleep the heroes who fought for America's rights.

What was purchased with blood, &c.

Should New England's famed sons by a faction be led,  
Commotion and carnage our country o'erspread,  
Great Washington's ghost would "indignantly frown,"  
And Warren's bless'd spirit his country disown.

What was purchased with blood, &c.

The demon of Discord may stalk through our land,  
Division be threaten'd by Anarchy's band;  
But, firm and undaunted, their arts we defy;  
In support of our Union we'll conquer or die!

What was purchased with blood, &c.

While the sea's haughty sovereign her standard shall  
wave,

And each wind wafts the sighs of our manacled brave,  
While Columbia's free shores shall one traitor contain,  
Let the sword, when unsheath'd, never slumber again.

What was purchased with blood, &c.

To Madison's praise sound the clarion of fame:

Unshaken his virtue, unsullied his name;

We dread not the influence of Albion's tools,

While a Jefferson lives, and a Madison rules!

What was purchased with blood, &c.



#### 44

#### NATIONAL MATURITY.

FIRM spirit and nerve to free nations belong,  
Provoked into combat by insolent wrong:  
If Europe will doubt it, invading this shore,  
We'll act as our fathers have acted before.

Their virtue and valour our greatness began,  
Most solidly built on the fair "Rights of Man!"  
Deaf alike to tyrannical menace or lure,  
Their arm was exalted, their system was pure.

In vain to such minds did the future unfold  
Privation and hazard to stagger the bold;  
They paused at no danger, well counting the cost,  
Nor tamper'd with peril till safety was lost:

Unflinching saw army on army display'd,  
Cause cowards to falter, and traitors to aid:  
A chief and his heroes, all staunch in the cause,  
Defeated the foe, and establish'd our laws.

Such glorious deeds graced the national morn,  
That soon as the child Independence was born,  
He rose a young Hercules, stronger by strife,  
And strangled the snakes that attempted his life!

What our fathers could wrest from a step-mother wild,  
When gristle alone braced the national child:  
Now the stout bone of union connects every joint,  
Their sons can maintain at the bayonet's point.

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## 45

## EMBARGO AND PEACE.

*Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."*

WHEN our sky was illumined by Freedom's bright  
dawn,

And our horizon glowed with its beams all re-  
splendent—

A patriot host shouted—"Hail to the morn

Which burst the vile shackles that held us depend-  
ent.

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Let each freeman now swear  
That his rights he'll declare,  
And to shield them from harm with his life will pre-  
pare :  
For ne'er, till old Ocean retires from his bed,  
Will Columbians by Europe's proud tyrants be  
led."

Ye heroes, whose blood sealed these generous vows,  
May your sons never forfeit the fruits of your valour :  
But, at call of his country, each citizen rouse,  
To maintain with his sword, that no foe can enthrall  
her.

Once more we will tell  
That we never will sell  
Those blessings we know how to value so well :  
For ne'er, till old Ocean retires from his bed,  
Will Columbians by Europe's proud tyrants be led.

See ! Britain, still hostile, 'gainst justice array'd,  
Her murderous weapons prepared for our nation ;  
Her coffers enrich'd with the spoils of our trade,  
And her minions commission'd to spread devasta-  
tion :

But her arms we defy :  
'To her arts we reply,  
That in Freedom we live, or for Freedom we die :  
For ne'er, till old Ocean retires from his bed,  
Will Columbians by Europe's proud tyrants be led.

Let traitors, who feel not the patriot's flame,  
'Talk of yielding our honour to Englishmen's sway ;  
No such blemish shall sully our country's fair fame :  
We've no claims to surrender, nor tribute to pay.

Then, though foes gather round,  
We're on Liberty's ground,  
Both too wise to be trapp'd, and too strong to be  
bound :  
For ne'er, till old Ocean retires from his bed,  
Will Columbians by Europe's proud tyrants be led.

From the deep we withdraw till the tempest be past,  
Till our flag can protect each American cargo ;  
While British ambition's dominion shall last,  
Let us join, heart and hand, to support the embargo :  
For embargo and peace  
Will promote our increase ;  
Then embargoed we'll live, till injustice shall cease :  
For ne'er, till old Ocean retires from his bed,  
Will Columbians by Europe's proud tyrants be led.

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## 46

## LIBERTY.

MEN of every size and station,  
Every age and occupation,  
Foes to party—friends to reason,  
Taste the fruit that's now in season.  
Taste the fruit—revere the tree  
Which nature plants, called LIBERTY.

While we view in peace the treasure,  
Transport glows, and heavenly pleasure ;  
Raptures great the heart possessing,  
Patriots feast upon the blessing,  
Taste the fruit—revere the tree  
Which nature plants, called LIBERTY.

But, alas ! while we are viewing—  
Others, different tracts pursuing,  
Life, and health, and peace devouring,  
Come, their brows with envy lowering,  
Rob the fruit—despoil the tree  
Which Nature plants, called LIBERTY.

Shall we, then, with aspects painful,  
Taste of every thing disdainful ?  
Say, shall meanness e'er excite us ?  
Or must strength and courage right us ?  
Till we rear again the tree  
Which Nature plants, called LIBERTY.

Hear not men with idle stories,  
Or the dangerous tales of tories :  
See—your native rights invaded ;  
Shall your towns be cannonaded ?  
Save, O save, the glorious tree !  
Preserve your birth-right—LIBERTY.



#### 49 WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT.

For him who sought his country's good  
In plains of war, mid scenes of blood ;  
Who, in the dubious battle's fray,  
Spent the warm noon of life's bright day,  
That to a world he might secure  
Rights that forever shall endure,  
Rear the monument of fame !  
Deathless is the hero's name.

For him, who, when the war was done,  
And victory sure, and freedom won,

Left glory's theatre, the field,  
The olive branch of peace to wield;  
And proved, when at the helm of state,  
Though great in war, in peace as great;  
Rear the monument of fame!  
Deathless is the hero's name.

For him, whose worth, though unexpress'd,  
Lives cherish'd in each freeman's breast,  
Whose name, to patriot souls so dear,  
Time's latest children shall revere,  
Whose brave achievements praised shall be,  
While beats one breast for liberty;  
Rear the monument of fame!  
Deathless is the hero's name!

But why for him vain marbles raise?  
Can the cold sculpture speak his praise?  
Illustrious shade! we can proclaim  
Our gratitude, but not thy fame.  
Long as Columbia shall be free,  
She lives a monument of thee:  
And may she ever rise in fame,  
To honour thy immortal name!

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## 50

## LIGHT OF GLORY.

*Tune—"Rule Britannia."*

AGAIN, athwart the Atlantic main,  
Through morning's rosy portals seen,  
The star of Freedom lights our plain,  
And glances on our mountains green.



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Light of glory, shine afar,  
Our guide in peace, our shield in war.

When erst, oppress'd by tyrant force  
Our fathers sought a distant shore,  
Thy rays illumed the pilgrims' course,  
And western magi thee adore.  
Light of glory, shine afar,  
Our guide in peace, our shield in war.

The moss-clad cell and barren coast  
Thy power transforms to cities fair,  
And, late where roam'd the savage host,  
The virgin waves her golden hair.  
Light of glory, shine afar,  
Our guide in peace, our shield in war.

See! warm'd by thy creative ray,  
Pactolean streams rich commerce brings,  
While Art usurps rude Nature's sway,  
And Science spreads her eagle wings.  
Light of glory, shine afar,  
Our guide in peace, our shield in war.

When mad Oppression stretch'd her arm,  
Our wealth to seize, ourselves enslave,  
Thy beams made patriot bosoms warm,  
But lit the tyrants to their grave.  
Light of glory, shine afar,  
Our guide in peace, our shield in war.

Then, mid the fiery blaze of war,  
Great WASHINGTON undaunted stood;  
Bore on his arm a nation's care,  
And o'er his brow the smiles of God.

Light of glory, shine afar,  
Our guide in peace, our shield in war.

This day be festive honours paid  
To those whose blood manured the tree  
Beneath whose wide and glorious shade  
We taste the sweets of liberty.  
Light of glory, shine afar,  
Our guide in peace, our shield in war.

With eagle's eye and lion's nerve,  
The fruits our fathers' labour won,  
We swear forever to preserve  
And guard the gift of WASHINGTON.  
Light of glory, shine afar,  
Our guide in peace, our shield in war.

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## 51

## FRANKLIN'S TOMB.

*Tune—"Return, enraptured hours."*

THE fairest flowerets bring,  
In all their vernal bloom :  
And let the sweets of spring  
Adorn great FRANKLIN'S tomb ;  
The patriot's toil is done,  
At length his labours cease ;  
The unfading crown is won,  
His sun has set in peace.

The sons of science grieve,  
Each patriot heaves a sigh,  
And scarcely can believe  
Such worth could ever die ;

No—deathless is his fame;  
His honours will increase;  
And FRANKLIN's splendid name  
With time alone shall cease.

While nimble lightnings fly,  
Or awful thunders roll;  
While meteors gild the sky,  
And dart from pole to pole;  
Mankind shall still admire  
When FRANKLIN's name they hear,  
Who grasp'd celestial fire,  
And broke the oppressor's spear.

Through every future age,  
While History holds her pen,  
She'll place this honour'd sage  
Amongst the first of men:  
Columbia's favour'd son  
Has earn'd immortal fame:  
Then, with great WASHINGTON,  
Record our FRANKLIN's name.

## 52

## FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY SAMUEL BRAZER, JUN.

*Tune—"Heaving the Lead."*

SAY, shall, in Freedom's loved abode,  
Her altars sink, her fires decay?  
Shall Anarchy's insatiate brood  
Quench every spark, or dim each ray?  
Ye freemen! hear your country's call;  
'Tis your own cause, and one and all  
Will throng to aid!

In vain shall daring, desperate foes  
Assail the laws which guard our rights ;  
In vain have Faction's fiends arose !  
In vain the faith which Treason plights ;  
That faith in desperation bred,  
Shall doom to shame each guilty head  
Which dares to aid !

Pledged to the cause, that patriot cause,  
Which fix'd a world's admiring eye,  
That union just of rights and laws  
In which 'twere glory's height to die !  
That cause for which a Warren died,  
That cause, a Washington's first pride,  
Who fears to aid ?

In dark Oblivion's envious shade,  
Say, shall our patriot's glory rest ?  
No ! gratitude's heart-prompted aid  
Shall sanction Duty's high behest ?  
Still emulous to reach their fame,  
Our proudest wish, our constant aim,  
Their cause to aid !

Ye sainted shades of heroes dead !  
Ye martyrs of Oppression's power !  
Ye, who in Freedom's conflicts bled !  
Like you to act, our wishes tower.  
If e'er again invasion's hordes  
Shall summon forth our unsheathed swords :  
Look down and aid !

And if fell Faction's angry hand  
Assail our charter or our laws,

---

And raise the suicidal hand,  
In foul Rebellion's impious cause ;  
Each hardy yeoman's toil-strung nerve,  
And heart, untaught by fear to swerve,  
Will lend their aid !

Faction shall sink, and Truth shall soar ;  
Protected Freedom, fearless, smile ;  
Heedless of mad Sedition's roar,  
Each art we'll spurn, each plot we'll foil !  
Our rulers just our rights protect ;  
Our yeomen brave those rights respect ;  
And Heaven will aid !

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### 53 PATIENCE EXHAUSTED.

COLUMBIA long, too long hath borne  
The haughty Briton's envious spite ;  
Resolved no more to bear their scorn,  
She rises in her youthful might,  
And calls her sons to brave the fight.  
Enraged, they hear her mournful strains,  
And swear to avenge her trampled right.  
Look ! where they spread her frontier plains,  
And freely yield oblations from their generous veins !  
Britain may urge the scalping-knife,  
Exulting o'er the barbarous deed ;  
We scorn to stain our noble strife,  
Or make the helpless victim bleed.  
By virtue, once ourselves we freed,  
And virtue still shall be our guide,  
Though British gold—the traitor's meed,

Should strive our country to divide :  
 For heaven-born justice is our safety and our pride.

Is there a wretch, so vile and base,  
 So lost to honour's glorious charm,  
 Who sees his country spurn disgrace,  
 And will not lend his vigorous arm  
 To crush the foe that wills her harm ?  
 O ! may he never find a friend,  
 Whose converse might his bosom warm !  
 Nor, when distress his steps attend,  
 The feeling heart, that would its kind assistance lend !



## 54

## FREEDOM'S STAR.

*Tune—"Hermit of Killarney."*

WHEN rolling orbs from chaos sprung,  
 A guide for the oppress'd ;  
 One sparkling star kind Nature flung,  
 And fix'd it in the west ;  
 Admiring millions view its flight,  
 And hail it from afar ;  
 Enraptured, bless its cheering light ;  
 They call it FREEDOM'S STAR.

Beneath its influence, deserts wild  
 Are deck'd in Eden's bloom :  
 It makes the wintry tempest mild ;  
 Deep forests cease to gloom ;  
 And man, erect, with eye of fire,  
 The oppressor's threats can dare ;  
 May to man's dignity aspire,  
 And bless his FREEDOM'S STAR.

It can a brighter mantling glow  
O'er blushing Beauty shed,  
A smile of heavenly radiance throw,  
A halo round her head ;  
The warrior rouse, through tented field  
To drive the rapid car,  
Whilst tyrants, pale and trembling, yield,  
To FREEDOM'S BLAZING STAR.

Then sweep, ye bards, the sounding lyre  
In animating strain ;  
Sages, consume, with pens of fire,  
The fell oppressor's chain ;  
Then to the field, ye brave and free,  
Nor dread the storm of war ;  
Your guide to victory shall be  
Dear FREEDOM'S BLAZING STAR.



## 55

## INDEPENDENCE.

*Tune—"Rural Felicity."*

WHAT heart but throbs high with sincerest devotion,  
What tongue but gives utterance to accents of joy,  
What bosom but swells with the proudest emotion,  
At this happy era, the Fourth of July !  
Then haste at our call  
To Liberty Hall,  
With brows free from wrinkles and minds void of care,  
Come, taste what mirth and festivity  
Citizen-soldiers together can share.  
The birth of an idiot, or knave's elevation,  
Let villains and fools hail with senseless acclaim,

The day which we greet gave the globe a new nation,  
And raised a whole empire to freedom and fame.

Jackals and jackasses  
May empty their glasses,  
To honour their image on some tottering throne ;  
But freemen will toast  
INDEPENDENCE—their boast,  
And own for their king their Creator alone.

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## 56. FREEMEN OF COLUMBIA.

BY HENRY STANLEY, ESQ.

*Tune—"Ye Gentlemen of England."*

YE freemen of Columbia,  
Who guard your native coast,  
Whose fathers won your liberty,  
Your country's pride and boast ;  
Your glorious standard rear again,  
To match your ancient foe,  
As she roars on your shores,  
Where the stormy tempests blow ;  
As she prowls for prey, on every shore,  
Where the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall hover o'er each plain,  
Where in their injured country's cause  
The immortal brave were slain !  
Where bold Montgomery fearless fell,  
Where carnage strew'd the field,  
In your might shall you fight,  
And force the foe to yield ;



---

And on the heights of Abraham  
Your country's vengeance wield.

Columbia fears no enemy  
That ploughs the briny main ;  
Her home a mighty continent,  
Its soil her rich domain !  
To avenge our much-loved country's wrongs,  
To the field her sons shall fly,  
While alarms sound to arms,  
We'll conquer or we'll die.  
When Britain's tears may flow in vain,  
As low her legions lie !

Columbia's eagle standard  
Triumphant then shall tower,  
Till from the land the foe depart,  
Driven by its gallant power.  
Then, then, ye patriot warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow,  
And no more, on our shore,  
Shall war's dread tempests blow ;  
But the breeze of peace shall gently breathe,  
Like the winds that murmur low.



## 57

## LIBERTY.

LAND of my fathers—Freedom's field !  
Thy sacred rights shall be maintain'd ;  
Columbia's sons will never yield,  
Or see thy spotless honour stain'd ;  
For He who gave us life, gave thee,  
Our country's pride—sweet LIBERTY.

With joy each freeman hears the sound  
 That calls to arms—to arms ! ye brave !  
 The servile heart will not be found  
 That would not bleed, our rights to save ;  
 For He who gave us life, &c.

The cannon's music charms the ear  
 When freemen do for freedom fight :  
 Prepare ! Columbia's sons, prepare !  
 We'll die before we'll yield our right :  
 For He who gave us life, &c.

Father above, in thee we trust—  
 A band of brothers look to thee ;  
 We own thy power, but know thee just,  
 And trust that Nature made us free.  
 Yes, He who gave us life, gave thee,  
 Our country's pride—OUR LIBERTY.

Martyrs to Freedom, view each heart,  
 We'll die, or save those rights you've given ;  
 With these just rights we will not part,  
 Unless it be to meet in Heaven ;  
 For He who gave us life, gave thee,  
 Columbia's pride, OUR LIBERTY.



## 58

## THE FOURTH OF JULY.

*Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."*

O'ER the forest-crown'd hills, the rich valleys and  
 streams  
 Of lovely Columbia, oppression prevail'd ;  
 But, fired by the glow of bright Liberty's beams,  
 Her sons flew to arms, and the demon assail'd ;

And though long in fight  
He resisted their might ;  
Their prowess, at length, put his legions to flight,  
And never, no, never by us shall be stain'd  
The laurels our fathers so gloriously gain'd.

The olive-crown'd goddess then smiling appear'd,  
And sweet Independence shed blessings around ;  
When loud in the west the dread war-whoop was heard,  
Where murderous chiefs on Columbia frown'd ;  
Again, as her shield,  
Her sons took the field ;  
Nor left it till forced was each savage to yield ;  
And never, no, never by us shall be stain'd  
The laurels our brothers so gloriously gain'd.

Now Peace again smiled, and the plough and the sail  
Abundance of wealth to Columbia brought,  
When Faction, puff'd up by an orient gale,  
To ruin her empire seductively sought.  
But vain were its arts !  
For the patriot hearts  
Of her eagle-eyed sons soon repell'd all its darts ;  
And never, no, never, &c.

Inflated with envy, now Tripoli's lord  
Of war at Columbia threw the dread bolt ;  
When, scorning all danger, her sons rush'd on board,  
Resolving to humble that crescent-crown'd dolt ;  
And quickly their thunder  
His walls rent asunder,  
Impressing his palace and people with wonder ;  
And never, no, never, &c.

At length, mother Britain, regardless of right,  
 The flag of Columbia dishonour'd each day;  
 While Emperor Boney, new broils to excite,  
     Would govern her councils with absolute sway;  
         But, maugre them, we  
         At home are still free;  
 And so, while we've arms, are determined to be;  
     For never, no, never, &c.



## 59      JEFFERSON'S ELECTION.

Sung by the Americans in London, March 4, 1802.

*Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."*

WELL met, fellow freemen! let's cheerfully greet  
 The return of this day, with a copious libation:  
 For Freedom this day, in her chosen retreat,  
     Hail'd her favourite Jefferson chief of our nation.  
         A chief, in whose mind  
         Republicans find  
     Wisdom, probity, honour, and firmness combined.  
 Let our wine sparkle high, whilst we gratefully give  
 The health of our sachem, and long may he live!  
 Political frenzy howled wide o'er the earth;  
     Ambition and Rapine with blood tinged the ocean;  
 While Jefferson, ripening sage systems for birth,  
     Found the peaceful, legitimate path to promotion.  
         With Reason his guide,  
         At Washington's side,  
     His virtue and talents full often were tried;  
 Now he's chief in command, let the universe see  
 How happy a nation of freemen can be!

~~~~~  
Whilst Europe's proud chiefs wield the sword or the pen,
By force or by fraud to acquire new possessions ;
Our rulers speak " peace and good-will towards men,"
And their practice accords with their cordial profes-
sions ;

But should foreign foes
Their rancour disclose,

And by discord or arms dare disturb our repose,
Let our chief give the word, and he safely may trust
That those haughty disturbers shall soon "bite the dust."

May Jefferson's genius sublimely control
The carplings of envy, the frenzy of faction ;
At his bidding let union attune each free soul,
And godlike philanthropy spring into action ;
Thus, blessing and bless'd,
By his country caress'd,

Sweet peace shall forever illumine his breast !
Admiring his virtues, again let us give
The health of our sachem, and long may he live !

60

CONQUER OR DIE.

—◆—
Tune—"Glover's March."

REMEMBER now the awful hour,
When through the land rung loud alarms ;
And, join'd to breast the tyrant's power,
Our valiant fathers flew to arms ;
When He who rules the earth and main,
And makes the good and brave his care,
On Bunker's height, and Monmouth's plain,
Saved struggling patriots from despair.

Ye spirits, martyrs in the cause,
Who firm amid the battle stood,
Ye fell for freedom and the laws,
And seal'd our charter with your blood.
And if on high, to wondering eyes,
No sculptured pile its head uprears,
For you, with ceaseless flow, shall rise
A people's mingled thanks and tears.

And thou, too, father of our land,
What meed of praise is due to thee!
Who broke the proud oppressor's band,
And set a groaning nation free.
What though, to blast thy honour'd name
With treacherous praise, the base presume;
Yet wide, unspotted is thy fame,
And glories thicken round thy tomb.

No coward spirit e'er was thine,
No trembling step, no faltering word;
The foe beheld thy falchion shine,
And peace was purchased by thy sword.
And sweet her reign; while, unopposed,
Our starry ensign rode secure,
And western wilds with joy unclosed
Their fertile bosoms to the poor.

What sounds are these invade our ears?
The sailor's groan, the infant's cries!
But Heaven the prayer of vengeance hears,
And bids our injured country rise.
Nor will Columbia's eagle bear,
While on her cliff she sits at rest,
That safe below the vulture tear
Her eaglets, falling from her nest.

Away, then, every doubt and fear,
Let party strife be seen no more ;
And let the lawless pirates hear
Our cannon sound from shore to shore.
While here each festive, gallant band
Shall raise the patriot altar high,
And with united heart and hand,
Shall swear TO CONQUER OR TO DIE !

61

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY R. T. PAINE, JUN., ESQ.

Tune—"Battle of the Nile."

LET patriot pride our patriot triumph wake !
The jubilee of Freedom relumes a nation's soul :
On land or main, no right of realm forsake,
Though warriors' storms like Ocean's tempests roll.
Spread your banners, let commerce, industry directing,
Mantle the waves, by courage, wealth protecting :
And new honours while we pay
To our country's natal day,
Let us build her great renown,
From a soil and sea our own :
For Commerce, Agriculture, Art—rewarded shall be !
Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
Heaven gave to man the charter to be free.
Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
Columbia lives, and claims the great decree.
Arise ! arise ! Columbia's sons, arise !
Assert, on the ocean, your ocean's sovereign law ;
No hostile flag shall hover in your skies ;
No pirate shall keep your mariners in awe.

~~~~~  
Be the rights of your shores by *cannon law* expounded,  
And your waters shall be safe where *hook and line* are  
sounded.

On the shores of Newfoundland  
Let your tars and boats command ;  
For a *mine* of *wealth* you keep,  
In the *bank* beneath the deep,  
Whose charter, awful charter, is renew'd by every sea.  
Huzza ! huzza ! &c. &c. &c.

If equal justice neutral laws proclaim,  
No power will, presumptuous, your sovereignty disgrace :  
Among your stars inscribe a nation's name ;  
Your flag will guard our freedom and your race.  
Base submission, inviting indignity and plunder,  
Like a worm, kills an oak, which should have braved  
the thunder.

Though beneath the rifting ball  
Should the mountain monarch fall,  
Still in majesty he reigns,  
And, though prostrate, rules the plains ;  
And scions, blooming scions, spring to renovate the tree.  
Huzza ! huzza ! &c. &c. &c.

Arouse ! arouse ! Columbia's sons, arouse !  
And burst through the slumber at Faction's dream-  
ing fears :  
Bid cannons shake the tempests from your brows,  
And the clouds shall echo glory on your ears.  
When the trumpet of victory, independence claiming,  
Swell'd o'er your hills from fields in battle flaming ;  
When the freedom of the land  
By your patriotic band



To this temple was consign'd,  
'Twas Washington enshrined,  
That the charter, sacred charter, there, immortal  
should be.  
Huzza ! huzza ! &c. &c. &c.

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## 62

## GUNPOWDER TEA.

Written in 1813.

*Tune—"Molly, put the kettle on."*

JOHNNY BULL, and many more,  
Soon, they say, are coming o'er—  
As soon as e'er they reach our shore,  
They must have their tea.  
So go and put the kettle on,  
Be sure to blow the bellows strong :  
Load our cannon, every one,  
With strong *gunpowder tea*.

They'll get it strong, they need not dread,  
Sweetened well with *sugar of lead* ;  
Perhaps it may get in their head,  
And spoil their taste for tea.  
So go, &c.

But should they set a foot on shore,  
Their cups we'd fill them o'er and o'er,  
Such as John Bull drank here before—  
*Nice Saratoga tea*.  
So go, &c.

Then let them come as soon's they can ;  
They'll find us at our posts, each man ;

Their hides we will completely tan,  
 Before they get their tea.  
 So go, &c.

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## 63

## REPARATION OR WAR.

Written during the embargo.

*Tune—"Battle of the Nile."*

REJOICE, rejoice, brave patriots, rejoice!  
 Our martial sons take a bold and manly stand!  
 Rejoice, rejoice, exulting raise your voice,  
 Let union pervade our happy land.  
 The altar of Liberty shall never be polluted,  
 But freedom expand and flourish, firm and deeply  
     rooted.  
     Our eagle, towering high,  
     Triumphantly shall fly,  
 While men like JEFFERSON preside to serve their  
     country!  
     Huzza! huzza! boys, &c. &c.  
 With firmness we'll resent our wrongs sustain'd at  
     sea;  
     Huzza! huzza! &c. &c.  
 For none but slaves will bend to tyranny.  
     To arms, to arms, with ardour rush to arms,  
     Our injured rights have long for vengeance cried.  
     To arms, to arms, prepare for war's alarms,  
     If honest reparation be denied.  
 Though feeble counteracting plans, or foreign combi-  
     nations,  
 May interdict awhile our trade, against the law of  
     nations,

The embargo on supplies  
Shall open Europe's eyes;  
Proclaiming unto all the world, "Columbia will be  
free."

Huzza! huzza! &c. &c.  
With honour we'll maintain a just neutrality.  
Huzza! huzza! &c. &c.  
For none but slaves will bend to tyranny.

Defend, defend, ye heroes and ye sages,  
The gift divine—your independency!  
Transmit with joy, down to future ages,  
How Washington achieved your liberty.  
When freemen are insulted, they send forth vengeful  
thunder,  
Determined to maintain their rights, strike the foe with  
wonder.

They cheerfully will toil,  
To cultivate the soil,  
And rather live on humble fare than feast ignobly.  
Huzza! huzza! &c. &c.  
United, firm we stand, invincible and free,  
Huzza! huzza! &c. &c.  
Then none but slaves shall bend to tyranny.

## 64

## FREEDOM'S CALL.

BY COL. HUMPHREYS.

*Tune—"The Restoration March."*

THOUGH love's soft transports may  
A while allure the soul,  
When Freedom calls to war,  
Those powers she will control;

When British bands in hostile arms,  
Indignantly we view,  
What patriot's breast but throbs, to bid  
His love, and ease, adieu ;  
In Freedom's all-inspiring cause,  
To fly alert to arms,  
And change his downy bed  
For Mars's dread alarms.

Then let not love's sweet bane  
Your gallant souls enthrall,  
But in your country's cause,  
Resolve to stand or fall ;  
And when by our united force  
We've drove the tyrants home,  
With laurels, such as graced the brows  
Of sons of ancient Rome,  
We'll each return to his kind lass,  
Whose beauty soon shall prove  
That for the toils of war  
The best reward is love.

---

YE brave sons of Freedom, come join in the chorus,  
At the dangers of war do not let us repine,  
But sing and rejoice at the prospect before us,  
And drink it success in a bumper of wine.  
At the call of the nation,  
Let each to his station,  
And resist depredation,  
Which our country degrades ;

Ere the conflict is over,  
Our rights we'll recover,  
Or punish whoever  
Our honour invades.

We're abused and insulted, our country's degraded,  
Our rights are infringed both by land and by sea ;  
Let us rouse up, indignant, when those rights are invaded,  
And announce to the world, " We're united and free !"

By our navy's protection  
We'll make our election,  
And in every direction  
Our trade shall be free ;  
No British oppression,  
No Gallic aggression  
Shall disturb the possession  
We claim to the sea.

Then Columbia's ships shall sail on the ocean,  
And the nations of Europe respect us at last :  
Our stars and our stripes shall command their devotion,  
And Liberty perch on the top of the mast.

Though *Bona* and *John Bull*  
Continue their long pull,  
Till ambition's cup-full  
Be drain'd to the lees ;  
By wisdom directed,  
By tyrants respected,  
By cannon protected,  
We'll traverse the seas.

Though vile combinations to sever the Union  
Be projected with caution and managed with care,

Though traitors and Britons, in sweetest communion,  
Their patriot virtue unite and compare,  
    American thunder  
    Shall rend it asunder,  
    And ages shall wonder  
At the deeds we have done :  
    And every Tory  
    When he hears of the story,  
    Shall repine at the glory  
Our heroes have won.

Let local attachments be condemn'd and discarded,  
Distrust and suspicion be banish'd the mind,  
Let union, our safety, be ever regarded,  
    When improved by example, by virtue refined.  
    Our ancestors brought it,  
    Our sages have taught it,  
    Our Washington bought it,  
'Tis our glory and boast :  
    No factions shall ever  
    Our government sever,  
    But "Union forever,"  
Shall be our last toast.

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## 66

## THE PATRIOT.

THE firm patriot mind is the source of high merit,  
Ennobling above both ambition and riches :  
It fortifies man with invincible spirit—  
Is stronger than citadel, bulwark, or ditches.

The steady, sound mind is tranquillity's mother,  
The well-balanced spirit no panic surprises ;

No hazard that chances or time can discover,  
Will shake it, though novel disaster arises.

It smiles at the timid man's terror ideal,  
Who shrinks from each point of a possible danger :  
Paints fancy-bred peril, and magnifies real,  
To firmness and fortitude always a stranger.

If savage allies of the enemy polish'd,  
Out-flanking new levies, at first should defeat us—  
The patriot's energy, never demolish'd,  
But sparkles more brightly when cruel men beat us.

Remember Columbia's reverses notorious,  
When step-mother Britain hired Indians to scare us ;  
Brave Stark and Green-Mountain boys, gallant and  
glorious,  
At a blow stunn'd the bloodhounds unmuzzled to tear us.

Republican freemen, that Liberty cherish,  
Like Greeks when the tyrant of Persia would maul 'em,  
Will conquer the foe of their country or perish ;  
No tyrant can daunt and no savage appal 'em.

By tactics or tumults old races, long seated,  
May vanquish old races less skilful or tamer ;  
But ne'er was a mighty young nation defeated,  
Born martial and free, with a cause to inflame her !



## 67

## A FREE PEOPLE.

*Tune—"Humours of Glen."*

THOUGH Britain may boast of her profligate regent,  
Her crazy old king and his pageantry grand ;

Her old Tory friends, to her mandates obedient,  
In acting as foes to their own native land ;  
Yet as Whigs their own country will still think the  
most of,

In praising Columbia, sure I'm not wrong ;  
Columbia, containing what Europe can't boast of—  
I mean A FREE PEOPLE—the theme of my song.

Ye sycophant throng about honours who gabble,  
Your lords, and your dukes, and your bishops profane,  
Are fed and upheld by a blind, stupid rabble,  
At once of our nature the curse and the stain :  
But for us, truly bless'd with republican spirit,  
We drive all such vermin to where they belong ;  
The passports to honour are virtue and merit,  
Among A FREE PEOPLE—the theme of my song.

'Tis Freedom and Justice Columbians cherish :  
Our rights as a nation are what we demand ;  
And sooner will Whigs like Leonidas perish,  
Than live to take insults at Tyranny's hand ;  
And in Europe not only, but all the world over,  
Shall Fame spread the tidings with emphasis strong,  
That tyrants in vain have used every endeavour  
To enslave A FREE PEOPLE—the theme of my song.

Then let not Columbians, the contest before us,  
Contemplate with doubts or base fears of the end ;  
For the God of our fathers will surely watch o'er us ;  
The offspring of patriots he'll surely defend ;  
And let not proud Britain the idea cherish,  
That our fathers are gone, and they'll ravage our  
shore ;  
Our fathers left sons who will gloriously perish,  
Or conquer the foe, as their sires did before.



## 68

## YANKEE CHRONOLOGY.

Written for the 4th of July, 1812.—The last verse was added on opening the Theatre.

I NEED not now tell what it was drove our sires  
To seek on these shores for a country and name ;  
It is very well known, and the whole world admires  
Their valour, their wisdom, their fortune, and fame.  
The name of the hero who conquer'd the ocean  
They gave to the world which his wisdom unveil'd :  
COLUMBIA !—the land of my dearest devotion !  
'Thy sons still have triumph'd wherever assail'd.  
Then huzza for the sons of Columbia so free !  
They are lords of the soil—they'll be lords of the  
sea.

I'll begin my chronology just as those times, sirs,  
When Britain with her thunder shook the sea and  
the land,  
And declared truth and honour were the basest of  
crimes, sirs,  
And threatened chastisement from her mighty hand.  
But the first time she tried it, O ! dire the disgrace, sirs,  
When Percy, so bold, march'd to Lexington plain ;  
But he danced Yankee Doodle home, instead of Chevy-  
chase, sirs,  
And was very glad to get back to Boston again.  
Then huzza ! &c.

On the seventeenth of June, in the year seventy-five, sirs,  
The gallant British troops march'd to take Bunker-  
Hill :  
O, the fame of that battle must ever survive, sirs,  
When courage and justice battled numbers and skill.

There were Warren and Prescott, and the brave Yankee  
yeomen :

They mow'd down whole ranks like grass in the field.  
When their powder was gone, why, they beat down  
their foemen

With the buts of their guns, still disdaining to yield !  
Then huzza ! &c.

In the year seventy-six came the two noble brothers  
With an army and fleet fit to conquer a world :  
And Cornwallis, and Rawdon, and Tarleton, and others,  
And murder and rapine on our country were hurl'd.  
When the Briton in his power swore he'd soon make  
an end on't !

And our troops, though indignant, step by step forced  
to fly ;  
Then our Congress declared we were free and inde-  
pendent,  
On the ever, ever glorious Fourth of July !  
Then huzza ! &c.

Great Washington, then, like his own native eagle,  
From the hill-tops look'd down on these vultures and  
crows :

Jove's bird ! arm'd by Heaven with power more than  
regal,

Descended in thunder ! and pounced on his foes ;  
Through the snows of December he push'd into Trenton:  
Cross'd the Delaware midst ice and the storm's surly  
moan ;

Gallant Rahl and his Germans were the prey he was  
bent on,

And they fell bravely fighting in a cause not their own.  
Then huzza ! &c.

~~~~~  
The month not yet ended, when Washington again,
sirs,

Shone resplendent in arms, and his foes fled with
shame;

'Twas at Princeton he found them a full, open plain, sirs,
And charged like a Mars leading victory and fame!

The year seventy-seven crown'd the labours of Schuy-
ler,

When Burgoyne and his army surrender'd to Gates;
And Britain found that Yankees at all points could foil
her,

And her stars shone unclouded through the United
States.

Then huzza ! &c.

Of the many gallant actions and heroes who fell, sirs,
Should I here make record, time and patience would
fail,

And my song to a volume in folio would swell, sirs,
And still do injustice to the glorious tale.

But I must speak of Monmouth, where Sir Harry,
retreating,

Felt his hardest day's march, and so sore and so hot;
And Washington again gave the red-coats a beating,

'Till their ships gave them shelter from the damn'd
rebel shot!

Then huzza ! &c.

It is very well known, in the famous year eighty,
How Sumpter, and Morgan, and Green led the field;
Their acts were a prelude to one more still weighty,
Which forced haughty Britain the contest to yield,—

I mean that at Yorktown, where noble Cornwallis
Surrender'd an army in eighty-and-one,
And Britain paid the price of her injustice and follies,
And Washington could say, "Now my labours are
done."

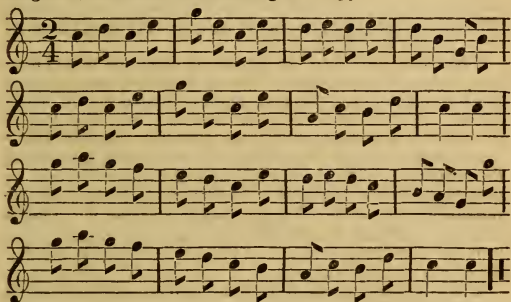
Then huzza, &c.

We are now, sirs, at war with the same haughty nation;
Our wrongs to redress and our rights to maintain;
Each son of Columbia will soon find his station,
And Europe be taught to respect us again.
Here's success to our navy, here's success to our army;
Here's success to the rulers and statesmen all round;
All Europe united in arms cannot harm ye,
While true Yankee hearts in your bosoms are found!
Then huzza, &c.

On the nineteenth of August, in the present blessed
year, sirs,
Our brave Captain Hull met the Guerriere so proud:
Stout Dacres, her commander, who had never yet known
fear, sirs,
Bade his merry men stand by and his three ensigns
show'd.
But our good Constitution and our brave Yankee seamen
In less than forty minutes forced the Englishmen to
strike;
All her masts by the board show'd our guns were
served by freemen,
And the oldest English tar swore he'd never seen
the like!
Then huzza, &c.

The following is from the Musical Almanac of 1842, published in Boston.

ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.—This tune has so long been considered as national property, that most persons have supposed it purely American in its origin. Yet, so far as we can learn, this is not the fact. It appears that, previous to the time of Charles I., an air, somewhat similar to the one in question, was common among the peasantry of England, of which the following is a copy.



This air, during the time of Cromwell, was set to various ditties in ridicule of the Protector. One of these began with the words, "THE ROUNDHEADS AND THE CAVALIERS." Another set of words were called "NANKEE DOODLE," and has throughout a striking resemblance to some of the popular stanzas, which were common in the American colonies from the time of their origin, to the Revolution, and in some sections of the country even to the present day. The song, "Lydia Locket," or "Lucy Locket," has been sung to the same tune from time immemorial. This air seems to have been the foundation of Yankee Doodle.

During the French war of 1755, the provincial army, sent against Niagara and Frontenac, was commanded by Governor Shirley of Massachusetts, and General Johnston of New York. Through the early part of the season the army lay encamped on the Hudson, a little below Albany. While the troops were in this position, they were continually receiving recruits from the New England states in the form of drafts and volunteers. They came in, company after company,

just as they had issued from their farms and firesides, and their appearance is said to have equalled any specimen of the ludicrous ever exhibited, save and except the famous company of Sir John Falstaff. Some of them had long hair, some had short, and some wore enormous wigs. Some had black suits, some had blue, and some had gray. Some had long coats, some had short ones, and some had no coats at all. Their accoutrements were equally varied, and all together furnished the most grotesque and amusing spectacle, that can well be imagined, and abundance of sport for the British Regulars.

The music played by the volunteers was such as had been out of date in the British army for centuries, and assisted finely to add point to the amusement afforded by the whole scene. In the British army at that time, was one Doctor Shækburg, a surgeon, who was a skilful musician and a great wag. The doctor immediately turned his attention to the Yankee volunteers, and determined to pass off a joke by composing a tune for their particular use. He accordingly remodelled the air of "*Nankee Doodle*," called it "*Yankee Doodle*," and with all the gravity imaginable recommended it to the new-comers, as one of the most celebrated airs that his country had ever produced.

The volunteers admired the tune ; and notwithstanding the hearty laugh and noisy ridicule of the regulars, it soon became a general favourite through the whole American camp.

Thus originated an air in pure levity and ridicule, which many a British soldier in a few years had cause to consider the knell of all his glory. The same soul-stirring strains were heard at a subsequent period on Bunker's Hill ; the same on the plains of Yorktown ; and the same strains will continue to warm the American heart, so long as music hath charms to inspire the breast and rouse the soul to action.

69 COME, YE LADS, WHO WISH TO SHINE.

Written in 1812.

Tune—"Yankee Doodle."

COME, ye lads, who wish to shine
Bright in future story,
Haste to arms, and form the line
That leads to martial glory.

Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,
Manly and united,
Danger face, maintain your ground,
And see your country righted.

Columbia, when her eagle's roused,
And her flag is rearing,
Will always find her sons disposed
To drub the foe that's daring.
Beat the drum, &c.

Hearts of oak, protect the coast,
Pour your naval thunder,
While on shore a mighty host
Shall strike the world with wonder.
Beat the drum, &c.

Haste to Quebec's towering walls,
Through the British regions;
Hark! Montgomery's spirit calls,
Drive the hostile legions.
Beat the drum, &c.

Honour for the brave to share
Is the noblest booty;
Guard your rights, protect the fair,
For that's a soldier's duty.
Beat the drum, &c.

Charge the musket, point the lance,
Brave the worst of dangers;
Tell to Britain and to France,
That we to fear are strangers.
Beat the drum, &c.

70 LET FEDS, QUIDS, AND DEMOS.—1812.

Tune—"Hearts of Oak," &c.

Let Feds, Quids, and Demos together unite,
For our country, our laws and our altars to fight;
While our tars guard the seaboard, our troops line the
shore,

Let our enemies face us, we'll ask for no more.

Then let us agree

Both on land and on sea,

And always be ready,

Steady—boys, steady.

To fight and to conquer, resolved to be free.

If we to ourselves and each other prove true,
Imperial monsters we soon shall subdue;
And the tyrants of Europe have threaten'd in vain;
For we've sworn to be free, and we swear it again.

Then let us agree, &c.

With religion to guide us, with laws we revere,
A code we'll defend, and a God whom we fear,
Shall the slaves of vile despots with freemen contend,
Who've such blessings to fight for, such rights to
defend?

Then let us agree, &c.

Let them boast, if they will, of their victories gain'd,
Of their murders committed and plunders obtain'd;
'Twas by gold or by art they these triumphs achieved,
Help'd by traitors they cheated, or fools they deceived.

Then let us agree, &c.

The regent of Britain, or Le Grand Bonaparte,
In league with Old Nick, may exert their black art;

But division we shun, fly at Liberty's call,
For, "united we stand, but divided we fall."

Then let us agree, &c.

While France and old England extend their campaigns,
And famine and rapine disorder their plains,
Columbians may smile while their enemies rave,
And view her rich harvests exultingly wave.

Then let us agree, &c.

While the storm of destruction through Europe is hurl'd,
Columbia gives hope to a desolate world ;
But if with profusion our barns overflow,
We spare not a grain to an insolent foe.

Then let us agree, &c.

While our hand grasps the sword well prepared for the
fight,

On Washington's glory we dwell with delight ;
His spirit our guide, we can feel no alarms ;
While for freedom we fight, we're victorious in arms.

Then let us agree, &c.

Then give for Columbia a loud, hearty cheer ;
Here's a halter for those who would wish tyrants here ;
Let us join hearts and hands, boys, and merrily sing,
Here's freedom to slaves who are ruled by a king.

Hearts of oak are our fleets,
Dauntless heroes our men,
Who hold themselves ready,
Steady—boys, steady.

They once were victorious,
We'll try it again.

71 SPIRITS OF THE MIGHTY DEAD.—1812.*Tune—"Bruce's Address."*

Spirits of the mighty dead,
Who with Washington have bled,
Call their sons to honour's bed,
Or to victory.

Now's the day, and now's the hour :
See the front of battle lour ;
See approach proud Britain's power,
Chains and slavery.

Who will be a traitor knave ?
Who can fill a coward's grave ?
Who so base to be a slave?—

Let him turn and flee.
For Columbia's rights and law
Who the sword will strongly draw ?
Freeman stand, or freeman fa' ?—
Let him follow me.

By impressment's woes and pains,
By our seamen's servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low ;
Tyrants fall in every foe :
Liberty's in every blow ;
Let's be free or die.

See in yonder distant skies,
Where the great, the good, the wise,
Those who fought and won the prize,
Beckon you to come.

Honour's path they boldly trod;
Broke Oppression's iron rod;
Trusting in a righteous God,
And in Washington.



72

AN ODE.

BY HENRY BICKLY.

SEE in the east refulgent rise
The genius of the western world;
Mild gazing through the azure skies,
Around her clouds of glory curl'd:
See her advance, with brow serene,
The goddess FREEDOM by her side,
Who looks below with happy mien,
And eye of more than mortal pride.
See how the clouds beneath them sweep,
Ambrosial odours flinging round;
Now see them pass the eastern deep,
And now alight on earthly ground.
See the bright goddess Freedom stand,
Casting swift glance on every sphere;
"This," she cried, "'s my favourite land,
For still I see my standard here.
"Hark! how the drum tumultuous beats;
Hark! how the trumpet sounds afar;
See Glory point to Valour's feats,
And fire-mouth'd cannons bellow WAR.
"'Twas on this great, eventful day,
This day enregister'd in Heaven,

- When first was seen the bold array ;
When first the mighty blow was given,
“ Which to my country gave a name,
And snatch’d it from Oppression’s skill ;
Stamp’d warriors on the list of Fame,
And statesmen worlds shall reverence still.
- “ This day, the first on Glory’s roll,
Collected heroes braved the storm,
And shook the shackles from the soul,
And freed the energetic arm.
- “ Their children choose the day divine,
Again to men, man’s rights to tell,
Resolved to kneel at victory’s shrine,
Or fall as their great fathers fell.
- “ Hear how the clamour spreads amain,
Through every heart the blood-tides run ;
See, crowding towards the expectant plain,
Thousands, who think and act as one.
- “ Yes, from their slumbers now they rise,
A slumber of inglorious rest ;
Revenge’s sparkles light their eyes,
Convulsive passions shake their breast.
- “ To Victory’s field Hope lights their way ;
On Britain glimmers Terror’s glare ;
Columbia’s sons shall feel my sway,
Britain’s, the sway of cold despair.
- “ Strike ! strike ! my sons ! ” the goddess spoke ;
The genius sigh’d, “ strike the firm blow ;
Cast from your necks your broken yoke,
And rise triumphant o’er your foe.

“Your brethren from her sea-hells claim
Brethren in cruel bondage held,
Where oft has burst the smother’d flame,
And oft the heart indignant swell’d.

“See,” cried the goddess, “how their hosts
Crow’d eager for the coming fight;
Union their wide pavilion boasts:
Union, we fight for justice, right.

“Fill’d with the flames their fathers fann’d,
How glorious do they now appear;
This is, indeed, my favour’d land,
And float, my flag, forever here!”

73 ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.—1812.

WAKE once more to toil and glory,
Sons of Liberty, awake!
Honour calls ye to the battle;
All your freedom is at stake.

Britain, that enslaved your fathers,
Stretches now the yoke on you;
Know you still the stubborn spirit
That your patriot fathers knew?

Then to arms! and sound the tocsin!
Echo, bear it far and wide;
Through Columbia’s happy borders,
And o’er ocean’s swelling tide.

Never from your sight be buried
All the gore your fathers shed;

To achieve your independence,
How they fought, and how they bled!

Independence, bless'd achievement!
Freedom's sole support and stay;
Shall the proud, insulting Briton
Steal the boasted prize away?

Never! sons of Freedom, never!
Bold we'll brave dire war's alarms;
Death himself shall still behold us
Grasp it in our dying arms.

Washington! thou sainted hero!
Teach us still to point our darts;
Still direct our chiefs in council,
Still inspire Columbian hearts.

Hoary warriors! long retired
From the stormy scenes of strife;
Teach your children, independence
Makes alone a happy life.

Gird once more the trusty weapon;
Point again the tube of wo;
Honour, interest, all impels you,
Rout once more your ancient foe.

Teach the world once more to call ye
Saviours of your country dear;
Teach the haughty pride of Britain,
Slaves are not our warriors here.

Children! tarnish not the honour
Bravely wrested in the field;
Swear ye, like your great forefathers,
To fight, to die, but not to yield.

Let this day of dear remembrance
Ev'ry patriot feeling move ;
Now to show Columbia's valour,
Now to prove her children's love.

We are free ! let earth proclaim it ;
Join then, brothers, heart and hand ;
Heaven, that charter'd us our freedom,
Will protect our steady band.

Let us once again declare it ;
Let us show to foreign powers,
Insult shall not go unnoticed,
Independence shall be ours.

Constitution, rights, and country,
Wives and children, friends and all ;
Those shall live, if we're victorious,
These lament us, should we fall.



74 THE CHIEF WHO FIGHTS.—1812.

BY J. H. PRATT.

THE chief who fights in Freedom's cause,
Obeys no king, or regal laws ;
But seeks the foe on every ground,
Till liberty alone abound :
He knows no fear, he does no wrong ;
So cheers him with this matin song :
Columbia's arms shall ever be
The dread of kings and tyranny !

With falcon eye and glittering shield,
Our eagle soars through Mars's field,

Breaking shackles, opening cells,
Where tyrants' slaves and darkness dwells;
Imparts with pleasure brilliant *stars*,
For *stripes* and scourges, wounds and scars.
Columbia's arms, &c. &c.

Now let's unite with heart and hand,
As brothers round our eagle stand;
The world shall see what we have done,—
United millions into one;
In chorus now we do proclaim,
Our sentiments are all the same.
Columbia's arms, &c. &c.

75

THE DAY TO FREEDOM.

Tune—"Gramachree."

THE day to Freedom dear returns,
Her sons her call obey;
Each patriot heart with ardour burns,
To join the choral lay.
O! as we raise the joyous strains,
What transport fills each breast;
They hail the day our native plains
With liberty were bless'd.

But, hark! what horrid sound from far,
Unwonted strikes the ear;
It tells, alas! of fire-eyed War,
And Discord hovering near.
But let the thunder growl around,
Its bolts shall fall in vain;

No freeman's arm shall ere be found
To forge a tyrant's chain.

A band of brothers firm we stand :
We boast his honour'd name,
Whose arms preserved his native land,
Who glow'd with Freedom's flame.
Like him despising War's alarms,
Should Liberty cry, On !
For her we'd instant spring to arms—
True sons of Washington.

It is pleasing to observe the similarity in the sentiments of American patriots in 1776 and 1812.

76 COLUMBIA TRIUMPHANT.

Written in 1776.

THAT Power, who form'd the unmeasured seas,
Not with fictitious trident sways,
Look'd from the empyrean sky :
The solid land, the extended main,
Which all their ample realms contain,
Lie naked to his eye.

Fierce Discord show'd the earth, the seas
Involved in one promiscuous blaze,
While doubling thunders roar'd.
"Michael ! go forth," the Godhead cried,
"Wave my dread ensign o'er the tide,
And edge Columbia's sword !"

The angel wing'd the ethereal road,
To obey the mandate of his God,
And reach'd Columbia's shores.

He saw her striplings on the wave
Proud Albion's boasted navy brave,
And battle all her powers.

In vain her thousand ships appear,
In all the horrid pomp of war,
And thunder round the coast.
Whole squadrons captive led he view'd,
By force inferior far subdued,
Their wealth, fame, glory lost!

Amazed, the seraph seeks the sky,
And tells the wondrous tale on high;
'All heaven astonish'd gaze!
Thrones, angels, principalities,
In loud applause united raise
A universal praise.

"Hail, brave Columbians! sons of Heaven!
To whose all-conquering arm 'tis given
To bend proud tyrants down!
To burst vile Slavery's iron band,
Guard sacred Freedom, save your land,
And crack the lion's crown."

They ceased—when thus the Almighty spoke;—
Heaven's adamantine pillars shook,
As the dread word went down.
"Columbia's sons, I give to reign
At home, and o'er the boundless main
To have an equal crown!"

Freemen! perform this glorious trust!
Britannia's brazen fetters burst!
Her towering pride subdue!

Henceforth, my sons, not only sway
The continent, but on the sea,
Go! curb proud Albion too!

77

SHOUT, AMERICA!

Written in 1777.

SHOUT, shout, America!
Thy guardian God appears!
And while o'er land and sea
Thy fame triumphant bears,
He fights thy battles on the plain,
And crowns thee regent of the main!
Thy oaks, majestic wood!
Disdain their native spot,
And rushing on the flood,
A rising navy float.
Nor shall the wood with ease be riven
That stood so long the bolts of Heaven!
Though all the world combine
At once to pull thee down,
Their impotent design
But adds to thy renown;
As when the giants battled Jove,
They served his greater strength to prove.
What though Montgomery
Untimely press'd the field,
Triumphant borne on high,
His spirit still can shield;
We view him there! he points to Fame,
And fills us with his matchless flame!

What though immortal Lee
By treachery's debarr'd
That glorious liberty
His arm's forbid to guard;
Whole hosts of heroes yet we claim
To avenge their general and his fame.

Still union bind our land,
Our councils wisdom sway;
Great Washington command,
And Freedom's sons obey;
Then Britain, and all Europe rise,
Your rage united we despise!

We laugh at war's alarms,
Its toils and arts we know:
And how to wield our arms
With skill to strike the foe.
Famed Britain, in the trade complete,
Excels us only in—retreat!

Fired with the scenes to come,
We'll rise without delay,
And drive the pirates home,
Or drench them in the sea!
Let George beware, with all his slaves,
How freemen's wrath he madly braves.

Then shout, America!
Minerva calls, and Mars;
They point thy glorious way,
They order all thy wars!
They guide thy battles on the plain,
And crown thee regent of the main.

78

AN ODE.

TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF 1812.

"Arm, arm and out."—*Shakspeare.*

YE sons of Freedom ! to the field repair,
And all the dangers of the tempest dare ;
Bright from the scabbard bid the sabre leap !
From north to south thy banners broad unfurl ;
O'er Abra'ms plains re-echoing thunders hurl,
And flash thy volley'd lightning on the deep.

Arm, freemen, arm ! will you, who from your shore
Exiled the Saxon satellite before ;
Will you, again, his influences own,
And bend obeisant at a tyrant's throne ;
Vassals to him ! shall this become your lot,
And Freedom's sacred charter be forgot ?

I'd rather, torn from competence and home,
Eat the vile scrap solicitude obtains ;
Cold, through Kamtschatka's frozen regions roam,
Where, veil'd in night, eternal winter reigns,
Than see my country to injustice cower,
And own the mandate of a despot's power.

Arm, freemen, arm ! Delusion's veil is rent ;
Ho ! every gallant spirit to his tent !
Ho ! from the vale, the mountain and the brake !
Let none from duty's impositions swerve :
Brace to its firmest tension every nerve !
Bid all thy slumbering energies awake !
Basks there a man in Freedom's light,
Who would refuse for Liberty to fight,
Her country, fame, and character at stake ?

Place me amid Siberian deserts, where
Carved in eternal snow, Samoides dwell ;
Mid Afric's scorching sand and fetid air,
Or where dread Upas darts her venom fell,
Yet would my heart, in patriotism true,
Breathe its last sigh, O, Liberty, for you !

Arm, freemen, arm ! loud sounds the trump of war ;
The clang of conflict rends your eastern sky ;
Lo ! Bella hither plies her crimson car !

Lo ! heroes press, to conquer or to die ;
"Arm, arm and out !" obtain yourselves a name,
And live immortal on the rolls of Fame !

So, when of old the tyrant Xerxes rose,
And press'd Athenæ with unnumber'd foes,
Elate, to arms her generous children flew !
The burnish'd spear and ponderous truncheon drew ;
The host barbaric sought, with eager eye,
Alone intent to conquer, or to die ;
While the pale despot, struck with terror, fled !
And left his legions number'd with the dead.

79 AWAKE, AWAKE ! TO GLORY WAKE.

AWAKE, awake ! to glory wake ;
The din of battle calls,
A nation's wrongs your slumbers break :
Columbia lives—or falls !
Ye freeborn spirits, take the field,
Your country's wrongs redress,
Your country's rights with glory shield,
Your country's fears repress.

A haughty foe invades your rights,
And triumphs in your spoil ;
She glories in her base exploits,
And fattens on your toil ;
Your commerce withers on the main,
Your sons in slavery groan,
Your brothers' blood your harbours stain,
Your childless mothers mourn.

Here secret spies infest your land,
Enkindling discord's flame ;
Combining with a venal band
To crush our legal frame ;
To arm the sire against the son,
The son against the sire !
To cause a brother's blood to run
To quench a brother's ire !

The lurking savage yells for prey
Along the western wild ;
The hunter's track is watch'd by day,
By night his sleep beguiled :
His burning cottage frights the gloom,
His infants shriek the alarm,
His wife sinks lifeless in a swoon,
Or bleeds within his arms.

" O God ! wilt thou not judge " our foes ?
And let thy wrath descend :
Avenge an injured people's woes,
Their righteous cause defend.
Inspire our sons to take the field,
Their country's wrongs redress,
Their country's rights with glory shield,
Their country's fears repress.

Lives here a wretch who would not fight ?
A miscreant who would fly ?
A dastard who would yield his right ?
Or grudge to freely die ?
When wrongs and insult crowd his sight,
And sicken on his heart ;
When power gives law, and interest right,
And truth means only art.

80 FAREWELL, PEACE.—1812.

Air—"Banish sorrow, grief's a folly."

FAREWELL, Peace ! another crisis
Calls us to "the last appeal,"
Made when monarchs and their vices
Leave no argument but *steel*.
When injustice and oppression
Dare avow the tyrant's plea,
Who would recommend submission ?
Virtue bids us to be free.

History spreads her page before us,
Time unrolls his ample scroll ;
Truth unfolds them, to assure us,
States, united, ne'er can fall.
See, in annals Greek and Roman,
What immortal deeds we find ;
When those gallant sons of woman
In their country's cause combined.

Sons of Freedom ! brave descendants
From a race of heroes tried,

To preserve our independence
Let all Europe be defied.
Let not all the world, united,
Rob us of one sacred right :
Every patriot heart's delighted
In his country's cause to fight.

Come then, War ! with hearts elated
To thy standard we will fly ;
Every bosom animated
Either to live free or die.
May the wretch that shrinks from duty,
Or deserts the glorious strife,
Never know the smile of beauty,
Nor the blessing of a wife.

81 AN ODE FOR THE BRAVE.—1812.

HARK ! the drum—the bugle sounds !
Rouse to arms, ye spirits brave !
Hark ! the warning notes resound !
See ! the signal banners wave !

Hearts that feel, and breasts that glow,
'Tis your country bids you rise :
Yours the glory, yours the foe :
Raise your eagle to the skies.

Yes ! no more, by cobwebs bound,
Shall her wings be vainly spread ;
She shall scorn to creep the ground ;
She shall now exalt her head.

Proudly she ascends the sky,
In a blaze of wrath renew'd :
Shall her shafts surcease to fly,
Till her foes are all subdued ?

Freemen ! on the briny waves,
Where we've suffer'd much and long—
Where our brethren groan as slaves,
There will we avenge the wrong !

Heroes on the bloodstain'd soil,
Where our fathers fought of old ;
There will we renew the toil,
There erect the standard bold !

Lo ! its banners now appear !
To that standard then repair ;
Far away be dastard fear ;
Form a breasted bulwark there !

For our sweethearts—children—wives,
Let us rally in our might ;
For our liberty and lives,
Let us join the glorious fight !

Is there one—a milky heart,
Curdling at the thought of death ;
Shrinking from a valiant part,
To prolong a puny breath ?

Go, then, coward ! slave, retire !
Thou shalt forfeit virtue's smile ;
Cold contempt, unblest desire,
Shall reward inglorious toil !

Hearts, that beat at honour's call,
Feeling for your country's wo,

Join the contest, one and all ;
Hurl your thunders on the foe !

Like a mighty torrent roll,
Waters which combine their force :
Who shall then the wrath control ?
Can the feeble stem its course ?

O ! the laurels that are spread
O'er the fallen hero's grave ;
And the tears by virtue shed,
In remembrance of the brave !

O ! for beauty's virgin smile,
Which returning victors meet !
Sacred wreaths for glorious toil—
These are inspirations sweet !

Sons of Freedom ! march away !
Valour pants with every breath ;
Burns impatient for the fray—
Now for victory or death !



82

A WAR SONG.—1797.

BY WILLIAM CLIFFTON.

Soul of Columbia ! quenchless spirit, come !
Unroll thy standard to the sullen sky !
Bind on thy war-robcs, beat thy furious drum :
Rouse, rouse thy lion heart, and fire thy eagle eye.
Dost thou not hear the hum of gathering war ?
Dost thou not know
The insidious foe
Yokes her gaunt wolves and mounts her midnight car ?

Dost thou not hear thy tortured seamen's cries?
Poor, helpless souls, in dreary dungeons laid;
Towards thee they turn their dim, imploring eyes;
Alas! they sink—and no kind hand to aid.
Thou dost, and every son of thine
Shall rest in guilty peace no more;
With noble rage, they pant to join
The conflict's heat, the battle's roar.
Loose to the tempest let the banner fly;
Rouse, rouse thy lion's heart, and fire thy eagle eye.

83^c THE TOCSIN HAS SOUNDED.—1812.

THE tocsin has sounded—the bugle has blown,
And rapid as lightning the rumour has flown,
That, prepared to defend our heaven-bless'd soil,
Our country to save and proud tyrants to foil,
We submit without murmur to danger and toil.
Haste, warrior, haste! 'tis thy country's call,
Let no doubt, no regret, thy courage appal;
Hark! the ear-piercing fife, and the harsh rolling
drum,
Whilst they thrill through thine ears, to thy heart
they cry, "Come,"
And invite thee to leave thy ever dear home.
What magic's contain'd in that dear little name!
Than conquest much sweeter, much brighter than
fame!
Yes! that dear little spot, ever green in his mind—
The soldier no truer inducement need find,
Than to think that he conquers for those left behind.

The war-whoop is "Liberty." Speak, warrior, speak!
What blanches the hue on thy sun-embrown'd cheek?

Is it fear?—Blast the thought! the proud veteran
cries:

Ah! look at that female, whose heart-rending sighs
Drive the hue from my cheek and the tear from
mine eyes.

Noble warrior! yes, we allow thy appeal,
And believe thee more brave, as we see thou canst feel;
Cheer up, tender heart: cease the mandate to mourn;
Crown'd with laurels thy soldier again will return,
And the flame of his glory still brighter shall burn.

84

AN ODE

Written for the Baltimore Typographical Society, by S. WOODWORTH.

Tune—"The Dauphin."

WHILE around the festive board
The sons of Freedom throng,
And bid her praises rise,
In patriotic song:
Ye brethren of our heaven-born art,
Unite to hail the day,
Let joy expand each patriot heart,
Each tongue assist the lay.
Arise, 'tis Freedom's natal morn;
Ye sons of FAUST, arise,
Forever swear to guard
The dearly-purchased prize.

Mankind in darkness groped
Their blind and erring way,

Deep veil'd in Gothic shades,
With scarce a glimpse of day,
Till Faust arose, and bid our art
Illume their darken'd mind ;
Then independence fired the heart
Which knowledge had refined.
Arise, &c.

But long they sought in vain
To win the heavenly prize :
Oppression's lengthen'd reign
Their ardent wish denies.
Till o'er our hard-earn'd western soil,
He dared his sceptre wield ;
'Twas then our sires, with blood and toil,
Gain'd freedom and the field.
Arise, &c.

Then smiling peace was ours,
And every earthly bliss,
Till Europe's treacherous powers
Betray'd us with a kiss.
But, like our fathers, now we'll rise,
Our birthright to maintain :
Swear by the God of earth and skies,
No tyrant here shall reign.
Arise, &c.

Then let the foe advance ;
The Press shall still inspire,
To wield the missive lance,
Or guide the vengeful fire :
And here we swear, when Freedom calls,
We'll not refuse to die ;

The foe shall see, beneath our *balls*,
His *columns* fall in *pie*.
Arise, &c.

Long e'er a foreign flag
O'ertops Columbia's stripes,
We'll forge our *sticks* to arms,
To *balls* convert our *types*.
We'll never flinch, but give them *chase*,
Display our mystic *STARS*,
Our eagle still shall hold his place,
And hurl the shafts of Mars.
Arise, &c.

Who threatens with foreign *rule*,
Our *shooting-sticks* defy ;
We'll have a *brush* with all,
Before we take the *lie*.
We'll hush the *English* lion's roar,
French Cannon we'll *compose*,
The *form* of tyranny *beat* o'er,
And *hot press* all our foes.
Arise, &c.

Long may we keep the morn
Which gave our nation birth !
And when, at length, our *form*
Is finish'd here on earth,
Our *types* in *case, correctly laid*,
A *face* and *body* pure,
Which, *set* in heaven, shall *stand display'd*,
Forever to endure.
Then hail fair Freedom's natal morn,
Let sounding pæans rise,
To-day for us was born
The goddess of the skies.

85

ELEGY,

Sung in Memory of Gen. Washington.

Tune—"Thou soft-flowing Avon."

STREW, virgins, the cypress o'er Washington's bier,
Whilst emblems of sorrow excite the big tear ;
The hills round the spot where the hero is laid
Shall yearly re-echo a dirge to his shade.

The matrons whose bosoms in anguish do mourn
The loss of their heroes, ne'er doom'd to return,
Shall yearly retire to the spot where he's laid,
And swell the sad dirge to great Washington's shade.

The sweet timid maiden, whose fears are alarm'd,
(For soldiers, she finds, may in battle be harm'd,)
By moonlight shall steal to the spot where he's laid,
And beg the protection of Washington's shade.

Our youths, clad in arms, shall repair to his grave,
And swear, by his relics, their country to save ;
His name thus invoked, whosoe'er shall invade
Shall fall early victims to Washington's shade.

86

A DIRGE,

Sung in Memory of Gen. Washington.

Tune—"Hope, thou Nurse."

HUSH'd be every joyful sound !
Sorrow rends Columbia's breast :
Deep, ah ! deep's the rankling wound,
Which destroys her wonted rest.

Gone her hero—tears must flow—
Ah ! conceal your streaming eyes :
And, yet, who can hide their wo,
Though he dwells in milder skies !

Born to tread the lists of fame
Midst the tumults of the field,
Still he mark'd where terror came,
Calm'd each fear, and scorn'd to yield.

Danger call'd forth all his powers—
Daring, and yet coolly brave :
Firm he stood in darkest hours,
And, victorious, wish'd to save.

First in council and the field,
Peace her olive scarce could rear
Ere his breast (his country's shield)
Was the cabinet of care.

Chaos, into order brought,
Own'd his kind, reforming hand ;
Wisdom's lesson, soon as taught,
Call'd him to supreme command.

How he steer'd the ship of state,
Wondering millions now applaud ;
But a man, he yields to fate—
No, the providence of God.

States and empires rise and fall ;
Men but live, progress, and die !
He obey'd his Maker's call,
And, with him, he rests on high.

87 ALL HAIL! TO THE COUNTRY.

BY A LADY.

Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."

ALL hail to the country, the fairest on earth,
Where dwells Independence, of Liberty born :
That nymph who, when chaos first burst into birth,
Chased clouds from the night, and gave brightness to
morn ;
"She led the wild hordes in her flower-woven bands,"
They follow'd her steps, and obey'd her commands,
Till the tyrant endeavour'd her will to restrain,
When, disdaining their fetters, she broke the vile chain.
Escaped from their hands, she a wanderer became :
She bounded o'er mountains, she shelter'd in caves ;
Whilst the despots of Europe forbade e'en her name,
And her friends were consigned to dungeons or graves.
In Helvetia a while many votaries she led,
For her sake they fought, they conquer'd, they bled ;
But Ambition's mad train soon seized on the maid,
And again she was fetter'd, insulted, betray'd.
Years roll'd after years, and still none could relate
(Nay, gagg'd by their tyrants, they scarcely inquired)
Where this darling of nature had met with her fate,
And no wish for her presence in public transpired.
But when William of Orange invaded their coast,
Then Britons proclaim'd it their pride and their boast,
That Liberty came, and, with heavenly smile,
Again roam'd at large in their evergreen isle.
Half a century past, when languid and pale,
Unable to wrestle with factions at court,

~~~~~  
She felt—and she mourn'd it—her influence fail,  
Of placemen a jest, and of panders the sport:  
She struggled a while—when she turn'd to the west,  
And saw freemen determined her rights to contest;  
The Atlantic she skimm'd, and America sought,  
And, link'd to his sword, with our Washington fought.

She suffer'd, but conquer'd; and now the soft hours  
In the cottage of Peace, with Content by her side,  
She fondly enjoy'd, in Arcadian bowers,

And nursed Independence, her glory and pride.  
And this is his birthday—all hail to the morn!

Now, in manhood's full vigour, by millions he's  
Aloft let his standard by freemen be borne, [bless'd;  
And his banner still wave o'er sons of the west.

When Treachery threatens, when Danger assails,

Is there one true American heart that will flinch?  
No; they'll pour their dread legions from hills and  
from vales;

And dispute, with the sword, every freedom-bless'd  
inch.

Old age will again feel his life-blood grow warm,  
And Valour will nerve every boy-stripling's arm;  
Courage, sprung from the heart, our files shall extend,  
And amor patriæ with self-love shall blend.

Then hail to the day which proclaim'd to the world

The triumph of Virtue o'er Tyranny's power,  
When the standard of Liberty wide was unfurl'd,  
And domestic enjoyment was Victory's dower.

Be Union the toast, and by that sacred name,  
Let your lives be the pledge for your country's fame;  
Let Party be banish'd, bid Discord take flight,  
Columbia's the watch-word—the slogan our right.

## 88 THE AMERICAN STAR.

COME, strike the bold anthem, the war-dogs are howling,  
Already they eagerly snuff up their prey ;  
The red clouds of war o'er our forests are scowling,  
Soft Peace spreads her wings, and flies weeping  
away ;

The infants, affrighted, cling close to their mothers,  
The youth grasp their swords, for the combat prepare ;  
While beauty weeps fathers, and lovers, and brothers,  
Who rush to display the AMERICAN STAR.

Come, blow the shrill bugle ; the loud drum awaken :  
The dread rifle seize ; let the cannon deep roar ;  
No heart with pale fear, or faint doubtings be shaken,  
No slave's hostile foot leave a print on our shore ;  
Shall mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters, left weep-  
ing,  
Insulted by ruffians, be dragg'd to despair ;  
O, no ; from her hills the proud eagle comes sweeping,  
And waves to the brave the AMERICAN STAR.

The spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery,  
Look down from their clouds, with bright aspect  
serene ;

Come, soldiers, a tear, and a toast to their memory,  
Rejoicing they'll see us, as they once have been ;  
To us the high boon by the gods has been granted,  
To spread the glad tidings of liberty far.  
Let millions invade us, we'll meet them undaunted,  
And conquer or die by the AMERICAN STAR.

Your hands then, dear comrades ! round Liberty's altar,  
United, we swear by the souls of the brave !

Not one from the strong resolution shall falter,  
To live independent, or sink to the grave!  
Then, freemen, fill up! lo! the striped banner's flying,  
The high birds of liberty scream through the air;  
Beneath her Oppression and Tyranny dying,  
Success to the beaming AMERICAN STAR.

---

## 89

## INDEPENDENCE.

BY WILLIAM RAY.

*Tune—"Mason's Daughter."*

COLUMBIANS to remotest time,  
Through every age, to every clime,  
Shall wake the raptured lay,  
To usher in the festal morn;  
For Independence first was born  
On this auspicious day.

While Eaton chides our foes by land,  
Behold our fearless squadron stand,  
The terror of the main:  
'Twas these that awed the turban'd race,  
Brought beys and bashaws to disgrace,  
And broke the captive's chain.

And you, whose patriot bosoms glow,  
Who all the joys of freedom know,  
Columbia's standard rear;  
And let your blazing cannons' roar,  
Proclaim aloud to Britain's shore,  
That Liberty is here.

In memory of the illustrious dead,  
The immortal heroes who have bled,

~~~~~  
Their country to defend ;
Let grateful toasts re-echo round,
And let their fame's eternal sound
From earth to heaven ascend.

Long as the sun the day shall light,
Or moon and stars illumine the night,
Or vessels swim the sea ;
Our heroes will our rights maintain,
Our land eternally remain
United, bless'd, and free.



90 ' ONCE MORE, FELLOW-FREEMEN.

ONCE more, fellow-freemen, we've met on the day
Which reminds us of times that have long pass'd away ;
That recalls all the deeds that our fathers have done
For freedom, by wisdom and bravery won.

Attune, then, your voices, the song raise on high,
And chant in full chorus the Fourth of July.

When Tyranny stalk'd in full might o'er the land,
And Liberty, tottering, scarcely could stand,
Each patriot in arms swiftly flew to her aid,
And prevented the fall of the beauteous maid.

In shouts we'll proclaim it aloud to the sky,
And chant in full chorus the Fourth of July.

See Jefferson's pen independence declare :
Meanwhile to support it our forefathers swear ;
And Washington, prompt at his country's call,
Unsheathed the fell falchion and urged the dread ball.

Then through the wide world let the glad tidings fly,
Whilst we chant in full chorus the Fourth of July.

~~~~~  
Lo! Freedom achieved by the feats of our sires,  
Each warrior in peace to his home then retires ;  
He in arts, as in arms, strives his foes to excel,  
And beneath his own "fig tree" in safety can dwell.

Let the air loud resound with the rapturous cry,  
While we chant in full chorus the Fourth of July.

Cursed be the mad wretch that shall dare to destroy  
Our rights which from heaven's high God we enjoy ;  
And blasted their schemes, whosoever shall strive  
The compact of union asunder to rive.

Our arms shall the arts of all tyrants defy,  
And we'll force them to reverence the Fourth of July.

All hail, then, the day of our national birth !  
Let the sound reach the most distant regions of earth ;  
Proclaim to all nations how happy we be,  
That the people shall govern, and ever be free !

Our foes we'll confound with the o'erwhelming cry,  
And chant in full chorus the Fourth of July.

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## 91      WHEN OUR GREAT SIRES.

*Tune—"Rule, Britannia."*

WHEN our great sires this land explored,  
A shelter from tyrannic wrong !  
Led on by heaven's Almighty Lord,  
They sung—and acted well the song,  
Rise united ! dare be freed !  
Our sons shall vindicate the deed.

In vain the region they would gain  
Was distant, dreary, undisclosed ;

In vain the Atlantic roar'd between ;  
And hosts of savages opposed ;  
They rush'd undaunted, Heaven decreed  
Their sons should vindicate the deed.

'Twas Freedom led the veterans forth,  
And manly fortitude to bear ;  
They toil'd, they vanquish'd ! such high worth  
Is always Heaven's peculiar care.  
Their great example still inspires,  
Nor dare we act beneath our sires.

'Tis ours undaunted to defend  
The dear-bought, rich inheritance ;  
And spite of each invading hand,  
We'll fight, bleed, die, in its defence !  
Pursue our fathers' paths of fame,  
And emulate their glorious flame.

As the proud oak inglorious stands,  
Till storms and thunder root it fast,  
So stood our new, unpractised bands,  
Till Britain roar'd her stormy blast ;  
Then, see, they vanquish'd ! fierce led on  
By Freedom and great Washington.

---

## 92

## BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

BY FRANCIS HOPKINSON, ESQ.

GALLANTS, attend, and hear a friend  
Trill forth harmonious ditty :  
Strange things I'll tell, which late befell  
In Philadelphia city.



---

'Twas early day, as poets say,  
Just when the sun was rising,  
A soldier stood on log of wood,  
And saw a sight surprising.

As, in amaze, he stood to gaze,  
The truth can't be denied, sirs ;  
He spied a score—of kegs, or more,  
Come floating down the tide, sirs.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,  
The strange appearance viewing,  
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,  
Then said, "Some mischief's brewing.

"These kegs now hold the rebels bold,  
Pack'd up like pickled herring :  
And they're come down to attack the town,  
In this new way of ferrying.

The soldier flew, the sailor, too,  
And scared almost to death, sirs ;  
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,  
And ran till out of breath, sirs.

Now up and down, throughout the town,  
Most frantic scenes were acted ;  
And some ran here, and some ran there,  
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,  
But said the earth had quaked ;  
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,  
Ran through the town half-naked.

Sir William\* he, snug as a flea,  
Lay all this time a snoring,  
Nor dream'd of harm, as he lay warm,  
In bed with Mrs. Loring.

Now, in a fright, he starts upright,  
Awaked by such a clatter :  
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,  
“For God's sake, what's the matter ?”

At his bedside he then espied  
Sir Erskine† at command, sirs,  
Upon one foot he had one boot,  
And t'other in his hand, sirs.

“Arise ! arise !” Sir Erskine cries :  
“The rebels—more's the pity—  
Without a boat, are all on float,  
And ranged before the city.

“The motley crew, in vessels new,  
With Satan for their guide, sir ;  
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,  
Come driving down the tide, sir.

“Therefore prepare for bloody war !  
These kegs must all be routed ;  
Or surely we despised shall be,  
And British courage doubted.”

The royal band now ready stand,  
All ranged in dread array, sirs ;  
With stomach stout to see it out,  
And make a bloody day, sirs.

---

\* Sir William Howe.

† Sir William Erskine.

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The cannons roar from shore to shore,  
The small arms make a rattle ;  
Since wars began, I'm sure no man  
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel\* vales, the rebel dales,  
With rebel trees surrounded,  
The distant woods, the hills and floods,  
With rebel echoes sounded.

'The fish below swam to and fro,  
Attack'd from every quarter :  
Why, sure, thought they, the devil's to pay  
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made,  
Of rebel staves and hoops, sirs,  
Could not oppose their powerful foes,  
The conquering British troops, sirs.

From morn to night these men of might  
Display'd amazing courage ;  
And when the sun was fairly down,  
Retired to sup their porridge.

A hundred men, with each a pen,  
Or more—upon my word, sirs,  
It is most true—would be too few  
Their valour to record, sirs.

Such feats did they perform that day  
Upon these wicked kegs, sirs,  
That years to come, if they get home,  
They'll make their boasts and brags, sirs.

---

\* The British officers were so fond of the word rebel, that they often applied it most absurdly.

## 93

## ODE,

Prepared for the Republican Festival, at the celebration of American Independence,  
at Boston, July 4th, 1803.

*Tune—"He comes! he comes!"*

BEHOLD! behold! with generous hand,  
Luxuriant Plenty strews the land;  
The laurel with the olive bends,  
And Freedom's heavenly beam descends.

Freedom, ray divine!  
Still unclouded shine,  
Still, with power divine,  
Bless Columbia's shore!

Firmly we proclaim,  
We'll guard the sacred flame,  
Safe from each insidious aim,  
Or be no more.

No despot here, with blasting power,  
Tears from sweet Hope the budding flower;  
Enrich'd by Commerce roll our tides,  
And Wisdom's star our pilot guides.

Freedom, ray divine, &c.

While thus with pride our bosoms glow,  
Remember whence the raptures flow:  
'Twas Jefferson the charter framed,  
Which man's and Nature's rights proclaim'd.

Freedom, ray divine, &c.

As round sweet Hybla's favour'd head,  
Each charm, delighted, Nature spread,  
So shall the richest wreath of Fame  
Adorn this daring statesman's name.

Freedom, ray divine, &c.

---

Like some new star, to mortal eyes,  
On this great day did Freedom rise;  
Whose beams each blessing shall secure,  
While faith, and truth, and time endure.  
Freedom, ray divine, &c.

## 94

## ODE,

Sung at the Republican Festival in Boston, on the 4th of July, 1803.

*Tune—"President's March."*

Nor two ages yet have fled,  
Since, by holy fervour led,  
When loud danger shriek'd alarm,  
And Intolerance rear'd her arm,  
Urged by Hope, and mark'd by Fame,  
To these shores our fathers came.  
Here, content each ill to brave,  
Peace and liberty to save.  
See, from clouds their spirits bend!  
Hear the sacred charge they send!  
By yon orb of living light,  
Swear to guard your native right;  
Sooner let it cease to shine,  
Than your liberties resign!

But in vain did Freedom glow,  
Not to them that boon we owe:  
They, across the spreading main,  
Dragg'd the tyrant's lengthen'd chain;  
And a century saw them still  
Subjects to a despot's will;

Till, at last, the goddess rose,  
Proud from iterated woes—  
'Tis her form each breast inflames,  
'Tis her voice that yet exclaims,  
By yon orb, &c.

Then, to save from anarch's storm,  
Who the shield of truth should form ?  
Who with dauntless brow would stand,  
Meet oppression's crushing hand,  
Claim our rights, our wrongs declare,  
And each shaft of malice dare ?  
Jefferson—in virtue tried,  
Now a grateful people's guide ;  
Brave as learn'd, and wise as brave,  
This the precept that he gave :  
By yon orb, &c.

O'er the gloomy breast of night  
Cynthia sheds her tranquil light ;  
So, to dark, inveterate foes  
Mild and pure his language flows.  
Far along the morning sky,  
Swift the rays of Phœbus fly,  
So, with fire and force combined,  
Darts the splendour of his mind.  
Form'd base faction to appal,  
Thus his heaven-taught accents fall :  
By yon orb, &c.

While Columbia's favourite son,  
Soul-directed Washington,  
Led his heroes to the field,  
Teaching haughty power to yield.

Jefferson, in council great,  
 Penn'd the charter of the state.  
 On this day each heart be bless'd,  
 Every care of life suppress'd :  
 Glory's garland, Freedom's lay,  
 Crown Columbia's natal day !  
 By yon orb of living light,  
 We swear to guard our native right :  
 Sooner shall it cease to shine  
 Than our liberties decline.



## 95

## NEW SONG,

Sung at the Celebration of the 4th of July, at Saratoga and Waterford, N. Y.—1802.

BY WILLIAM FOSTER.

*Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."*

BRAVE sons of Columbia, your triumph behold !  
 The purchase of blood for the welfare of ages :  
 On the archives of Fame, in rich letters of gold,  
 Are inscribed the exploits of your heroes and sages.

Who seal'd the decree,  
 That Columbia should be  
 One, independent, united, and free,  
 Who raised this republic, which long shall endure,  
 And stand, like the pillars of heaven, secure.

Too long had mankind borne the yoke and the chain,  
 And bow'd to the mandates of monarch'al power,  
 When Columbia arose to establish the reign  
 Of Freedom and Justice on her native shore.

Hail! auspicious day!  
Which gave her the sway,  
And bade Independence her standard display.  
Long shall this republic, unshaken, endure, &c.  
Let viols of joy and shrill clarions sound,  
Our cannons' loud thunder be heard through the  
nation:  
Let harmony, friendship, and union abound;  
All freemen unite in this day's celebration.  
From Georgia to Maine  
Shall be heard the loud strain,  
Each heart beat with rapture, joy smile on each  
plain:  
Hail! happy republic! long shalt thou endure, &c.  
A flame from our altars is spreading abroad,  
Whose rays light the world, and the nations ad-  
mire!  
The slave on whose head the proud despot has trod,  
In his breast feels enkindling the patriot fire:  
O'er the Alps it ascends,  
To all regions extends,  
And where it enkindles, mankind become friends.  
Hail! happy republic! long shalt thou endure, &c.  
The olive of peace with the laurel entwine,  
The temple of Freedom this day to adorn;  
On whose walls shall the names of her heroes e'er  
shine,  
Whilst tyrants and traitors are banish'd with scorn.  
Her eagle shall rise  
Like a cloud to the skies,  
And guard with her talons the glorious prize:  
That this fair republic with time may endure, &c.



To the manes of our heroes in battle who fell,  
We'll chant songs of praise at this day's celebration :

Of Warren, Montgomery, and Mercer we'll tell,  
Who bled for the freedom and rights of our nation.  
Great Washington's name  
To the world we'll proclaim,  
And sing Adams', Hancock's, and Jefferson's fame;  
Who raised this republic, which long shall endure, &c.

As ages on ages are rolling away,  
The boon we'll transmit to our worthy descendants;  
Who, faithful to freedom, shall hail the great day,  
When their ancestors gave to their realm independence.

May the God we adore,  
With his arm shield our shore,  
Till earth sinks in chaos, and time is no more.  
And this fair republic unshaken endure, &c.



## 96 THE FOURTH OF JULY.—1803.

*Tune—"Galley Slave."*

LET despots retain all their minions in chains,  
And each dastard soul kiss the rod;  
Columbia such slavery to mortals disdains :  
The king we acknowledge is God.  
Those lords by succession, and kings by descent,  
Their right for to rule we deny;  
Our laws are adopted by Freedom's consent,  
And we boast—still we boast of a Fourth of July.

Though Europe still holds her degenerate race,  
By king-craft and priest-craft conjoin'd,  
Those shackles our country shall never embrace,  
Though against us they both are combined.  
Columbia on Freedom's fair fabric shall rest,  
And on Independence rely.  
Her shores still shall succour the poor and oppress'd,  
And let them rejoice on the Fourth of July.

There thousands in poverty spend their whole lives  
One lordship in pomp to maintain :  
Millions starve, for one king, their children and wives,  
In indigence, sorrow, and pain.  
And these monstrous growths are excrescences still,  
Though raised on their thrones e'er so high :  
Nor can aught in their annals compare with the Bill  
Of Rights we obtained on the Fourth of July.

---

## 97

## ODE,

For the Fourth of July, 1803, by WALTER TOWNSEND.

ONCE more has the morn oped the portals of light,  
Dispell'd the dark shades of the sable-clad night,  
And brought the illustrious day  
That marks the great epoch, when Liberty's sun  
Arose on our realms, when oppression was done,  
And Freedom, victorious, her empire begun,  
And Tyranny's powers fled away.

Then let us exult : let each heart beat with joy !  
Bid care smoothe his brow, nor let sadness annoy :  
For Heaven its blessings still pours.

As from the mild south rolls the monarch of day,  
When tempests and darkness have long held the sway,  
Creation revives, and all nature looks gay,  
    So Freedom rejoices our shores.

Behold, what a prospect salutes the charm'd eye,  
When, from some high summit, around we descry  
    The hills, and the valleys, and plains—  
There, Ceres, far-spreading, her bounties displays ;  
Pomona here blushes, high on the bent sprays ;  
While o'er the rich pastures the flocks and herds graze,  
    And plenty with happiness reigns.

Extend but the view, and the spires mount in air,  
And cities rise, graceful, where growl'd the rude bear,  
    And forests spread frightfully round ;  
While o'er the wide ocean the white swelling sails,  
Our commerce bears stately, where'er the fleet gales  
Refresh the scorch'd line, or where winter prevails,  
    With death, in bleak tempest, abound.

Religion, bright seraph, immortal, here reigns ;  
And fell superstition recedes, with his chains,  
    To regions enveloped in shade ;  
Where science, which here its full splendour displays,  
Scarce gleams through the darkness with eventide  
    rays—  
Where millions, in bondage, still grope for their ways,  
    And tyranny's sceptre is sway'd.

Here learning and art raise their votaries to fame ;  
And genius and beauty their eulogy claim,  
    Of merit, intrinsic, possess'd :  
Where knowledge adorns whom the graces have  
    crown'd ;

And prudence and virtue with sweetness are found,  
To rear the young offspring that prattle around,  
And render the marriage state bless'd.

These are the blessings from freedom that spring;  
That make the land smile, and the labourer sing,  
Whom no haughty lordling enslaves :  
For these we braved death when war frown'd o'er our  
head,  
Our fields swam in blood, which pale corpses o'erspread,  
And widows and orphans, deprived of their bread,  
In sorrow sunk into their graves.

But now the loud trumpet no more calls to arms ;  
No longer the thunder of battle alarms ;  
Nor carnage encrimsons the plain :  
Let not civil discord our nation embroil,  
And tarnish the glory we gain'd by our toil ;  
But prudence, with firmness, the efforts still foil.  
Of Faction, to vex our domain.

May Wisdom and Justice still strengthen our cause ;  
Preside in our councils, and dictate our laws ;  
And union, with knowledge, increase ;  
May virtue reign victor till vice have an end ;  
Religion, triumphant, her precepts defend ;  
And peace o'er our realms her white banners extend,  
Till wars through the universe cease.

---

**98**    JEFFERSON AND LIBERTY.—1801.

*Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."*

YE sons of Columbia, who cherish the prize  
Which the arms of your fathers so valiantly gain'd,

---

Like the sun, unobscured, may your glory arise,  
And your liberties flourish, forever unstained.  
While Mars, clad in gore,  
Bids the far thunders roar,  
May freedom and peace bless our dear native shore :  
“ And ne’er may the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls in  
waves.”

By art, more than arms, our foes have long tried  
To lead the brave sons of Columbia in slavery ;  
Their force we’ve withstood, and their power defied,  
And repulsed each attack with republican bravery ;  
Though our internal foes  
May our freedom oppose,  
Our firmness and zeal to the universe shows,  
That ne’er will, &c.

The agents of Britain, like fiends in disguise,  
Have kindled the fire of faction around us ;  
Yet, unawed by the flame, we united arise,  
To pull down the Babel that strove to confound us.  
All intrigue is in vain ;  
We’ll united remain,  
And our rights and our liberties ever maintain.  
And ne’er shall, &c.

Calumny and Falsehood in vain raise their voice  
To blast our republican’s fair reputation :  
But Jefferson still is America’s choice,  
And he will her liberties guard from invasion.  
’Tis the wretches who wait  
To unite church and state  
That the names of M·Kean, truth, and Jefferson hate ;  
But ne’er will, &c.

Cloak'd up in religion, they've nothing to fear;  
Intrigue there may triumph, and vice be defended;  
How true to their God and our laws they appear,  
Whilst destroying that freedom for which we contended !

Like the serpent of old,  
Whilst array'd in fine gold,  
The arrows of death and destruction they hold.  
But ne'er will, &c.

At Freedom's fair temple see Jefferson stand,  
Unawed and unmoved by the thunder of faction:  
Let all true Americans join hand and hand,  
And witness this day their heartfelt satisfaction.

His much honour'd name,  
And his virtue and fame,  
In triumphant strains to the world we'll proclaim,  
And ne'er will, &c.

Remember, election is liberty's race,  
By which noble charter our freedom we cherish:  
At the helm of our nation, then, Jefferson place,  
That our free constitution and rights never perish.  
Still America's pride  
In her cause has been tried,  
And he in her council was born to preside:  
That ne'er shall, &c.

---

## 99

## HAPPY COLUMBIA.

*Tune—"Rule Britannia."*

WHEN Britain sent, with stern command,  
Her slaves across the western main,

---

To subjugate this happy land,  
And force submission to her reign,  
Then Columbia saw the slaves,  
And fought them on the land and waves.

Seven long years were past and gone  
Ere war's destructive, raging flame  
Was quench'd by Heaven's adopted son,  
Great Washington, of endless fame :  
He led our freemen to the field,  
And forced those slaves to die or yield.

At length a charter we obtain'd,  
To guard our birthright, liberty :  
By us it never shall be stain'd ;  
Columbia ever shall be free.  
View, Columbia ! view the waves,  
And think on Britain's conquer'd slaves.

Columbia ! happy, happy land !  
From war's ambition thou art free ;  
And bless'd, by Heaven's all-bounteous hand,  
With plenty, peace, and liberty.  
While old ocean rolls its waves,  
Thy sons shall ne'er submit to slaves.

---

## 100 THE GIFT OF THE GODS.

WHEN Freedom was banish'd from Greece and from  
Rome,  
And wander'd, neglected, in search of a home,  
Jove, willing to fix her where long she might stand,  
Turn'd the globe round about to examine each land :

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With nice circumspection he viewed the whole ball,
And weigh'd in his balance the merits of all;
Then quickly determined that England, alone,
Was the place well adapted for Liberty's throne.

In Britain fair Freedom erected her throne,
And the empire long she maintain'd as her own;
Till at length she was slighted, her precepts denied—
Some Britons grew abject, some bloated with pride.
Thus offended, the goddess forsook them with scorn,
And again, disregarded, she wander'd forlorn:
When Jove, looking down, beheld her sad state,
And the goddess to heaven resolved to translate.

Arising, ascending to regions of day,
Ten thousand celestials leading her way,
Ere the gates of the mansions of rest had appear'd,
She the cries of oppressed America heard.
She halted, she listen'd, she drew back her train;
In pity to earth she returned again;
She lighted her foot on Columbia's shore,
Resolved here to dwell and abide evermore.

Gay Momus insisted no place was more fit
Than the land of bless'd Freedom for true Attic wit;
And Venus confess'd, if 'twere pleasing to Jove,
She would glad make Columbia the empire of love.
Then Mars nobly stepp'd from his mistress's side,
And swore that her freemen in arms should preside;
While Bacchus declared that each heart-cheering juice
For the use of America he would produce.

To render complete all the blessings now past,
And provide that they might to eternity last,

Twas resolved that a toast should that instant be given,
And drank in full bumpers of nectar through heaven;
The toast of the gods was—and mark it, ye free—
“May freemen with freemen forever agree!”
By their enemies then they shall always be fear’d,
And with wine, wit, and women incessantly cheer’d.

101 THE SETTLEMENT AND PROGRESS OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

Tune—“Attic fire.”

WHEN, venturous, o’er the Atlantic main,
Penn led a willing exile train,
A persecuted band;
Here, ’scaped from Britain’s servile coast,
They barter’d with a savage host,
And gave them wealth for land.

Anon, beneath the western skies,
A golden age was seen to rise,
Industry gave them bread:
Contentment cheer’d the labouring hind,
Whose thoughts, free as the passing wind,
Found no constraint or dread.

Days, months, and years roll’d slowly o’er,
And Britain’s yoke oppress’d them sore;
They pray’d release in vain:
Of prayers and supplications tired,
At length, with indignation fired,
They snapp’d the galling chain.

And now a world was seen to rise;
Its laws were equal, just, and wise,

And gain'd approving Heaven ;
Commerce and plenty crown'd the land,
Which was to every patriot band
As an asylum given.

Hence, liberal arts, with smiling peace,
Arose, and bade our joys increase,
And manners were refined ;
Thus, once a barren wilderness
Was made a second world, to bless
The half of human kind.

Columbia, mayst thou e'er retain
Thy equal laws ; and never stain
Thy spotless virtue pure ;
Then shall thy fame fly far and wide,
And through the world should havoc stride,
Thy happiness is sure.

102 COLUMBIA'S PAST AND PRESENT STATE.

Tune—"President's March."

LONG Columbia bore, with pain,
Britain's tyrant's galling chain,
But she that cruel lion tamed,
And was for truth and virtue famed :
Peace dwelt on her extensive coast,
And independence was her boast :
Her laws were equal, just, and wise.
The sons of France, with glad surprise,
From Gaul beheld, far in the west,
The eagle towering from her nest.

We sung Columbia, and may she
Forever independent be ;
Her equal laws may she retain,
Her spotless virtue never stain.

That Power divine, at whose command
The light from darkness did divide,
Gave creature man, with bounteous hand,
A reasoning power to be his guide ;
And, to improve the heavenly boon,
Bid man with man by speech commune.
Columbia in her laws, with care
Inscribed, " Let speech be free as air :
The press free from licentiousness,
None shall its liberty suppress."

We sung Columbia, great and free,
And happy may she ever be :
Her equal laws may she retain,
Her spotless virtue never stain.

The fame and wisdom of her laws
Rung through the world with loud applause ;
And Europe's patriotic bands,
Oppress'd, forsook their native lands ;
And now escaped the tyrant's yoke,
Columbia saw, and thus she spoke :—
" Ye who have stemm'd corruption's tide,
And check'd the haughty despot's pride,
Ye virtuous few, ye sore oppress'd,
Come live with me in peace and rest."

They sung Columbia, great and free,
And happy may she ever be :
Her wealth and commerce we'll increase,
And live with her in rest and peace.

And now Columbia's fertile plains
Were cover'd o'er with hardy swains :
Where snakes had lain, man's venom'd foes,
There groups of rustic hamlets rose ;
Where wolves and bears were wont to breed,
The useful horse and ox now feed :
Her hills are crown'd with golden corn,
Her vales the lowing herds adorn ;
And while her woods we ranged among,
With songs of joy the woodlands rung.
 We sung Columbia, great and free,
 And happy may she ever be :
 Her equal laws may she retain,
 Her spotless virtue never stain.

103 THE REPUBLICAN LEGION.—1802.

Tune—"Derry down."

IN these festive times of mirth, frolic, and fun,
Give ear and attend a few shots from my gun ;
So, without more ado, being charged and primed,
First, we are all soldiers and citizens join'd.

Derry down, &c.

We are not, like a Roman prætorian band,
To be used as a tool by a despotic hand :
No, never shall any tyrannical Nero
Command or direct a Columbian hero.

Derry down, &c.

Though chiefs oft contend, through ambition or pride,
And the strength of a nation thus waste and divide,

Yet it ne'er shall be said, state gamesters to please, sir,
We fought like the game-cocks of Pompey and Cæsar.

Derry down, &c.

We'll fight not for conquest, like famed Alexander;
But in Liberty's cause, like our late commander,
Great Washington brave, that much honour'd name,
Whose spirit is fled, sirs, though not fled his fame.

Derry down, &c.

Fled his fame! yes, his fame has long fled through all
lands,

O'er the ice-shores of Greenland, and Africa's sands:
East, west, north, and south of his virtues all sing;
His name will be known till old Time drops his wing.

Derry down, &c.

Many patriots more may America boast;
Some guided her councils, some led the war host;
A host that America's cause did maintain:
Some named, but not number'd; some number'd as
slain.

Derry down, &c.

We seek not for plunder or riches to gain;
But the rights of Columbia we'll ever maintain:
We'll defend and protect every inch of her ground,
At any one end on't we'll face the world round.

Derry down, &c.

Should the tyrants of Europe, 'gainst freedom com-
bined,

In their league of oppression e'er seek us to bind,
All their hopes are delusive, their efforts are vain;
For with Freedom we've leagued to extend her domain.

Derry down, &c.

As true lovers of freedom, we join to express
 Our joy at the cry of her foes in distress :
 Hark ! the triumphant shouts from the heroes of Gaul !
 Her foes are dismay'd, and for mercy they call.

Derry down, &c.

Modern Carthage has long stood as lord of the sea ;
 But the nations, insulted, resolved to be free :
 A free commerce and neutral rights to regain,
 And wrest from proud Britain the rule of the main.

Derry down, &c.

“ In her attitude stands she ” no longer “ erect,
 From Democracy's rage all the world to protect.”
 Exhausted, she crouches, she truckles for peace :
 Tribulation is on her : her glory shall cease.

Derry down, &c.

O, America ! ponder, and balance with care ;
 Thy own government system with others compare,
 In the climes of old Europe, a despotic train—
 War, famine, and death spreading round them amain.

Derry down, &c.

104 JEFFERSON AND LIBERTY.—1801.

Tune—“ Willie was a wanton wag.”

THE gloomy night before us flies,
 The reign of terror now is o'er ;
 Its gags, inquisitors, and spies,
 Its herds of harpies are no more !
 Rejoice ! Columbia's sons, rejoice !
 To tyrants never bend the knee,

But join, with heart, and soul, and voice,
For Jefferson and Liberty.

O'er vast Columbia's varied clime,
Her cities, forests, shores, and dales,
In rising majesty, sublime,
Immortal Liberty prevails.
Rejoice! Columbia's sons, &c.

Hail, long expected, glorious day!
Illustrious, memorable morn!
That Freedom's fabric from decay
Rebuilds, for millions yet unborn.
Rejoice! Columbia's sons, &c.

His country's glory, hope, and stay,
In virtue and in talents tried,
Now rises to assume the sway,
O'er Freedom's temple to preside.
Rejoice! Columbia's sons, &c.

Within its hallow'd walls immense,
No hireling band shall e'er arise,
Array'd in tyranny's defence,
To crush an injured people's cries.
Rejoice! Columbia's sons, &c.

No lordling here, with gorging jaws,
Shall wring from industry the food;
Nor fiery bigot's holy laws
Lay waste our fields and streets in blood.
Rejoice! Columbia's sons, &c.

Here strangers, from a thousand shores,
Compell'd by tyranny to roam,

Shall find, amidst abundant stores,
A nobler and a happier home.
Rejoice ! Columbia's sons, &c.

Here Art shall lift her laurell'd head,
Wealth, Industry, and Peace divine ;
And where dark, pathless forests spread,
Rich fields and lofty cities shine.
Rejoice ! Columbia's sons, &c.

From Europe's wants and woes remote,
A friendly waste of waves between,
Here plenty cheers the humblest cot,
And smiles on every village-green.
Rejoice ! Columbia's sons, &c.

Here, free as air's expanded space,
To every soul and sect shall be
That sacred privilege of our race,
The worship of the Deity.
Rejoice ! Columbia's sons, &c.

These gifts, great Liberty ! are thine ;
Ten thousand more we owe to thee.
Immortal may their memories shine,
Who fought and died for Liberty.
Rejoice ! Columbia's sons, &c.

What heart but hails a scene so bright ?
What soul, but inspiration draws ?
Who would not guard so dear a right,
Or die in such a glorious cause ?
Rejoice ! Columbia's sons, &c.

Let foes to freedom dread the name :
But should they touch the sacred tree,

Twice fifty thousand swords would flame
For Jefferson and Liberty.

Rejoice ! Columbia's sons, &c.

From Georgia to Lake Champlain,
From seas to Mississippi's shore,
Ye sons of Freedom, loud proclaim,
"The reign of terror is no more."
Rejoice ! Columbia's sons, &c.



105 THE FOURTH OF JULY.—1803.

WHILE Europe's subjected to kings and their minions,
And mankind bow'd down by the bayonets of slaves,
Let us hail the great day which established opinions
For ages concealed by priests, tyrants, and knaves :
When wisdom and truth penn'd the bold declaration,
Whose political maxims awaken'd the mind
Of empires remote, to the fate of a nation,
The best hope and asylum of injured mankind.

Here man, free and equal, rejects ancient errors,
The dogmas of sophists in church and in state ;
Forbids inquisitions, and tortures, and terror,
And studies in peace to be happily great.
Content with our portion of fairest creation,
The laws we've establish'd we proudly obey ;
Secure against danger in a free, armed nation,
No tyrants we pamper, nor men-butchers pay.

What though faction assail us with threats of sedition,
To spread desolation o'er our prosperous plains,
To sacrifice union at the feet of ambition,
And make our free states a fell tyrant's domains—

The monster, a while, and his menaces daring,
May escape, with contempt, from the virtue he
braves ;

But justice, indignant, may deem long forbearing
Injurious to virtue, and but worthy of slaves.

Let's join hand in hand, while encircled we stand,
On our national creed* make sincere supplication,
That the foes of its principles soon quit the land,
Or be converted to virtue and love of the nation.

May the sages who thought, and the heroes who fought
For independence, be honour'd till nature shall
cease ;

May arts, science, and commerce succeed as they ought,
And our country prosper in plenty and peace.

106

ELECTION SONG.

WHILE some on rights, and some on wrongs,
Prefer their own reflections,
The people's right demands our songs—
The right of free elections.

For government and order's sake,
And law's important sections,
We should support, and pleasure take
In frequent free elections.

Our agricultural interest, marts,
And mercantile connections,
With manufactures, science, arts,
Must thrive by free elections.

* Declaration of Independence.

To thwart the schemes of factious bands,
Who for us plan subjections,
The cause of liberty demands
Our votes at all elections.

Should enemies beset us round,
Of foreign, fierce complexions;
Undaunted we will stand our ground,
Upheld by free elections.

We'll never from our duty swerve,
Let who will make objections;
But while we live, unchanged preserve
The freedom of elections.



107 BLEAK WINTRY BLASTS.

Tune—"Clara."

SUNG IN MEMORY OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BLEAK wintry blasts—relentless rain;
Stern slaves of ruthless death;
Ye have indeed a victim slain,
And robb'd the mourning earth;
But why should I my woes impart;
Ah! who can bind a broken heart.

No more my brave, embattled sons
The dauntless hero leads;
This morn, alas! their deep-toned guns
Told why my bosom bleeds:
No more condemn'd through life to roam,
The Heaven that lent him, call'd him home.

What skill and courage could not do,
Alone he left to fate :
What wisdom taught him to pursue,
He ne'er pursued too late ;
Expert to mark with eagle's eye,
And seize occasions as they fly.

Like him, my sons, be brave—be free,
Nor fear the world in arms ;
So shall your latest offspring be
Secure from war's alarms ;
No foe shall venture to invade
The land where Washington is laid.

108 THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

“Peace to the souls of the heroes, their deeds were great in fight.”
OSSIAN.

WAKE the harp to strains of glory,
For deeds of high heroic story ;
Let the rushing stream of song
Sweep with the wild wave's force along.
As the chords in thunder roll,
Burns for fight the warrior's soul,
And as the rising feeling glows,
He meets the torrent of his foes.
Bright beams his faulchion waving high,
And on his plume sits victory :
But while the battle rages round,
The hero falls, with glory crown'd.
'Twas thus the valiant Daviess fell,
He whom his country loved so well.

Ah, there for many a soldier brave
Had Fate prepared an honour'd grave ;
Columbia's sons, Columbia's pride,
They fought, they conquer'd, and they died :
Shall their's be then the meteor's lot,
Seen for an hour and then forgot ?
No ! on the hero's laurel bier
The Muse shall drop the sacred tear ;
And Memory, bending o'er the grave,
The warrior's name shall fondly save ;
And high and holy minstrel lays
Shall tell their worth to distant days ;
But (tribute richer far than all)
For them the tears of beauty fall.

109 LET THE DRUM BEAT TO ARMS !

AROUSE ! Freedom's sons ! 'tis your country that calls,
Her ensigns wave high in the air :
Hark ! the deep-sounding drum, which the coward
appals,
And the clarion our fiats declare ;
Each tone doth proclaim that our rights we'll maintain :
No invader we dread, to retreat we disdain !
Let the drum beat to arms ;
Let our loved country call ;
We despise war's alarms,
For our freedom's our all !

When right is infringed, where's the dastardly band
Who would bend to a tyrant's decree ?
The Ægis of Justice waves over our land,
Our motto is, DIE, OR LIVE FREE !

The blood of our brethren has tinged the green wave,
And speaks, loudly speaks, to the hearts of the brave.

Let the drum, &c.

Tremble, tyrants ! when freemen unsheathe the bright
blade,

For Justice supports their high claim :

Honour points the bright path, and with hearts undis-
may'd,

They join in the patriot's name ;

They fight for their country, religion, and laws,

Their wives, sweethearts, children, how glorious the
cause !

Let the drum, &c.

Ah ! hero departed, wert thou at our head,

To form the deep column or line,

Who our troops, so victorious, to glory still led,

In vain would proud despots design ;

But, hark ! Freedom's clarion doth loudly proclaim,

I have sons in reserve, high exalted in fame.

Let the drum beat to arms !

Let their loved country call ;

They despise war's alarms,

For their freedom's their all.

Yet peace is our choice, we would joy to embrace,

And bind in philosophy's chain ;

Our brethren, our sisters, the whole human race,

And treat none with haughty disdain ;

But should tyrants invade us, we know how to stand,

And form the deep line at the word of command.

Let the drum beat to arms,

From Columbia's shore

We will beat them again,

As we beat them before.

110 DROOP NOT, COLUMBIA.*Tune—"In Infancy."*

SUNG IN MEMORY OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

DROOP not, Columbia, Heaven is just,
And would thy chief reward,
Though what was mortal turns to dust,
His name thy coast shall guard ;
Fired with remembrance of his deeds,
The chiefs he lived to form
Shall mount again their neighing steeds,
And guide the martial storm.
And guide, &c.

Taught by the maxims he approved,
The younger race shall burn
To imitate the sires he loved,
And rush to arms in turn ;
Inspired by Liberty and thee,
They'll make invaders fly ;
Like Washington, their choice will be,
To conquer, or to die.
To conquer, &c.

111 COLUMBIA RELIEVED.*Tune—"The Death of General Wolfe."*

To a mouldering cavern, the mansion of wo,
Columbia did often repair ;
She tore the fresh laurel that bloom'd on her brow,
And threw it aside in despair.
She wept for the fate of her sons that were slain,
When the flames of fierce battle were spread ;

When discord and carnage, relaxing the rein,
Rode smiling o'er mountains of dead.

As thus the bright goddess revolved in her breast
The wrongs which her country had borne,
A form more than human the genius address'd :

“Ah! cease, fair Columbia, to mourn.
Now lift up thine eyes, and thy records behold,
Inscribed in the archives of Fame:
The **FOURTH OF JULY**, in rich letters of gold,
Foretells the renown of thy name.

From the caverns of darkness thy day-spring shall
dawn.

Ye kings and ye tyrants, beware;
Your names shall decay like the vapours of morn,
Or vanish in phantoms of air:
The temple, O Freedom, with grandeur shall rise,
Unshaken by Tyranny's blast;
Its basis the earth, and its summit the skies,
And firm as creation shall last.”

Then rouse, fair Columbia! to glory aspire;
All nature with transport shall gaze:
E'en now the dark shadows of discord retire,
And Europe is lost in thy blaze.

112 COLUMBIAN INDEPENDENCE.

Tune—“Hail Columbia.”

WAKE, Columbia! wake the lyre;
Touch the silver chords with fire;
Bid the holy flames arise,
Mounting swiftly to the skies;

Music sweet, and music strong,
Rouse the soul with lyric song.

Goddess of this western clime,
Tune thy notes to joys sublime !
Rapt in glory's brightest blaze,
Gallant heroes proudly raise
Shouts of triumph, sounding far,
Louder than the storm of war :

Godlike courage won the day—
Baffled Britain lost her sway ;
Ghastly stood her trembling king ;
Quick he felt the dreadful sting,
When Columbia's sons have sworn,
“Death !—or, lo ! a nation's born !”

Born—a nation stood sublime,
Virtue's proof—the test of time.
England's vassals now return,
Help their weeping nation mourn ;
Tyranny had fled our coast ;
Gain'd one world, a world was lost :

British insults we forgive ;
Memory keeps the flame alive :
May it ever nobly rise
To the bright cerulean skies ;
Strike Columbia's sons with awe,
Bid them shun the tiger's paw.

Independent, firm and free,
Bless'd with heavenly liberty ;
Smiling o'er our happy land,
Peace, with all her lovely band,
Moves triumphant in her car,
Spurns the bloody field of war.

Europe's sons at death may smile,
Pleased to share the battle's toil ;
In the arms of smiling Peace,
See our infant world increase :
Thus we find a rich reward,
While with peace and plenty stored.
Ye fair daughters of our land,
Join the circle, hand in hand ;
Touch the tender, melting string,
To the music sweetly sing :
Sound the praise of heroes gone,
Sound the praise of Washington.
Loud Io pæans rend the air ;
Freedom's birth with joy declare :
Sing with mirth, and sing with glee,
'Tis our sacred jubilee ;
Sound the trump from pole to pole,
Till old time shall cease to roll.

113 COLUMBIA'S GREAT GLORY.

Tune—"Hail to the Chief."

HALLOW'D the birth-day of Liberty's nation,
Sacred the flame on her altar that burns ;
A tear to the chieftain that wrought her salvation,
And flowers to the grave that his body inurns ;
He who from darkest night,
Led us to glory's light,
Remaining before us our guidance and star,
Rid every troubled sea,
Pilot of Liberty ;
Champion of peace in the ravage of war.

Hail to the name of Columbia's great hero,
Which brighter shines forth through the vista of
years,
Whilst on history's page stands the contrast of Nero,
The king of oppression and father of tears.
Then raise the sacred strain,
Let echo mock again ;
Washington rise on each patriot's voice,
Till all Columbia round
Swell with their joyous sound,
And hill and vale in the anthem rejoice.

114 THE FOURTH OF JULY.—1803.

Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."

IN years which are past, when America fought
For a voice in the national councils of Britain ;
She, finding Columbia could never be bought
But with blood, then with carnage these states did
she threaten ;
Nor did we rejoice, though we met with one voice,
The challenge of combat, or slavery our choice :
And long was the contest, our struggles were great,
To gain the bless'd freedom we now celebrate.

With vigour was each bloody campaign renew'd
By the blood-hounds of tyranny, spreading confusion :
But America, wise in her councils, pursued
Virtue's path, and did frustrate their plans of delusion.

'Twas glorious the plan—man join'd fellow-man,
To end the dire conflict proud Britain began.
Though long was the contest, our struggle though great,
We gain'd the bless'd freedom we now celebrate.

The heroes who fell in our country's defence,
To their memories so dear, let's pour forth a libation;
Their virtues and courage appreciate with sense;
'Twas their patriot valour which form'd us a nation.
When call'd to the field, none ever would yield,
For freedom they fought, and 'twas virtue their
shield.

Though long was the contest, the struggle though
great,
They gain'd the bless'd freedom we now celebrate.

Midst all our rejoicings, our hearts let us bend
To thank, nor forget the benigance of Heaven :
By a cherub, its councils our charter did send,
Which, cordially prayed for, was blissfully given :
Enrich'd by the prize, did our incense arise,
And our grateful oblations ascend to the skies.
The contest was ended, and struggles so great :
We gain'd the bless'd freedom we now celebrate.

Now superior we stand in the annals of fame ;
In peace, wealth, and happiness greatly resplendent :
As freemen let us maintain this great name,
“ America free, and remains independent.”
Let our hearts be on fire with ardent desire,
That our offspring to freedom may ever aspire,
Remembering that long was the conflict, and great,
Which gain'd the bless'd freedom we now celebrate.

115 AN HISTORIC SONG, IN THE DUTCH
STYLE.

GREAT Britain he was a lion,
And thought his paws were strong ;
I must make sound comparison,
For to finish out my song.
There's a snake he can grow no bigger
When he has got his length ;
When his head it is mash'd in pieces,
Then his body has lost his strength.

England has lost America,
So sure as the fire burns,
And he never, never more, will get him back again,
So long as when water runs.
'Twas a terrible foolish thing,
For a parliament and a king,
To quarrel about a dish of tea,
And lose this coun—try.

England has made a foolish turn,
And quite a foolish thing ;
She swopp'd a special cow for a churn,
And thought that churn was cream.
'Twas a very foolish thing,
For a parliament and a king ;
And they'd better, better hang Lord North on a tree
Than to lose this coun—try.

If France and Spain had not join'd with America,
Both on the land and sea,
George King would ha' soon let us know
What for Boston has burn his tea.

But the Lord he was merciful,
And he shear'd off all their wool,
Pull'd out their teeth, and hobbled their feet,
And burn'd up all their fleet.

There was Mr. Burgoyne, he came to America,
And he thought his men they had strength :
But the Lord he did turn their joy to fear,
In every our camp.
Then they wish'd they were at home,
And they would let us alone,
And they never, never more would fight with a Whig,
With either gun or stick.

There was Mr. Cornwallis, he travell'd many miles,
America up and down,
Till at last his kettle it did over boil,
And the fire got all around.
Then he cried out, " I protest
Mr. George Washington fights the best,
For he is able to smash my kettle, and all,
With his great big cannon-balls.

George Washington will make his hay,
If it does not rain, neither snow :
His scythes they are hammer'd mighty well,
And his boys they can bravely mow.
They whet their scythes with a ball
To frighten the English all,
And every Tory of this land
Who carries a wooden sword.

Then lift up your eyes, who sleep all day,
On pride, on foolishness,

'Tis a special time for to make good hay,
When the sun shines warm on us.
And to show no malice, neither spite,
To them that are willing to fight:
But humble yourselves in love of peace,
And the Lord he shall send you grace.

116 THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Sung at an elegant entertainment given to James Monroe, the American minister at Paris.

Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."

IN climes where fair Freedom, secure from her foes,
Sees millions who bow at her shrine with devotion,
Where veteran patriots, in laurell'd repose,
Regret to see arrogance crimson the ocean;
Where order pervades
The mountains and glades,
Where Columbia reclines in her own native shades,
Hark! millions of freemen with joy hail the day
Which rescued their country from tyranny's sway!
The winds shall convey those glad accents around,
With electrical speed, through the regions of space,
Till the people of Europe catch fire at the sound,
And diffuse the same joy to the whole human race!
In Liberty's name
Man's rights to proclaim,
See Gallia, majestic, stand foremost in fame,
While hosts of her heroes with joy hail the day
That rescued a world from proud Tyranny's sway.
Each patriot bosom re-echoes the strain,
And cordial philanthropy heightens the chorus;

While magical fancy o'erleaps the proud main,
And places our friends and our country before us!
 With hearts full of glee,
 Our wish still shall be,
May our states ever flourish, united and free!
And new millions of freemen with joy hail the day
Which rescued our country from tyranny's sway!

117 THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dash'd high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods against the stormy sky
 Their giant branches toss'd;
And the heavy night hung dark,
 The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
 On the wild New England shore.
Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted came:
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
 In silence, and in fear:
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.
Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest, by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd :
This was their welcome home.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas ?—the spoils of war ?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod !
They left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God !



118 NEW ORLEANS, OR THE SONS OF THE WEST.

Air—"John Bull caught a Tartar."

BRAVE sons of the west, your deeds of renown
Unfold a new scene for the world to admire ;
Your valour unrivall'd, all Europe will crown,
As a subject for praise and a theme for the lyre ;
You've ennobled the waters on which you were born ;
Mississippi emerges, resplendent in story ;
Mid the scenes that with triumph our country adorn,
New Orleans arises, unequall'd in glory.

Brave sons of the west, the blood in your veins,
At danger's approach, waited not for persuaders ;
You rush'd from your mountains, your hills, and your
plains,
And follow'd your streams to repel the invaders.

You came, you encounter'd, you conquer'd the host
That Britain had dared to debark on your shores ;
New Orleans forever your valour will boast,
And Mississippi murmur your praise as it pours.

Proud leaders of Britain, your fortune behold !
Embark'd in "a secret and grand expedition,"
You sail'd to gain triumph, and eke to get gold ;
You landed—march'd forward—and met your perdition.

The plain of New Orleans, ensanguined and red
With Britain's best blood, affords illustration,
How many bold columns to conquest were led !
How few have return'd from the "grand demonstration."

At a point so remote, you hoped to surprise,
And find a rich city devoid of protection ;
You knew not what faithful and vigilant eyes
Were watching your movements in every direction :
With the eye of an eagle when guarding his nest,
Monroe saw their favourite New Orleans in danger,
And sent to brave Jackson the sons of the west,
To welcome and bury the bones of the stranger.

Brave sons of the west, all Europe will praise
The promptness with which you perform'd your
commission ;
The world will admit that your conduct displays
A zeal to move on with a "great expedition :"
E'en Wellington's duke, who in France and in Spain,
Oft sacrificed legions of Bonaparte's martyrs,
Will swear, when he hears that his generals are slain,
Our western backwoodsmen are certainly Tartars.

119 WELCOME, LA FAYETTE.

Composed at Nashville, and sung by the young ladies of the Nashville Female Academy on the reception of General La Fayette, at that institution, May 5th, 1825.

O ! WELCOME, warrior, to the soil
That gave the brave a bed,
Whose harvest yields the ample spoil
Of blood for freedom shed ;
Welcome, welcome, to the shore
Thy youthful footsteps fondly press'd,
Where freeborn millions proudly join
To hail the nation's guest—
Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
To hail the nation's guest.
Ye beauteous maids, your garlands fling
Around the hero's brow ;
Ye hoary veterans, hither bring
The heart's full tribute now ;
Let kings their diadems cast down,
And nobles shrink to nothing—yet
True glory, honour, gem the name
Of gallant La Fayette—
Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
For gallant La Fayette !
O ! welcome, father—name alone
Dearer than titles—we,
Thy children, give thy homage known,
And freemen greet thee free ;
True patriot, shield thy hoary head
Beneath the oak thou help'dst to rear :
Welcome, deliverer, champion, friend,
La Fayette's welcome here—
Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
La Fayette's welcome here.

**120 LA FAYETTE'S WELCOME TO
MARYLAND.**

Sung at the dinner given to General La Fayette by the Legislature of Maryland, December 24th, 1824.—By W. P. FARQUHAR.

Tune—"Scots wha hae."

WELCOME, welcome, La Fayette,
Thee we never shall forget ;
Friend of man, we love thee yet,
Friend of Liberty.

Thou wast once our friend indeed,
Wast our friend in time of need :
Thou for us didst freely bleed,
Son of Liberty.

And we love to see thee here :
Thou art now, as ever, dear ;
Thee we ever shall revere,
Friend of Liberty.

Yes, we take thee by the hand,
Welcome thee to Maryland :
By thee she will ever stand,
Firm and true to thee.

Thou hast been the honest man,
Acting on a worthy plan ;
Since old Time its course began,
Who has done like thee ?

And the toils of war now o'er,
Welcome to Columbia's shore :
Yes, we love thee more and more,
Friend of Liberty.

Freedom's cause is cause divine :
Freedom's cause was ever thine :
On the world soon may it shine,
The sun of Liberty.

Welcome, welcome, La Fayette,
Thou art good, and thou art great :
Welcome, welcome, to our state—
Happy mayst thou be.

Sons and daughters long shall tell,
None did ever thee excel ;
Mothers, fathers, loved thee well—
Friend of Liberty.



121

LA FAYETTE.

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind ?
The friend that's true, remember'd not,
And days of auld lang syne ?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
We never can forget :
When dangers press'd and foes drew near,
Our friend was La Fayette.
When first our fathers bravely drew
'Gainst tyrants and their laws,
On wings of generous zeal he flew
To aid the holy cause.
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.
He stemm'd the broad Atlantic wave ;
He vow'd they should be free :

He led the bravest of the brave
To death or victory.
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

Let Brandywine his glory tell,
And Monmouth loud acclaim ;
Let York in triumph proudly swell
The measure of his fame.
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

Shall sons of Freedom e'er forget,
Till time shall cease to move,
The debt they owe to La Fayette,
Of gratitude and love ?
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

122 THE BANKS OF CHAMPLAIN.—1812.

'Twas autumn, and round me the leaves were descend-
ing,
And lonely the woodpecker peck'd on the tree,
Whilst thousands their freedom and rights were de-
fending.

The din of their arms sounded dismal to me ;
For Sandy, my love, was engaged in the action,
Without him I valued the world not a fraction ;
His death would have ended my life in distraction,
As lonely I stray'd on the banks of Champlain.

Then, turning to list to the cannon's loud thunder,
My elbow I lean'd on a rock near the shore ;

The sounds nearly parted my heart-strings asunder :
I thought I should see my dear shepherd no more.
But soon an express all my sorrow suspended ;
My thanks to the Father of mercy ascended :
My shepherd was safe, and my country defended
By Freedom's brave sons, on the banks of Champlain.

I wiped from my eye the big tear that had started,
And hasten'd the news to my parents to bear,
Who sigh'd for the loss of relations departed,
And wept at the tidings that banish'd their care.
The cannons now ceased, the drums still were beating :
The foes of our country far north were retreating :
The neighbouring damsels each other were greeting
With songs of delight, on the banks of Champlain.

Our squadron triumphant, our army victorious,
With laurels unfaded, our Spartans return'd ;
My eyes never dwelt on a scene half so glorious,
My heart with such rapture before never burn'd.
But Sandy, my darling, that moment appearing,
His presence to every countenance cheering,
Was render'd to me more doubly endearing,
By feats he perform'd on the banks of Champlain.

But should smiling Peace, with her blessings and
treasures,

Soon visit the plains of Columbia again,
What pen can describe the enrapturing pleasures
That I shall experience through life with my swain ?
For then no wild savage will come to alarm us,
Nor worse British foes send their minions to harm us,
But Nature and Art will continue to charm us,
While happy we live on the banks of Champlain.

123 THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.—1800.

YE great, immortal Muses, nine,
Assist, I pray, my grand design,
To make Columbia brightly shine,
And cause her fame to rise.
We hear the warlike trumpet sound,
And through the ancient world resound,
While cannons roar, and shouts rebound,
From earth to distant skies.

Columbia's free from war's alarms,
And all the rage of hostile arms ;
Free from those dreadful warlike storms
Which round the world doth roar :
Peace reigns within her blissful realm,
A virtuous chief doth guide her helm :
No servile foe shall overwhelm
In war, Columbia's shore.

Where the same hand may reap, that sows,
What nature copiously bestows ;
And still enjoy that sweet repose,
Which nature daily craves ;
No tyrant king, with lawless will,
Can here obstruct the public weal ;
Or overwhelm the state in ill,
And render freemen slaves.

O may Columbia thus remain,
Enjoying still her peaceful reign ;
And ne'er be plunged in war again
By European foes :

Still govern'd by the people's voice,
A government of our own choice,
In which we ever will rejoice,
And tyranny oppose.

124 THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

Tune—"The Arethusa."

COME, all you jolly sailors here,
Whose honest hearts are void of fear,
Who wish in Freedom's cause to steer,
Huzza to the Constitution.
No frigate stems the watery main,
'Gainst which we won't our rights maintain;
We are all staunch
To our favourite launch;
No pirate but we will make fly,
Prepared to conquer, boys, or die,
Along with the Constitution.

We cruise to guard our country's trade,
No other's liberties invade:
Columbians prize the laws they've made—
O, the glorious Constitution!
Oppression freemen all disdain,
And Freedom's cause they will maintain.
'Gainst all the world
Our flag's unfurl'd;
We fear no power, we know no friend,
When forced our commerce to defend,
Along with the Constitution.

Sweet girls, when we are far away,
We'll still retain Hope's cheering ray,
That Love's soft ardour will repay
 Our toils in the Constitution.
Lo! now for danger we prepare;
Of honour each to gain his share,
 We'll fearless brave
 The dashing wave:
You'll cheer us as we bid adieu,
With three huzzas to the jolly crew
 Of the American Constitution.

125 OLD ENGLAND, FORTY YEARS
AGO. —1815.

Old England, forty years ago,
When we were young and slender,
She aim'd at us a mortal blow,
But God was our defender.
Jehovah saw her horrid plan,
Great Washington he gave us:
His holiness inspired the man
With skill and power to save us.

She sent her fleet and armies o'er,
To ravage, kill, and plunder:
Our heroes met them on the shore,
And drove them back with thunder.
Our independence they confess'd,
And with their hands they sign'd it:
But on their hearts 'twas ne'er impress'd,
For there I ne'er could find it.

And since that time they have been still
Our liberties invading;
We bore it, and forbore until
Forbearance was degrading :
Regardless of the sailor's right,
Impress'd our native seamen,
Made them against their country fight,
And thus enslaved our freemen.

Great Madison besought the foe ;
He mildly did implore them
To let the suffering captives go,
But they would not restore them.
Our commerce, too, they did invade,
Our ships they search'd and seized,
Declaring, also, we should trade
With none but whom they pleased.

Thus Madison in thunder spake :—
“ We've power, and we must use it ;
Our freedom surely lies at stake,
And we must fight, or lose it.
We'll make old England's children know
We are the brave descendants
Of those who flogg'd their fathers so,
And gain'd our independence.

“ Our soldiers, and our seamen, too,
We've put in warlike motion :”
Straight to the field our soldiers flew,
Our seamen to the ocean.
They met their foes on towering waves,
With courage, skill, and splendour ;
They sunk them down to watery graves,
Or forced them to surrender.

Decatur, Hull, and Bainbridge dear,
Did wonders in our navy :
Brave Captain Hull sunk the Guerriere,
And Bainbridge sunk the Java ;
Decatur took a ship of fame,
High on the waving water,
(The Macedonian was her name,)
And home in triumph brought her.

Perry, with flag and sails unfurl'd,
Met Barclay on Lake Erie ;
At him his matchless thunders hurl'd,
Till Barclay grew quite weary.
He gain'd the victory and renown,
He work'd him up so neatly :
He brought old England's banners down,
And swept the lake completely.

Proud Downie fell on Lake Champlain,
By fortune quite forsaken ;
He was by bold M'Donough slain,
And all his fleet were taken.
Whene'er they met Columbia's sons,
On lakes or larger waters,
They sunk beneath her thundering guns,
Or humbly cried for quarters.

When Prevost saw he'd lost his fleet,
He gave out special orders
For his whole army to retreat,
And leave the Yankee borders.
Through dreary wilds, o'er bog and fen,
The luckless general blunder'd :
He fled, with fifteen thousand men,
From Macomb's fifteen hundred.

Let William Hull be counted null,
And let him not be named
Upon the rolls of valiant souls—
Of him we are ashamed ;
For his campaign was worse than vain ;
A coward and a traitor !
For paltry gold his army sold
To Brock, the speculator.

When Proctor found brave Harrison
Had landed on his region,
Away the timorous creature ran,
With all his savage legion—
But overtaken were, and most
Of them were kill'd and taken :
But Proctor soon forsook his post,
And fled, to save his bacon.

At Little York, beneath the guns
Of Chauncey, Pike was landed,
And quickly made old England's sons
Resign what he demanded.
From George's fort to Erie's beach
Our savage foes were beaten :
Their naked bones were left to bleach,
When wolves their flesh had eaten.

How often Brown made Drummond fly
From scenes of desolation :
The terror of his noble eye
Struck him with consternation.
Brave Miller, Ripley, Gaines, and Scott,
At Erie and Bridgewater,
At Chippewa, in battles hot,
Their bravest foes did slaughter.

At Washington, their horrid crimes
Must tarnish British glory :
Children will blush, in future times,
To read this shameful story.
They burn'd the volumes which comprised
The best of information :
Their barbarous deeds will be despised
By every Christian nation.

At Baltimore a deadly blow
The sons of mischief aim'd ;
The sons of Freedom met their foe,
And victory justly claim'd.
Amidst their ranks our thunder burst,
Many were kill'd and wounded ;
Their chief commander bit the dust,
And all their schemes confounded.

What wonders did brave Jackson do,
When aided by kind Heaven !
Their leader and four thousand slew,
And lost but only seven.
Some interposing angel's hand
Repell'd their vile intrusion ;
The remnant of their broken band
Fled off, in sad confusion.

They pass'd through numerous trying scenes,
In most of them defeated ;
Their grand defeat, at New Orleans,
The bloody scene completed.
Soon after this, sweet peace arrived ;
Our armies were disbanded ;
Our scatter'd foes who had survived
The war, were home commanded.

What has our infant country gain'd
By fighting that old nation?
Our liberties we have maintain'd,
And raised our reputation.
We've gain'd the freedom of the seas;
Our seamen are released:
Our mariners trade where they please;
Impressments, too, have ceased.
Now in ourselves we can confide,
Abroad we are respected:
We've check'd the rage of British pride,
Their haughtiness corrected.
First, to the God of boundless power
Be thanks and adoration:
Next, Madison, the wondrous flower,
And jewel of our nation.
Next, Congress does our thanks demand:
To them our thanks we tender;
Our heroes next, by sea and land,
To them our thanks we render.
Let us be just, in union live,
Then who will dare invade us?
If any should, our God will give
His angels charge to aid us.

126 THE OLD SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

GREAT God, deign to smile on our worthy Monroe,
Who sits in the high chair of state here below:
Reward him thrice double for his friendly deed,
In helping old soldiers in time of their need.

~~~~~  
He wept for their sorrows, bore a part in their grief,  
And held out his hand, to their joy and relief :  
And God bless his name for considering the poor ;  
For this is the promise the Scriptures insure.

God bless him for granting a pension to me,  
A wounded old soldier, in deep poverty ;  
Whose scenes of hard fortune, from youth to old age,  
Have been, perhaps, equall'd by few on the stage.

Lord, smile on the Congress and Senate likewise,  
Who sanction'd the plan our Monroe did devise :  
May they long in honour resplendently shine,  
And meet the applauses of freemen through time.

But now he looks forward in hopes of the day,  
When his doctor's doubtful old bills he can pay,  
And buy a new Bible to read when he's old,  
That book of more value than jewels or gold.

This long-tried soldier, through all this campaign,  
Fought hard for his country, rich freedom to gain :  
Through hunger and cold he was there call'd to fight,  
In combats by day, and patrolling by night.

Long, cold, frosty nights he in ambush did lie,  
To rise and take cow-boys as they passed by ;  
Those stout, sulky fellows, and villains so old,  
Who robb'd Whig and Tory of silver and gold.

On the Indian's lines hard fatigue he did bear,  
Came nigh being stabb'd by a savage prince there :  
Should all his dark scenes through the war now unfold,  
'Twould shock human nature the sight to behold.

In Germantown battle this soldier was one  
Who march'd in the field when the fray there begun,



---

And found on that morning that God was his shield,  
While his fellow-soldiers fell slain on the field.

And he is the same hardy soldier also,  
Who in Monmouth battle did meet the proud foe,  
And fought that hot day in the ranks on the plain,  
Where Britain's tall champions lay piled with the  
slain.

May the President give him a listening ear  
To facts the old soldier has now stated here;  
And his simple story of trials believe,  
For he that's a soldier will scorn to deceive.

May kind angels guard the American chief  
Safe through this dark world of pale sorrow and grief;  
May he follow Christ, his dear Saviour and King,  
And learn the old soldier his praises to sing.

And when he is call'd from this busy stage here,  
And summon'd by death at Thy bar to appear,  
May angels that moment wing him to the skies,  
And pleasures immortal unfold to his eyes.

A bright crown of glory, O, then may he wear!  
And shine in those courts like seraphim there;  
While ransomed millions, on that happy shore,  
Assist him in singing thy praise evermore.



## 127

## THE TEA TAX.

I sNUM I am a Yankee lad,  
And I guess I'll sing a ditty;  
And if you do not relish it,  
The more will be the pity;

That is, I think, I should have been  
A plaguy sight more finish'd man,  
If I'd been born in Boston town ;  
But I warn't, 'cause I'm a countryman.  
Tol lol de ra.  
Ri tol de riddle iddle, ri tol de ra.

And t'other day the Yankee folks  
Were mad about the taxes,  
And so we went, like Indians dress'd,  
To split tea-chests with axes :  
I mean, 'twas done in seventy-three,  
An' we were real gritty :  
The mayor, he would have led the gang,  
But Boston warn't a city.  
Tol lol de ra, &c.

Ye see we Yankees didn't care  
A pin for wealth or booty,  
And so, in State Street, we agreed,  
We'd never pay the duty ;  
That is, in State Street 'twould have been,  
But 'twas King Street they call'd it then ;  
And the tax on tea, it was so bad,  
The women would not scald it then.  
Tol lol de ra, &c.

To Charlestown bridge we all went down,  
To see the thing corrected :  
That is, we would have gone there,  
But the bridge, it warn't erected ;  
The tea, perhaps, was very good ;  
Bohea, Souchong, or Hyson :

---

But drinking tea, it warn't the rage,  
The duty made it poison.  
Tol lol de ra, &c.

And then we went aboard the ships,  
Our vengeance to administer,  
And didn't care a tarnal bit  
For any king or minister;  
We made a plagy mess of tea  
In one of the biggest dishes,  
I mean, we steep'd it in the sea,  
And treated all the fishes.  
Tol lol de ra, &c.

And then, you see, we were all found out,  
A thing we hadn't dreaded :  
The leaders were to London sent,  
And instantly beheaded ;  
That is, I mean, they would have been,  
If ever they'd been taken :  
But the leaders, they were never cotch'd,  
And so they saved their bacon.  
Tol lol de ra, &c.

Now, Heaven bless the president,  
And all this goodly nation ;  
And doubly bless our Boston mayor,  
And all the corporation ;  
And may all those who are our foes,  
Or at our praise have falter'd,  
Soon have a change—that is, I mean,  
May all of them get halter'd.  
Tol lol de ra, &c.

**128 FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.—1815.**

Written by Mrs. ROWSON, and sung by Mr. Rowson at the celebration in Lexington, Massachusetts.

**STRIKE!** strike the chord! raise, raise the strain!

Let joy re-echo round each plain,

Your banners be unfurl'd;

Hail! hail the day when deathless Fame

Gave to Columbia rank and name,

Amid the astonish'd world.

The muses snatch their harps sublime,

To publish Jove's decree:

Columbia to the end of time

Shall flourish great and free.

Hail! hail the day when, hand in hand,

Patriots and heroes—glorious band,

Breathed forth a solemn vow,

Freedom to purchase or to die,

While Jove's own bird with flaming eye

Perch'd on their chieftain's brow.

Bellona's martial clarions sound

To publish Jove's decree:

Columbia shall to-day be crown'd

A nation great and free.

Hark! hark! the woodlands catch the strain;

Pan and his sylvans beat the plain

In wild, fantastic round;

While from the rustic grotts and bowers

The virgin train fling odorous flowers,

And cheerful rebecks sound.

Chaste Dyan's nymphs, with tuneful horn,

Re-echo Jove's decree:

---

A nation has this day been born—  
Columbia great and free.

On our primeval martyrs'\* grave  
Let Freedom's banners proudly wave :

Immortal be their name !

Sound ! sound the charge, let cannons roar  
From hill to hill, from shore to shore,

To celebrate their fame.

Old Neptune bids his Tritons sound

Jove's mandate o'er the sea :

Columbia must even here be crown'd

Victorious, great and free.

---

**129****DAY OF GLORY.**

*Air—"Scots wha hae."*

DAY of glory, welcome day !

Freedom's banner greets thy ray :

See, how cheerfully they play

With the morning breeze.

On the rocks where pilgrims kneel'd,

On the heights where squadrons wheel'd

When a tyrant's thunder peal'd

O'er the trembling sea.

God of armies ! did "thy stars

In their courses" smite his cars,

Blast his arm, and wrest his bars

From the heaving tide ?

On our standard, lo ! they burn,

And, when days like this return,

---

\* All who fell in the great struggle for independence.

Sparkle o'er the soldier's urn,  
Who for freedom died.

God of peace ! whose spirit fills  
All the echoes of our hills,  
All the murmurs of our rills,  
Now the storm is o'er ;  
O, let freemen be our sons ;  
And let future Washingtons  
Rise, to lead their valiant ones,  
'Till there's war no more.

By the patriot's hallow'd rest,  
By the warrior's gory breast,  
Never let our graves be press'd  
By a despot's throne :  
By the pilgrims' toils and cares,  
By their battles and their prayers,  
By their ashes,—let our heirs  
Bow to thee alone.

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### 130 FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.—1812.

To the sages who spoke—to the heroes who bled—  
To the day, and the deed—strike the harpstrings of  
glory,  
Let the song of the ransom'd remember the dead,  
And the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story.  
O'er the bones of the bold,  
Be that story long told,  
And on Fame's golden tablets their triumphs enroll'd,  
Who, on Freedom's green hills, Freedom's banner  
unfurl'd,  
And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world.

'Twas for us and our children to conquer or die,  
Undaunted they stood, where the war-storm burst  
o'er them ;

Each blade drew a thunderbolt down from the sky,  
Till the foeman turn'd pale, and was wither'd before  
them.

Then from Liberty's band  
Went a shout through the land,

As the rainbow of peace their fair heritage spann'd ;  
Where the banner of freedom in pride was unfurl'd,  
And the beacon-fire rose that gave light to the world.

They are gone—mighty men ! and they sleep in their  
fame ;

Shall we ever forget them ? O, never ! no, never !—  
Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great name,  
And the anthem send down—"Independence for-  
ever."

Wake, wake, heart and tongue !  
Keep the theme ever young—

Let the deeds through the long line of ages be sung,  
When on Freedom's green hills Freedom's banner  
unfurl'd,  
And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world.

---

**131****THE PATRIOT CLUB.**

A Song for the Fourth of July, 1815.

Thus seated round the board, elate  
With patriot pride, in mirth we'll join ;  
Here's to the day we celebrate !—  
This is my toast, now give me thine.

The glasses gleam on every side,  
The table groans with glowing wine ;  
Here's Washington, his country's pride !—  
This is my toast, now give me thine.

When Freedom bade the battle swell,  
And all her sons of war combine ;  
Here's to each valiant chief that fell !—  
This is my toast, now give me thine.

To dauntless Lawrence, just acclaim  
To give, may every patriot join ;  
And distant ages own his fame !—  
This is my toast, now give me thine.

Should tyrants swear we shall be ruled,  
' Defeated be each base design ;  
May every gasconade be Hull'd ;—  
This is my toast, now give me thine.

Upon a Frolic for his king,  
When Whynnyates ploughs the foamy brine ;  
Then may a Wasp inflict his sting !  
This is my toast, now give me thine.

With Burrows' mates in death and fame,  
May wreaths of fadeless honour twine  
Round Covington's and Pike's great name !—  
This is my toast, now give me thine.

Decatur !—son of valiant Mars,  
When foes the generous conflict join,  
Secure he'll guard the stripes and stars !—  
This is my toast, now give me thine.

Our Constitution's iron side,  
Should foes to batter her incline,



---

Again she'll crush o'erweening pride—  
This is my toast, now give me thine.

Like Albion, at Sandusky's fort,  
Where dauntless Croghan raked the pine;\*  
Be still our country's foes cut Short!—†  
This is my toast, now give me thine.

Whate'er the foe that dare to mock  
Fair Freedom's union, so divine;  
A Peacock for each Sparrowhawk!—‡  
This is my toast, now give me thine.

Why then, here's Brown, and Scott, and Gaines,  
And Ripley to the trio join;  
The hero of Canadian plains—  
This is my toast, now give me thine.

When Britain bids her gallant fleet  
On Erie's glassy bosom shine,  
A dauntless Perry may she meet;  
'This is my toast, now give me thine.

Then to the chief that war inflames,  
That broke imperious Proctor's line;  
The victor of the western Thames!  
This is my toast, now give me thine.

Whene'er an Avon and Reindeer  
To scour the highway deep incline,  
May Blakeley check their mad career;—  
This is my toast, now give me thine;

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\* The ditch. † Colonel Short, who led the enemy, was slain. ‡ The Epervier.

The Saranac and brave Macomb,  
 Macdonough, and his fast-moor'd line :  
 May foemen meet from them their doom !—  
 This is my toast, now give me thine.

Should any bold Sir Edward roam,  
 To trespass on bright Freedom's shrine ;  
 May Jackson send him packing home !—  
 This is my toast, now give me thine.

May Commerce spread o'er every sea ;  
 Unshackled may the eagle shine ;  
 Be still Columbia great and free !—  
 This is my toast, and mine, and mine.

NOTE.—Each verse of the above is supposed to be sung by a different member of the club, and half the last line, by the whole. The eighteen stanzas contain eighteen toasts, one for each state.

## 132 THE PATRIOTIC DIGGERS.—1814.

*Tune—"Far off at Sea."*

JOHNNY BULL, beware, keep at proper distance,  
 Else we'll make you stare at our firm resistance.  
 Let alone the lads who are freedom toasting ;  
 Recollect, our dads gave you once a basting.

Pickaxe, shovel, spade, crowbar, hoe, and barrow,  
 Better not invade, Yankees have the marrow.

To protect our rights against your flints and triggers,  
 See on Brooklyn Heights our patriotic diggers.  
 Men of every age, colour, and profession,  
 Ardently engage labour in succession.

Pickaxe, &c.

Grandeur leaves her tower, poverty her hovel,  
Here to join their powers with the hoe and shovel.  
Here the merchant toils with the patriot sawyer,  
There the labourer smiles, near him sweats the lawyer.  
Pickaxe, &c.

Here the mason builds Freedom's shrine of glory,  
While the painter gilds the immortal story.  
Blacksmiths catch the flame, grocers feel the spirit ;  
Printers share the fame, and record their merit.  
Pickaxe, &c.

Scholars leave their schools, with their patriot teachers ;  
Farmers seize their tools, headed by their preachers :  
How they break the soil ! brewers, butchers, bakers ;  
Here the doctors toil, there the undertakers.  
Pickaxe, &c.

Bright Apollo's sons leave their pipe and tabor,  
Mid the roar of guns, join the martial labour.  
Round the embattled plain in sweet concord rally,  
And, in Freedom's strain, sing the foe's finale.  
Pickaxe, &c.

Plumbers, founders, dyers, tinmen, turners, shavers,  
Sweepers, clerks and criers, jewellers, engravers,  
Clothiers, drapers, players, cartmen, hatters, tailors,  
Gaugers, sealers, weighers, carpenters and sailors.  
Pickaxe, &c.

Better not invade ; recollect the spirit  
Which our dads display'd, and their sons inherit ;  
If you still advance, friendly caution slighting,  
You may get, by chance, a belly-full of fighting.  
Pickaxe, &c.

**133** SOLOMON OF THE WEST.*Tune—"Washington's March."*

COLUMBIA devotes to her favourite son  
The laurels his noble achievements have won :  
His valour, heroic, in Liberty's cause,  
Maintaining her rights and supporting her laws.

No self-adulation,  
No vain ostentation,  
Nor foul declamation

Polluted his tongue :  
But justice and truth  
Were the guides of his youth,

And his manhood evinced him the great Washington.

From the sheath of stern Justice he drew the red blade,  
Her claims he enforced, and her mandate obey'd ;  
Whilst Liberty, smiling, embolden'd his heart  
With fires patriotic, his foes felt the smart.

The field of contention,  
Though vast in extension,  
Ne'er caused a declension

In her free-born son :  
Her cause he espoused,  
At her name he was roused

With a zeal ever worthy the great Washington.

For the goddess he rear'd an invincible throne,  
And defied haughty tyrants to trample it down :  
The eagle then, towering, continued to soar,  
Till she rivall'd those nations which awed her before.

Here wisdom eternal  
Not feign'd nor diurnal,  
From Heaven was vernal,

In our Solomon :  
Immortal his fame—  
Ever sacred his name :  
His memory shall flourish—the great Washington !

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**134** LADY WASHINGTON'S LAMENT.—1799.

WHEN Columbia's brave sons call'd my hero to lead  
them

To vanquish their foes and establish their freedom,  
I rejoiced at his honours, my fears I dissembled—  
At the thought of his danger, my heart, how it trem-  
bled !

O, my Washington ! O, my Washington !  
O, my Washington ! all was hazardous !

The contest decided, with peace to the nation,  
My hero retired mid the loud acclamation  
Of men without numbers, and praise without measure,  
And my own heart exulted in transports of pleasure.

O, my happiness ! O, my happiness !  
O, my happiness ! how precarious !

Our freedom with order by faction rejected,  
A new constitution our country erected :  
My hero was raised to preside o'er the union,  
And his cares intercepted our blissful communion.

O, my happiness ! &c., how precarious !

Declining the trust of his dignified station,  
With joy, to the seat of his dear estimation,  
Surrounded with honours, he humbly retreated :  
Sweet hope softly whisper'd my bliss was completed.

O, my happiness ! &c., how precarious !

When pangs of disease had faintly seized him,  
My heart would have yielded its life to have eased him;  
And I pray'd the Most High, if for death he design'd  
him,

That he would not permit me to loiter behind him.

O, my Washington! &c., all was dubious!

When hope was all fled, and I saw him resigning  
His soul to his God, without dread or repining,  
What, my heart! were thy feelings!—lamenting, ad-  
miring,

To see him so nobly, so calmly expiring.

O, my Washington, &c., has forsaken us.

When I followed his corpse, with grief unconfined,  
And saw to the tomb his dear relics consign'd;  
When I left him, in silence and darkness surrounded,  
With what pangs of fresh anguish my bosom was  
wounded!

O, my Washington, &c., has forsaken us.

His aspect so noble, pale grave-clothes disfigure,  
And his conquering arm is despoil'd of its vigour:  
On those lips which dropp'd wisdom is silence im-  
posed,

And those kind beaming eyes forever are clos'd.

O, my Washington, &c., has forsaken us.

When, with tears of sweet musing, I ponder the story  
Of his wars, and his labours, his virtue and glory,  
I breathe out a prayer of sweet ardour of spirit,  
Soon to join him in bliss, and, united, inherit

Endless blessedness, &c. O, how glorious!

But why, with my own single grief, so confounded?  
When my country's sad millions in sorrow are  
wounded;

Let me mingle the current which flows from my bosom  
With my country's vast ocean of tears, and there lose  
them.

Though my Washington, &c., has forsaken us.

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## 135

## FRENCH CLAIM.

*Tune—"King and Countryman."*

THERE was an old king in the French country,  
A flaw in his treaty the deputies found :  
'Twas all about twenty-five millions of francs,  
Which he had agreed to pay Jonathan down.  
Ri tu, di nu, di nu, di nu, ri tu, di ni nu, ri ni, di nu, ri na.

And when the time it had come round,  
That he should the money to Jonathan pass,  
To hand over the deputies wasn't inclined,  
And they said, "They'd be shot if they'd furnish the  
brass."  
Ri tu, &c.

They even went so far as to hint  
That the king, himself, was concern'd in the job :  
And they'd no doubt, if the money was paid,  
'Twould half of it rest in his majesty's fob.  
Ri tu, &c.

And when the news to Jonathan came,  
As you well may suppose, he was desperate mad ;  
For, says he, when a fellow has made a fair trade,  
To "dodge the question" was rather too bad.  
Ri tu, &c.



The more he thought on't, the madder he grew,  
Until he vow'd by the great horn spoon,  
Unless they did the thing that was right,  
He'd give them a licking, and that pretty soon.  
Ri tu, &c.

Now when they saw Jonathan's dander was up,  
They thought it was best a new course to take;  
And they said, "They'd pay the bill, interest and all,  
If Jonathan an apology would make."  
Ri tu, &c.

Now, when these new terms to Jonathan came,  
He vow'd up and down that he never would do it;  
And I don't think that there's any one here,  
But would sooner lose all than he shouldn't stick  
to it.  
Ri tu, &c.

Such "tarnation" ninnies they never would be,  
In such a bad cause their blood to spill:  
If they are, I can tell 'em, betwixt you and me,  
When the Yankees get fighting, they "go it to kill."  
Ri tu, &c.

Now, if they don't do the thing that is right,  
They'll find themselves in a pretty hubbub:  
For if we don't get justice without,  
We'll face the chaps with a hickory club.  
Ri tu, &c.

And now, Mr. King of the French country,  
Without any nonsense I'll say what I mean—  
"If you only just knew what 'critturs' we be,  
You'd just as leave fight an Infernal Machine."  
Ri tu, &c.



**136**      CAPTURE OF LITTLE YORK.

WHEN Britain, with envy and malice inflamed,  
Dared dispute the dear rights of Columbia's bless'd  
union,

We thought of the time when our freedom we claim'd,  
And fought 'gainst oppression with fullest commun-  
nion.

Our foes on the ocean have been forced to yield,  
And fresh laurels we now gather up in the field.

Freedom's flag on the wilds of the west is unfurl'd,  
And our foes seem to find their resistance delusion;  
For our eagle her arrows amongst them has hurl'd,  
And their ranks of bold veterans fill'd with confusion.  
Our foes on the ocean, &c.

On the lakes of the west, full of national pride,  
See our brave little fleet most triumphantly riding!  
And behold the brave tars on the fresh-water tide,  
In a noble commander, brave Chauncey, confiding.  
Our foes on the ocean, &c.

Their deeds of proud valour shall long stand enroll'd  
On the bright shining page of our national glory:  
And oft, in the deep winter's night, shall be told  
The exploits of the tars of American story.  
Our foes on the ocean, &c.

Nor less shall the soldiers come in for their praise,  
Who engaged to accomplish the great expedition;  
And a monument Fame shall for them cheerily raise,  
And their deeds shall in history find repetition.  
Our foes on the ocean, &c.

Let Britons still boast of their prowess and pluck ;  
We care not a straw for their muskets and cannon.  
In the field we will beat them, unless they've the luck  
To run from their foes like Tenedos and Shannon.  
Our foes on the ocean, &c.

Our sweet little bull-dogs, they thunder'd away,  
And our sailors and soldiers the foe still kept maul-  
ing,  
Till they grew very sick of such tight Yankee play,  
And poor Sheaffe and his troops then ran bawling  
away.  
Our foes on the ocean, &c.

But the rascals on malice quite fully were bent :  
And as from the fort they were cowardly going,  
In pursuance to what was at first their intent,  
The magazine they had resolved on up-blowing.  
Our foes on the ocean, &c.

Two hundred brave soldiers there met with their death ;  
And while for their country they nobly were dying,  
Full fifty bold Britons at once lost their breath,  
And with them in the air were their carcasses flying.  
Our foes on the ocean, &c.

The brave General Pike there met with his end ;  
But his virtues his country forever will cherish :  
And while o'er his grave fair Freedom shall bend,  
She will swear that his memory never shall perish.  
Our foes on the ocean, &c.

Let the minions of Britain swarm over our coast ;  
Columbians, all cowardly conduct-disdaining,

---

We'll teach the invaders how vain is their boast,  
And contend, whilst a drop of their blood is remaining.

Our foes on the ocean, &c.

Then, freemen, arise, and gird on your swords,  
And declare, while you still have the means of resistance,

That you ne'er will give up for the threatening of words,  
Nor of arms, those dear rights which you prize as existence.

Our foes on the ocean, &c.

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THE annexed song was composed under the following circumstances :—A gentleman had left Baltimore, with a flag of truce, for the purpose of getting released from the British fleet a friend of his, who had been captured at Marlborough. He went as far as the mouth of the Patuxent, and was not permitted to return, lest the intended attack on Baltimore should be disclosed. He was therefore brought up the bay to the mouth of the Patapsco, where the flag-vessel was kept under the guns of a frigate; and he was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, which the admiral had boasted he would carry in a few hours, and that the city must fall. He watched the flag at the fort through the whole day, with an anxiety that can be better felt than described, until the night prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bomb-shells, and at early dawn his eye was again greeted by the proudly-waving flag of his country.

### 137 THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

BY FRANCIS S. KEY.

*Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."*

O! SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the  
perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly  
streaming ?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there ;

O ! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave ?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes ;

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, half-conceals, half-discloses ?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,

In full glory reflected now shines on the stream ;

'Tis the star-spangled banner, O ! long may it wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore

That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion

A home and a country should leave us no more ?

Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps'  
pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave

From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave ;

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O ! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand

Between their loved home and the war's desolation !

Bless'd with victory and peace, may the Heaven-  
rescued land,

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us  
a nation !

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

## 138

## FREEDOM'S SONS.

*Tune—"Montgomery."*

COME, Freedom's sons, and join the choir ;  
Let patriot pride your hearts inspire  
To sing Columbia's fame.

To statesmen pay the tribute due,  
And heroes who have fought, that you  
Might boast a glorious name.

First, Madison, our country's pride,  
And next, Monroe, the patriot tried,  
Columbia's rising star ;

The Congress next our song invites,  
Who "For free trade and seamen's rights,"  
Declared the righteous war.

High to the navy charge your bowls,  
And toast those brave heroic souls

Who Britain's pride pull'd down ;  
Who, ship to ship, and fleet to fleet,  
Superior force have fairly beat,  
And gain'd unmatch'd renown.

First, in the Wasp, the gallant Jones,  
With numbers less of men and guns,  
The Frolic laid aboard ;

And while destruction round him spread,  
Brave Biddle leap'd o'er heaps of dead,  
And England's glory lower'd.

With half the western world at stake,  
See Perry, on the midland lake,  
The unequal combat dare ;  
Unawed by vastly stronger powers,  
He " met the foe and made him ours,"  
And closed the savage war.

Macdonough, too, on Lake Champlain,  
In ships outnumber'd, guns, and men,  
Saw dangers thick increase ;  
His trust in God and virtue's cause,  
He conquer'd in the lion's jaws,  
And led the way to peace.

'Brave Lawrence, when superior force  
He fought, and in the battle's course  
His mortal wound was given ;  
With faltering tongue and trembling lip,  
Cried, " Brothers, don't give up the ship,"  
Then sigh'd his soul to Heaven.

To sing each valiant hero's name  
Whose deeds have swell'd the files of Fame,  
Requires immortal powers ;  
Columbia's warriors never yield  
To equal force, by flood or field,  
Her eagle never cowers.

Long as Niagara's cataract roars,  
Or Erie laves our northern shores,  
Great Brown, thy fame shall rise ;  
Outnumber'd by a veteran host  
Of conquering heroes, Britain's boast,  
Conquest was there thy prize.

At Plattsburg, see the Spartan band,  
Where gallant Macomb holds command,  
The unequal host oppose :  
Prevost, confounded, vanquish'd, flies ;  
Convinced that numbers won't suffice  
Where freemen are the foes.

Our songs to noblest strains we raise,  
While we attempt thy matchless praise,  
Carolina's godlike son ;  
While Mississippi rolls his flood,  
Or freemen's hearts move patriot blood,  
The palm shall be thine own.

At Orleans, lo ! a savage band  
In countless numbers gain the strand,  
" Beauty and spoil," the word—  
There Jackson with his fearless few  
The invincibles by thousands slew,  
And dire destruction pour'd.

O, Britain ! when the tale is told  
Of Jackson's deeds, by Fame enroll'd,  
Should grief and madness rise,  
Remember God, the avenger reigns,  
Who witness'd Havre's smoking plains,  
And Hampton's female cries.



### 139 FREEDOM, HOME, AND BEAUTY.

As sung at the Theatre, Baltimore, with great applause.—November, 1814.

HIGH o'er Patapsco's tide  
Swell'd Albion's naval pride,  
Advancing on the gale,



As fierce the imbodyed train  
Form'd on the embattled plain,  
Yet not a cheek was pale;  
Our yeomen mark'd their strong array,  
Saw proud the lion-streamers play.  
And thought of Home and Beauty,  
While many maidens' anxious sighs,  
And many mothers' prayers arise,  
That each might do his duty.

And now the marshall'd train  
Rush o'er the embattled plain,  
Amid the cannon's roar,  
The hostile fronts resound,  
And many strew'd the ground  
Ere battle's rage was o'er.  
Ah! many a gallant soul expired,  
Too well with patriotic feeling fired,  
For Freedom, Home, and Beauty;  
Yet who for country fighting dies,  
Ever with the bless'd must rise,  
For he hath done his duty.

Peace to the patriot dead,  
Entomb'd in Honour's bed,  
In glorious contest slain;  
The land that gave such birth  
Well mourns their parted worth,  
And mourns them not in vain;  
For ne'er shall Freedom's hallow'd name  
Die, while their lives but yet the name  
Of Country, Home, and Beauty,  
And who for these are fighting slain,  
In the next world shall meet again,  
For they have done their duty.



Nor yet the struggle's o'er  
That fiercer than before  
The midnight's gloom assail ;  
Such desolating shocks,  
As when the mountain's rocks  
Are tumbling to the vale :  
The shores re-echoed with the blast ;  
Firm stood each freeman to the last,  
For Freedom, Home, and Beauty ;  
Till dimmer flash and fainter roar,  
Mark'd the invaders 'd quit that shore  
Where each had done his duty.

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## 140 SOLDIERS OF COLUMBIA.

YE soldiers of Columbia,  
Who guard the sacred cause,  
The freedom of your native land,  
Its altars and its laws ;  
Unfurl your eagle-flag again,  
To meet your ancient foe !  
And stand, sword in hand,  
When the battle-storm shall blow ;  
When the tempest rages through the land,  
And the battle-storm shall blow.

Sound, sound the trump of vengeance,  
The combat has begun !  
'Tis Freedom bids you march away,  
And Glory leads you on !  
Where Montgomery nobly bled,  
We'll drive the flying foe ;

And Fame shall proclaim  
When the battle-storm shall blow,  
The pride and splendour of your name,  
When the battle-storm shall blow.

Columbia needs no navies,  
No bulwark but the sea ;  
Her strength is in a million hearts,  
Determined to be free :  
With the mountain-arms of Freedom  
We'll crush the haughty foe,  
As they pour to our shore  
When the battle-storm shall blow,  
When the clanging trumpet sounds the charge,  
And the battle-storm shall blow.

Wave ! wave, my gallant heroes,  
Your banners to the sky !  
And every man march on, resolved  
To conquer or to die !  
The spirit of great Washington  
Shall lead us to the foe ;  
And Glory, in her story,  
When the storm has ceased to blow,  
Your names the world through shall resound,  
When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
When Peace shall from the heavens descend,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

---

**141****PEACE.—1815.**

*Song, on the restoration of Peace, by a gentleman of Baltimore.*

BRAVE sons of Columbia, by valour inspired,  
The empire of law you have nobly defended ;

Secured are the rights which your fathers acquired,  
And like theirs, through the world your renown has  
extended.

On the land and the main, every effort was vain,  
In the circle of glory your course to restrain.

For no right would you yield, not an inch would  
retire ;

Were your charter consumed, in its flames you'd  
expire.

Heaven arm'd your brave chiefs, though but striplings  
in war,

From the portals of Freedom triumphantly thunder'd ;  
The climes of the east heard the sound from afar,

And at deeds so transcendent exultingly wonder'd ;  
Every bolt that was hurl'd, every flame as it curl'd,  
From the chains of the ocean enfranchised the world,  
And no right, &c.

You've a clime in which Nature delights to expand,  
And the range of the mind boasts co-equal extension ;  
The broad beams of science illumine your land,  
And the arts into life make each useful invention.

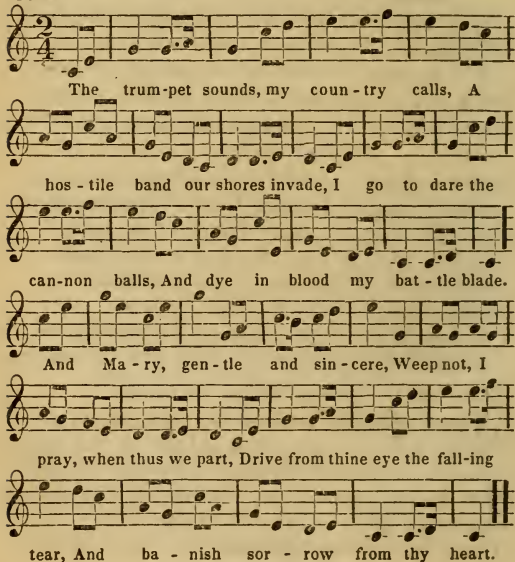
No intolerance degrades, no bigotry shades,  
No vile superstition your temples invades,  
And no right will you yield, not an inch will retire ;  
If your charter's consumed, in its flames you'll expire.

Your union's a knot no intrigue can untie,  
A band which the sword of no tyrant can sever ;  
Chased by Reason, the shades of Opinion shall fly,  
And the murmurs of Faction be silenced forever,  
From the father to son, every blessing you've won,  
Unimpaired to the last generation shall run ;

For no right, &c.

Now 'tis yours in the shade of mild peace to repose;  
 May your shores form a couch to the heart-broken  
 stranger;  
 Bright Liberty's balm heal Humanity's woes,  
 And the broad shield of law case the exile from danger.  
 In each year as it flies, may new blessings arise,  
 And grateful your vows ever mount to the skies,  
 That no right, &c.

### 142 THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.



The trum-pet sounds, my coun - try calls, A  
 hos - tile band our shores invade, I go to dare the  
 can-non balls, And dye in blood my bat - tle blade.  
 And Ma - ry, gen - tle and sin - cere, Weep not, I  
 pray, when thus we part, Drive from thine eye the fall-ing  
 tear, And ba - nish sor - row from thy heart.

For, should I, coward-like, await  
The foes' approach in martial pride,  
And see them force our farm-house gate,  
With lust and rapine by their side,  
I could not bear the keen rebuke  
Thy screams would speak in that dread hour;  
I could not bear thy helpless look,  
When struggling with a ruffian's power.

No! get my war-horse, I'll away  
And meet the invader on the strand,  
And they shall surely rue the day  
They dared upon our coast to land.  
And weep not, Mary, if I fall,  
Nor heave thy bosom with a sigh—  
Death is the common lot of all,  
'Tis for my country I shall die.

And teach our little darling boy  
That life is not with slavery wed;  
Teach him to yield it up with joy,  
At Freedom's call, on Honour's bed.  
Tell him 'twas thus our heroes fought;  
And, Mary, be thou sure to tell  
Our little one, that thus he ought  
To fight—for thus his father fell.

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### 143 THE RELICS OF WASHINGTON.

BY SILAS S. STEELE.

*Tune—"Meeting of the Waters."*

WHERE thy bright wave, Potomac, by fair Vernon  
sweeps,  
There, shrouded in glory, great Washington sleeps;

There the spirits of freedom exultingly roam,  
Their blessings to breathe on the patriot's tomb.

No proud marble rears its high crest o'er his dust,  
For Glory's hand lights up the grave of the just;  
And the sun of his valour, which brighter still glows,  
Shall hallow the spot where his relics repose.

While the genius of Freedom the earth shall illumine,  
His deeds shall light forth her brave sons to his tomb;  
And his name's hallow'd splendour a watchword  
shall be  
For millions who yet shall resolve to be free.

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## 144 THE YANKEE VOLUNTEER.

*Tune—"The Poachers."*

THE days of seventy-six, my boys,  
We ever must revere:  
Our fathers took their muskets then,  
To fight for freedom dear.  
Upon the plains of Lexington,  
They made the foe look queer.  
O, 'tis great delight to march and fight  
As a Yankee volunteer.

The next, on famous Bunker hill,  
Our standard they did rear;  
'Twas there our gallant Warren fell—  
I tell it with a tear.  
But, for their victory that day,  
The foe did pay full dear:  
O, 'tis great delight to march and fight  
As a Yankee volunteer.

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Through snow and ice at Trenton, boys,  
They cross'd the Delaware ;  
Led by the immortal Washington,  
No danger they did fear.  
'Twas there they took the Hessians, boys,  
Then back to town did steer.  
O, 'tis a great delight to march and fight  
As a Yankee Volunteer.

At Saratoga next, my boys,  
Burgoyne they beat severe :  
And at the siege of Yorktown,  
They gain'd their cause so dear.  
Cornwallis there gave up his sword,  
Whilst freedom's sons did cheer.  
O, 'tis great delight to march and fight  
As a Yankee Volunteer.

Throughout our latest struggles, boys,  
We still victorious were ;  
And Jackson's deeds, at New Orleans,  
In bright array appear.  
His virtues and his bravery  
Each freeman must revere.  
O, 'tis great delight to march and fight  
As a Yankee Volunteer.

And should a foeman e'er again  
Upon our coast appear,  
There's hearts around me, brave and true,  
Who'd quickly volunteer.  
To drive invaders from the soil,  
Columbia's sons hold dear :  
O, they'd each delight to march and fight  
As a Yankee Volunteer.

**145 GREAT NATIONAL WHIG SONG.**

“IN the strength of your might, from each mountain  
and valley,”

Sons of Freedom, arise ! the time is at hand—  
Around Liberty's standard we'll rally, we'll rally ;  
The star-spangled banner floats over the land.  
Then let the proud eagle spread his wings wide asunder,  
And burst from the trammels which strive to enchain ;  
“ If we rise in our strength, if we speak but in thunder,”  
The bit of “ striped bunting ” will flourish again.

For our rights and our laws we'll stand firm and united ;  
The blood of our fathers shall ne'er be forgot,—  
The faith and the honour they sacredly plighted,  
Shall never be tarnish'd by Anarchy's blot ;  
Around Liberty's standard we'll rally, we'll rally ;—  
Old Tippecanoe, boys, the watchword shall be ;  
Its echo will thunder from each mountain and valley  
Of the home of the brave—the land of the free.

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**146 PLOUGH, LOOM, AND CHISEL.**

Ode, sung at the celebration of the Triennial Festival of the Massachusetts Charitable  
Mechanic Association.—1810.

*Tune*—“*Anacreon in Heaven*.”

WHEN first from on high the great fiat was given,  
“ By the sweat of thy face shall thy bread be pro-  
cured : ”

The curse proved a blessing descending from Heaven,  
And the goddess of Genius her patrons allured.  
Then first were display'd the plough, sickle, and spade,  
And Industry, smiling, Heaven's mandate obey'd.



---

No foe dare molest, where in union are join'd  
The plough, loom, and chisel, with commerce combined.

Scarce a thousand short years had completed their round,

When Tubal stood foremost, the pride of his nation ;  
At the Almighty's behest, kings and princes were drown'd,

But the ship-builder Noah 'scaped the wide inundation.

Then flourish'd again bless'd Industry's reign,  
Her palace on earth, while her ships plough'd the main.

When Science and Art in communion were join'd,  
The plough, loom, and chisel, with commerce combined.

When erst the old world, in dark ignorance held,  
By the sceptre of tyrants, and priestcraft surrounded,  
Faust, the printer, arose—the gloom was dispell'd,

And the foes of mankind by the type were confounded.  
Hail ! Science, divine ! the palm shall be thine,  
While Freedom exults at fell Tyranny's shrine.

No foe dare molest, where, in union join'd,  
The plough, loom, and chisel with commerce combined.

Let the legions of Gallia our country invade,

Let the sails of proud Albion whiten the ocean ;  
Our pruning-hooks, ploughshares, to swords shall be made,

And the hammer's sweet sound yield to war's dread commotion :

We feel not their charms, when the tocsin alarms,  
And Bellona's shrill clarion awakes us to arms.

No foe dare molest, while in union are join'd  
The plough, loom and chisel, with commerce combined.

Hail ! Charity, hail ! may thy laws be obey'd,  
Till the earth be enveloped in vast dissolution ;  
While brotherly love shall one bosom pervade,  
May the blessings be shed on this great institution.  
May this mansion so fair, plumb, level, and square,  
By love be cemented, and nourish'd with care.  
With Charity, Love, and Equality joined,  
The plough, loom, and chisel, with commerce combined.

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### 147 ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Written by R. T. PAINE, Jun., and sung in Faneuil Hall, July 4, 1810.

HAIL ! hail ! ye patriot spirits !  
Ye chiefs of valiant deed !  
To war-scarr'd bosoms point no more,  
Your wounds no longer bleed.  
O ! ever bless the festal shrine  
Your hovering shades explore ;  
While, laurel-crown'd, ye glide around,  
And the seraph-anthem pour—  
It is our country's natal day,  
We hail it and adore.  
High o'er the rock of ages  
See Independence stride :  
Her shields she stretches o'er her vales,  
Her spear across the tide :  
The harvests of her teeming soil,  
She bids the waves expand :

Though tempest roars around her shores,  
It dies along the strand ;  
For the arm that can the plough direct,  
The trident can command.

The storm that rent her forest  
A thousand ages past,  
Now sweeps their branches as they fly  
Along the ocean blast :  
Through every clime her banners float,  
And greet the northern wain,  
Where dimly bright, with wheeling light,  
He pales the freezing plain ;  
And sees new stars beneath the pole,  
New Pleiades on the main.

The sea is Valour's charter—  
A nation's wealthiest mine  
His foaming caves when ocean bares,  
Not pearls, but heroes shine ;  
Aloft they mount the midnight surge,  
Where shipwreck'd spirits roam,  
And oft the knell is heard to swell  
Where bursting billows foam :  
Each storm a race of heroes rears,  
To guard their native home.

But not the storm that courses  
The mountain and the deep,  
Like Rapine's secret whirling pool,  
With tyrant power can sweep ;  
The imperial gulf can overwhelm the keel  
Which tempests proudly bore :  
In smooth serene, it glides unseen,  
Till all its caverns roar ;

Till all its hidden ledges crash,  
And all its whirlwinds pour.

Rise, man's immortal spirit !  
Stern Independence, rise !  
Mid wrecks that choak the pirate's cave,  
Your tatter'd banner lies.  
In George's floating dungeons  
Your gallant sailor grieves ;  
In chains he lies, and wishful sighs  
Towards his country heaves.  
Rise, Independence ! seize thy crown,  
Or strip its oaken leaves.

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## 148 RISE, SONS OF FREEDOM.

Sung at the Anniversary of American Independence, at Salem, Massachusetts, on the 4th of July, 1813.

*Tune—"Rise, Columbia."*

ALL hail to Freedom's natal day,  
High let the hymn of rapture peal ;  
Breathe there, who hate a tyrant's sway ?  
Breathe there, who love their country's weal ?  
Rise ! sons of Freedom ! bless the hour  
That broke the chains of foreign power.

In triumph sound the heroes' praise,  
Who for their country boldly dared,  
And mid the battle's fiercest blaze,  
To meet the storm their bosoms bared,  
And there in glory sunk at rest  
With virtue's holiest requiems bless'd.

And, Lawrence, thine the deathless meed,  
Dear to the brave—as honour dear;  
Thine was the soul for valour's deed,  
And thine was mercy's generous tear.  
Ne'er gallant spirit tower'd more high,  
Nor nobler shall in battle die.

And shall the sons of sires who bled,  
With foul dishonour stain their graves?  
And shall the soil that wraps the dead,  
Nurse on its bosom recreant slaves?  
Forbid, kind Heaven, the deep disgrace,  
And save from blast thy chosen race.

Quick, at your country's call, ye brave,  
Let from their sheathes your falchions leap,  
And, where the battle's banners wave,  
And where its thunders plough the deep,  
Instant, ye gallant bands, repair,  
Resolved to die or conquer there.

Lo, where your fathers' spirits rise,  
And point the hour of vengeance near,  
In lightnings flash their kindling eyes,  
And chase affection's lingering tear.  
They bid you hasten to the field,  
And but with life the victory yield.

Nor dread the onset, Heaven is just:  
He who directs the rolling sphere  
Shall smite the oppressor to the dust,  
And guide the patriot's bright career.  
Rise, sons of Freedom! rise, once more,  
And guard from wrongs your native shore.

**149**      **HARRISON AND LIBERTY.***Tune—"Jefferson and Liberty."*

FROM Mississippi's utmost shore,  
From cold New Hampshire's piney hills;  
From broad Atlantic's sullen roar,  
To where the western ocean swells,—  
How loud the notes of joy arise  
From every bosom warm and free!  
How strains triumphant fill the skies  
For Harrison and liberty.

Turn to the scroll, where patriot sires  
Your independence did declare,  
Whose words still glow like living fires;—  
His father's name is written there.  
That father taught that son to swear  
His country ne'er enslaved should be;  
Then lend your voices to the air  
For Harrison and Liberty!

O'er savage foes, who scourged our land,  
When Wayne so wild and madly burst,  
Among his brave and gallant band  
The youthful Harrison was first.  
And when, on Wabash leafy banks,  
Tecumseh's warriors gather'd free;  
How swift they fled before the ranks  
Of Harrison and Liberty!

When Meigs' heights his army held,  
And haughty Britons circled round,  
His conquering legions clear'd the field,  
While notes of triumph peal'd around!

And though on Thames's tide again  
His progress Proctor sought to stay,  
Dismay'd he fled, and left the plain  
To Harrison and Liberty !

Now honour'd be his hoary age,  
Who glory for his country won :—  
Shout for the hero, patriot, sage,  
For William Henry Harrison :  
Of all our chiefs he oftenest fought,  
But never lost a victory,  
And peace was gain'd, and plenty brought  
By Harrison and Liberty !

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## 150

## OLD FORT MEIGS.

By a soldier who fought there.

*Air—"O ! lonely is the forest shade."*

O ! lonely is our old green fort,  
Where oft, in days of old,  
Our gallant soldiers bravely fought  
'Gainst savage allies bold ;  
But with the change of years have pass'd  
That unrelenting foe,  
Since we fought here with Harrison,  
A long time ago.

It seems but yesterday I heard,  
From yonder thicket nigh,  
The unerring rifle's sharp report,  
The Indian's startling cry.  
Yon brooklet flowing at our feet,  
With crimson gore did flow,

When we fought here with Harrison,  
A long time ago.

The river rolls between its banks,  
As when of old we came,  
Each grassy path, each shady nook,  
Seems to me still the same ;  
But we are scatter'd now, whose faith  
Pledged here, through weal or wo,  
With Harrison our soil to guard,  
A long time ago.

But many a soldier's lip is mute,  
And clouded many a brow,  
And hearts that beat for honour then,  
Have ceased their throbbing now.  
We ne'er shall meet again in life  
As then we met, I trow,  
When we fought here with Harrison,  
A long time ago.

---

## 151 OLD TIPPECANOE.

HURRAH for the father of all the green west,  
For the Buckeye who follows the plough !  
The foemen in terror his valour confess'd,  
And we'll honour the conqueror now.

His country assail'd in the darkest of days,  
'To her rescue impatient he flew !  
The war-whoop's fell blast, and the rifle's red blaze,  
But awaken'd old Tippecanoe.

On Maumee's dark waters, along with brave Wayne,  
Green laurels he glean'd with his sword :



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But when peace on the country came smiling again,  
His steel to the scabbard restored.

But wise in the council, as brave in the field,  
His country still ask'd for his aid ;  
And the birth of young empires his wisdom reveal'd,  
The sage and the statesman display'd.

But the red torch of war, the tomahawk's gleam,  
To the battle again call'd the true ;  
And there, where the stars and the stripes brightly  
stream,  
Rush'd the hero of Tippecanoe.

Now, hark ! from the far frozen wilds of the north,  
What battle-shouts burden the gale ?  
The hosts of old England ride gallantly forth,  
And the captive and conquer'd bewail.

His country recalls the bold chieftain she loves,  
The sword of old Tip she reclaims ;  
And Victory heralds, wherever he moves,  
The path of the hero of Thames !

Hurrah for the hero of Tippecanoe—  
The farmer who ploughs at North Bend !  
A soldier so brave, and a patriot so true,  
Will find in each freeman a friend.

Hurrah for the Log Cabin Chief of our choice !  
For the old Indian fighter, hurrah !  
Hurrah ! and from mountain to valley the voice  
Of the people re-echoes—hurrah !

Then come to the ballot box—boys, come along,  
He never lost battle for you :  
Let us down with oppression and tyranny's throng,  
And up with old Tippecanoe.

## 152

## TIPPECANOE.

A PARODY ON HOHENLINDEN.

ON Wabash, when the sun withdrew,  
And chill November's tempest blew,  
Dark roll'd thy waves, Tippecanoe,  
Amidst that lonely solitude.

Where all was silence, save the howl  
Of wintry blast or boding owl,  
Or savage yell, as they would prowl  
In that unbroken wilderness.

But Wabash saw another sight ;  
A martial host, in armour bright,  
Encamp'd upon the shore that night,  
And lighted up her scenery !

A favour'd spot that chieftain chose,  
For weary soldiers to repose,  
But not to sleep, lest wily foes  
Should creep upon them stealthily.

But ere the rays of morning light  
Dispell'd the shades of ebon night,  
The silent arrow sped the flight  
Of death, to every sentinel.

Then rang the shores with savage yell :  
Then echo'd every hill and dell,  
And, furious as the fiends of hell,  
Rush'd forth the savage enemy.

To arms they flew, and, quick array'd,  
Each warrior drew his battle-blade,  
While clamorous drum and trumpet bray'd,  
To wake the dreadful revelry.

---

Come on, their chieftain cried, ye brave,  
We fight for victory or a grave!  
Wave, Freedom! thy proud banners wave!  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Then shook the earth with cannons' roar;  
Then freemen roll'd in freemen's gore;  
While hungry Havoc cried for more,  
And waved his plume o'er massacre.

Brave Owens there and Daviess fell;  
'The war-whoop was their funeral knell,  
They need no monument to tell  
Their unexampled bravery.

'Tis morn! the dreadful strife is done!  
Hail to the gallant Harrison!  
Who often fought and ever won  
The glorious wreath of victory.



## 153 IMMORTAL WASHINGTON.

*Tune—"Bunch of Rushes."*

COLUMBIA's greatest glory  
Was her loved chief, fair Freedom's friend;  
Whose fame, renown'd in story,  
Shall last till time itself shall end.  
Ye muses, bring  
Your harps, and sing  
Sweet lays that in smooth numbers run,  
In praise of our loved hero,  
The great, the god-like Washington.

His fame, through future ages,  
Columbia's free-born sons shall raise;  
The theme each heart engages,  
All tongues shall join to sing his praise.

With joy sound forth  
His virtuous worth,  
And tell the glorious acts he's done.  
Of all mankind, the greatest  
Was our beloved Washington.

And, O! thou great Creator,  
Who form'd his youth, and watch'd his age,  
Since thou, in course of nature,  
Hast call'd him from his earthly stage,  
Great Power above,  
Enthroned in love,  
Who was, before this world began,  
Receive into thy bosom  
Our virtuous hero—Washington.

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**154 THE GRAND CONSTITUTION;  
OR, THE PALLADIUM OF COLUMBIA.**

*Tune—"Our Freedom we've won, &c."*

FROM scenes of affliction, Columbia, oppress'd—  
Of credit expiring, and commerce distress'd—  
Of nothing to do, and of nothing to pay—  
From such dismal scenes let us hasten away.

Our freedom we've won, and the prize let's maintain:  
Our hearts are all right—  
Unite, boys, unite,  
And our empire in glory shall ever remain.

---

The muses no longer the cypress shall wear,  
For we turn our glad eyes to a prospect more fair—  
The soldier, return'd to his small, cultured farm,  
Enjoys the reward of his conquering arm.

Our freedom we've won, &c.

Our trade and our commerce shall reach far and wide,  
And riches and honour flow in with each tide :  
Kamtschatka and China, with wonder, shall stare  
That the Federal stripes should wave gracefully there.

Our freedom we've won, &c.

With gratitude let us acknowledge the worth  
Of what the Convention has call'd into birth ;  
And the continent wisely confirm what is done  
By Franklin the sage, and by brave Washington.

Our freedom we've won, &c.

The wise Constitution let's truly revere,  
It points out the course for our empire to steer :  
For oceans of bliss do they hoist the broad sail,  
And peace is the current, and plenty the gale.

Our freedom we've won, &c.

With gratitude fill'd, let the great commonweal  
Pass round the full glass to republican zeal.  
From ruin their judgment and wisdom well aim'd,  
Our liberties, laws, and our credit reclaim'd.

Our freedom we've won, &c.

Here Plenty, and Order, and Freedom shall dwell,  
And your Shayses\* and Dayses\* won't dare to rebel.  
Independence and culture shall graciously smile,  
And the husbandman reap the full fruit of his toil.

Our freedom we've won, &c.

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\* Alluding to Shay's rebellion in Massachusetts.

That these are the blessings, Columbia knows—  
 The blessings the Federal Convention bestows.  
 O! then let the people confirm what is done,  
 By Franklin the sage, and by brave Washington.  
 Our freedom we've won, and the prize will main-  
 tain.  
     By love we'll unite  
     Approve and unite  
 And huzza for the Convention again and again.

155 THE CONSTITUTION.—1787.

"For fools admire, but men of sense believe."—Pope.

SINCE *Constitution* is the word  
     By men so often used,  
 And all its meaning made absurd,  
     By knaves and fools abused—  
 Pray, gentle reader, mark my scheme—  
     Imprimis, I must show  
 What *Constitutions* a'n't my theme,  
     Then, item, let you know.  
 'Tis not the Constitution, nice,  
     Which metaphysics teach,  
 Of minds composed of good and vice,  
     And strange effects of each—  
 'Tis not the body's wondrous mould,  
     Descried in every view:  
 Nor Constitution now call'd *old*—  
     I mean the *one* that's *new*.  
 A plan to govern thirteen states  
     Was erst imperfect found;

---

But politicians made debates,  
To *constitute* it sound.

These same debates, perused by most,  
Are hated or embraced—  
Or damn'd, (O, shocking!) or the boast  
Of all your men of taste.

The man, whose looks bespeaks him wise,  
Protests they are not good :  
Though not a sentence meets his eyes  
That well is understood.

With shrug important, and a face\*  
Denoting thought profound,  
He opes the snuff-box, then the case,  
While newsmongers surround.

“Pray, sir, the Constitution—ha!  
D’ye think ’twill stand the test?  
Our new-forin’d government, I say,  
Methinks ’tis not the best.

“The house of—pshaw!—’tis not the thing :  
Its power will be too great :  
The President will be a king :  
Besides, ’tis intricate.”

“How, sir! not good! beware, I pray,  
To hold the worst of creeds,  
Lest you be deem’d, as well you may,  
A foe to federal deeds—

---

\* With eager eyes, and round, unthinking face,  
He first the snuff-box open’d—then the case.—*Pope.*

“The scheme you must again review,  
Permit me to remark ;  
For, sir, the Constitution’s new,  
And, therefore, sir, is dark.”

To little critics dark it is :  
Its faults or excellence  
Not seen by the sagacious phiz  
Of would-be men of sense.

In vulgar verse permit a bard  
His sentiment to tell :  
(And Cato must not think it hard,)  
He likes the system well.

And if some principle be there  
That’s opposite to mine,  
How wise the plan ! I still declare—  
What judgment in each line !

What, if my feeble thought can’t soar  
Its highest good to find—  
Is not a whole convention more  
Than one imperfect mind.

Yes ! patriots, by experience taught,  
(Their country’s guardian guides,)  
Concert a plan, with wisdom fraught,  
And Washington presides !

Since he has led the virtuous band,  
They sure have counsell’d best—  
O, prosper ! Heaven ! our parent land,  
And make her people blest.



---

156 THE HARRISON BANNER.

*Tune—The Star-spangled Banner.*

AROUSE, sons of freedom, ye patriots arouse,  
Come forth to the rescue and manfully tender,  
On Liberty's altar a patriot's vows  
To her and your country's heroic defender.  
Arouse and proclaim  
His time honour'd name,  
And mingle with liberty Harrison's fame;  
And the Harrison banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.  
When the minions of Britain invaded our land,  
And led on their cohorts in ravage and plunder,  
'Twas then that old Buckeye assumed the command,  
And greeted the ears with American thunder.  
He met the proud foe,  
And return'd blow for blow,  
Till the Lion of England in anguish crouch'd low,  
And the American Eagle in triumph did wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.  
Bear witness his valour, famed Tippecanoe,  
Let Fort Meigs re-echo the chivalrous story,  
And Thames, from thy waters reflected, renew  
What occur'd on thy banks to his immortal glory.  
The British retreat  
From certain defeat,  
The victory of freemen o'er slaves is complete,  
And Harrison's banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.  
The veteran chieftain, Republicans' choice,  
Is called by the wise and the good of our nation,

To receive, from the people's omnipotent voice,  
The highest of honours, and earth's proudest station;  
Then, freemen, unite,  
Prepare for the fight,  
And Heaven will prosper the cause of the right,  
And the Harrison banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

---

**157** JANUARY.—AN ODE, FOR 1787.

Lo! mantled in a showery cloud,  
Hail-storms and winds in thunders loud,  
Stern Capri and Aquarius ride;  
But when their agate key display  
The ruby gates of orient day,  
Applaud the infant year's emerging pride.

Adieu! ye paths, now sought in vain,  
Adieu to Memory's painted plain,  
While Phœbus holds his doubtful sway:  
No music warbles through the grove,  
No more with devious steps we rove,  
For greater darkness shares the lingering day.

With plaints we view the hoary hill:  
The snow-topp'd cot, the candied drill:  
The river's shining pavement floor:  
The leafless wood, the sterile field,  
With mists restrain'd, but half-reveal'd,  
And cataracts' loud surges' lasting roar.

May Commerce ever sacred be,—  
Bless'd offspring sprung from Liberty:

While circling time renews the strain ;  
Beneath a federal fostering care,  
May ships unnumber'd ride in air,  
Like lordly forests flow the trembling main.

Whate'er the temperate zones provide,  
Whate'er the torrid regions hide,  
Columbia's sons, exert your powers ;  
With matchless gems and precious ore  
Collected from each foreign shore,  
Old Ocean rolls them to your favour'd bowers.

Let Discord fly, and shun the light,  
And Love with Honour firm unite ;  
Again shall Plenty fill her horn :  
For they who stored the barn and field  
Shall taste the pleasing sweets they yield,  
And bless the coming of each growing morn.

Let then the Attic wit prevail ;  
Let Mirth repeat the jocund tale,  
With Harmony's attractive mien ;  
Let Amity, the voice of Joy,  
Let Love his pleasing wiles employ :  
For Time will close the variegated scene.



## 158 ODE TO CHARLESTOWN.

HAIL ! happy Charlestown ! see thy lofty spire !  
It rises high in spite of British ire !  
From heaps of ashes see a town arise,  
Which lawless fury fill'd with dismal cries :  
With fire and sword, spread desolation round,

And razed each stately structure to the ground ;  
But, mark the good which out of evil came :  
It fell, to rise to riches and to fame.

Before its face the lonely village stood,  
Detach'd from Boston by the rising flood ;  
But now, behold, with wonder and surprise,  
A noble bridge from shore to shore arise !  
This work must show the ingenious artist's skill,  
And every generous breast with pleasure fill.

A star, of no small magnitude, arose,  
Which spreads its cheering light where'er it goes ;  
From other places see its swift retreat,  
Whilst rising Charlestown is its chosen seat.

Thus, doubly bless'd, with grateful hearts pursue  
The things which make for peace and safety too.  
And may each rising morn behold you free  
From lawless power, and baneful tyranny.



THE following song was composed and sung on the ever-memorable 25th of November, 1783, when the conquered Britons evacuated the city of New York, and thereby finally left the thirteen United States in possession of that freedom, prosperity, and independence for which they had so long and so successfully contended.

### 159 EVACUATION OF NEW YORK BY THE BRITISH, 1783.

THEY come !—they come !—the heroes come  
With sounding fife, with thundering drum ;  
Their ranks advance in bright array,—  
The heroes of America !

~~~~~  
He comes !—'tis mighty Washington,
(Words fail to tell all he has done,)
Our hero, guardian, father, friend !
His fame can never, never end.

He comes !—he comes !—our Clinton comes !
Justice her ancient seat resumes :
From shore to shore let shouts resound,
For Justice comes, with Freedom crown'd.

She comes !—the angelic virgin—Peace,
And bids stern War his horrors cease ;
O ! blooming virgin, with us stay,
And bless, O ! bless America.

Since Freedom has our efforts crown'd,
Let flowing bumpers pass around :
The toast is, " Freedom's favourite son,
Health, peace, and joy to Washington !"



160 ODE ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.—1787.

STILL does reluctant Peace refuse,
Though courted by each liberal mind,
To shed on us her heavenly dews,
And heal the madness of mankind.

Shall this auspicious day once more
Hang gloomy o'er each freeborn son,
And Discord render vain that power
Which Columbia's chieftains won.

O ! no, in yonder pregnant sky,
Whence all our hopes and blessings spring,

Still glorious scenes expanded lie,
And future grandeur's on the wing.

Ye nations, hear, whose mad excess
No limits, no restrictions knows;
Ere long Columbia shall be bless'd,
And rise superior to her foes.

In every vale she'll smile serene,
Freedom's bright star more splendid rise;
Fresh joys shall add to every scene,
Her brighter sun illumine the skies.

Aroused from her delusive dreams,
She'll add new strength to Concord's chain;
We'll banish wide these party claims,
And all unite as friends again.

Her happy sons will towering rise,
And—tyrants trembling at his nod—
She'll bend to him who shakes the skies,
Resolved to know no other God.

161

MY NATIVE LAND.

By the late HUGH PETERS, of Cincinnati.

THE boat swings from the pebbled shore,
And proudly drives her bow;
The crested seas roll up before:
Yon dark-gray land I see no more,
How sweet thou seemest now!
Thou dark-gray land, my native land,
Thou land of rock and pine,

I'm speeding from thy golden sand ;
But can I wave a farewell hand
To such a shore as thine ?

I've gazed upon the golden cloud
Which shades thine emerald sod ;
Thy hills, which freeman's share hath plough'd,
Which nurse a race that have not bow'd
Their knee to aught but God ;

Thy mountain floods, which proudly fling
Their waters to the fall—
Thy birds which cut, with rushing wing,
The sky that greets thy coming spring,
And thought thy glories small.

But now, ye've shrunk to yon blue line
Between the sky and sea :
I feel, sweet home, that thou art mine—
I feel my bosom cling to thine—
That I am part of thee.

I see thee blended with the wave,
As children see the earth
Close up a sainted mother's grave :
They weep for her they cannot save,
And feel her holy worth.

Thou mountain-land !—thou land of rock !
I'm proud to call thee free :
Thy sons are of the pilgrim stock,
And nerved like those who stood the shock
At old Thermopylæ.

The laurel wreaths their fathers won,
Thy children wear them still :

Proud deeds those iron men have done—
They fought and won at Bennington,
And bled at Bunker Hill.

There's grandeur in the lightning-stroke
That rives thy mountain ash ;
There's glory in the giant oak,
And rainbow beauty in the smoke
Where crystal waters dash ;

There's music in thy winter blast,
That sweeps the hollow glen :
Less sturdy sons would shrink, aghast,
From piercing winds, like those thou hast,
To nurse thine iron men.

And thou hast gems, ay, living pearls,
And flowers of Eden hue ;
Thy loveliest are thy bright-eyed girls,
Of fairy forms and elfin curls,
And smiles like Hermon's dew.

They've hearts like those they're born to wed,
Too proud to nurse a slave ;
They'd scorn to share a monarch's bed,
And sooner lay their angel head
Deep in their humble grave.

And I have left thee, home, alone,
A pilgrim from thy shore :
The wind goes by with hollow moan,
I hear it sigh a warning tone,
" You see your home no more !"

I'm cast upon the world's wide sea—
Torn like an ocean weed :

I'm cast away, far, far from thee ;
I feel, a thing I cannot be,
A bruised and broken reed.

Farewell ! my native land, farewell !
That wave has hid thee now :
My heart is bow'd as with a spell—
This rending pang !—would I could tell
What ails my throbbing brow !

One look upon that fading streak
Which bounds yon western sky ;
One tear to cool my burning cheek,
And then—a word I cannot speak—
My native land—" Good-by !"

162 DEATH OF GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

A Parody on the "Death of General Wolfe."

In a mouldering cave, where the wretched retreat,
Columbia sat wasted with care :
She wept for her chief, then exclaim'd against fate,
And gave herself up to despair.

The walls of her cell she had sculptured around
With exploits her Montgomery had done,
And even the dust, as it lay on the ground,
Was engraved with some deed of her son.

Then, sudden, the radiance of Heaven appear'd
Around the disconsolate dame :
And, sweeter than music, a cadence was heard,
And this was the rapturous strain :—

~~~~~  
"All gallant in arms thy Montgomery shone  
When leading thy patriot band :  
But now, in the skies, he's advanced to a throne,  
And the least of his bliss is 'Command.'"

—◆—

### 163 THE GHOST OF CONTINENTAL MONEY.

To the Embryo of the new Emission.

THOUGH I'm dead and forgotten,  
Though my carcase is rotten,  
And my honours are sleeping in dust,  
Yet my visage, so hoary,  
Now rises before you,  
To warn you, my friend, of the worst.

I advise you to lie  
Where you are, and to die—  
O!—ne'er to remove any farther :  
Should you come from the womb,  
You would wish it a tomb—  
You'd curse both the midwife and mother.

Why need I relate  
That series of fate  
Which plunged me in wo and disaster—  
How I first was respected  
And then was rejected,  
And, last, dwindled down to a plaster.\*

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\* Alluding to the ludicrous epithet of "shin-plaster," applied to certain bills of the continental emission.

The states, they united,  
Their honour they plighted,  
But all was a whim and a sham :  
But before my escape, sir,  
Not all I could scrape, sir,  
Would buy the poor soldier a dram.

I have lived, to be sure,  
A while, to secure  
The rights of a much-injured nation :  
But I got all my living  
By a course of deceiving,  
That has sunk me in utter damnation.

I'm dead and departed—  
But quickly I started  
To hear of your sudden conception :  
Old Tenor and I  
Did sit down and cry  
When we thought of your future deception.

Enough we have done  
Without you, my son,  
To turn the whole state topsy-turvy :  
Let our troubles, then, teach you,  
We humbly beseech you,  
To fly from a treatment so scurvy.

But your mother will say  
She "will dress you up gay,  
With garments all wrought from her spinning."  
You had better, I vags,  
Live still in your rags—  
In fragments of cotton and linen.

For your mother is weak :  
She's lame and she's sick,  
And quite in a helpless condition :  
Not able, I've said it,  
To keep up your credit,  
Or save your poor soul from perdition.

She will try (but in vain)  
Your faith to maintain  
By a tender on suits and contentions ;  
But no one will sue ;  
What then will you do ?  
You surely will make feuds and dissensions.

How will you contrive  
My fate to survive ?  
Your emblems are not worth a farthing :  
The merchant will spite you,  
The lawyer will slight you,  
And priests will not care for your starving.

There's a foe in disguise  
That will pick out your eyes,  
And all your fine garments bespatter :  
He is *hard*—you are *soft*—  
Such struggles too oft  
Turn out to the loss of the latter.

You may strive and may tease,  
But never will please—  
You never will suit and content all :  
So stay where you are :  
Or, alas ! you will share  
The fortune of old *Continental*.

**164 'TIS TRUE THAT THE HARP.**

BY WM. WALLACE.

'Tis true, that the harp of the poet lies sleeping:

But, O! would you have it from slumber unbound  
When the spirits of melody bend o'er it, weeping,  
And fearfully draw from the lyre a sound?  
For a voice hath gone forth from the queen of the ocean,  
"The themes, and the scenery of Liberty's clime  
Can never awake in her sons an emotion  
Of rapture and feeling—grand, thrilling, sublime!"

'Twas thus, as I sat by a dark-rolling fountain,  
My harp gave its tones to the whispering gale;  
When, lo! from the distant and pine-covered mountain,  
I saw a rich splendour flash down on the vale—

'Twas Columbia's genius whose eyes gave the glory.  
Around her tall brow were the wings of the storm,  
And the scenes which have checker'd her undying story

Were traced on the robes that enveloped her form!

"Awake from thy slumbers!" the spirit cried, glowing  
With the lustre that fell from her own sparkling eyes;  
"No themes for the poet?" when, brilliantly flowing,  
Yon cataracts mirror the storm of the skies!  
"No themes for the lyre!" behold the bright river!  
How gloriously under the heaven it shines!  
While the sunlight of eve, like an archangel's quiver,  
Hangs splendidly over its towering pines!

"No scenes for a bard!" Look abroad, on the billows,  
Where Perry has gallantly written his name—

And still, on old Erie, the Thunder-god pillows  
His forehead of fury in garlands of flame.  
Hark, hark! from the blue of the heaven hung o'er us  
The proud bird of Liberty utters his scream  
As he mounts to his idol, and, proudly, before us  
Is lost in its light, and 'unfolds in its beam.'

" 'No scenes for a lyre!' when, gloriously beaming  
With the bright eyes of heaven, that flag is beheld  
On the mountain! the topmast! the capitol, streaming,  
As if by the fingers of seraphim held!  
So long as our eagle shall moisten his pinions,  
In clouds bending over this mountainous steep—  
So long as Columbia's unshackled dominions  
Are wreathed by the foam of the dark-rolling deep—  
" So long as her proud Mississippi, while counting  
The years of eternity, rolls to the sea—  
Or, the bow of Niagara, splendidly mounting,  
From the cataract's bosom, shines out on the free—  
So long hurl your scorn to the queen of the ocean,  
So long let your scorn with the truth be impress'd  
And sing with a poet's—a patriot's devotion,  
The torrents, the lakes, and the deeds of the west!

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### 165 ON GENERAL ARNOLD.—1780.

AT Freedom's call see Arnold take the field,  
With "Honour" blazon'd on his patriot shield.  
His gallant feats a dazzling lustre spread,  
And circling glories beam'd around his head.  
His well-earn'd praises were consign'd to fame,  
And fate decreed him an immortal name.

~~~~~  
But when, estranged from Freedom's glorious cause,
Neglecting Honour and her sacred laws—
Impell'd by motives of the basest kind,
Which mark the vicious, mean, degenerate mind,
To virtue lost, and callous to disgrace—
The traitor hiding with the hero's face,
His canker'd heart, to sordid views a slave—
To Mammon yielding all that Freedom gave—
Enleagu'd with friends of that detested tribe
Whose god is gold—whose saviour is a bribe—
Could basely join his country to betray,
And thus restore a ruthless tyrant's sway ;
On Freedom's sons impose the galling yoke,
And crush each foe to vice beneath the stroke!

Not all his laurels in the field obtain'd—
Not that which Philip's son by conquest gain'd—
Not all that once adorn'd great Cæsar's brow,
Nor all that Washington may challenge now,
Could save a wretch whom crimes like these debase
So far beneath the rank of human race.
But, stung with keen remorse, his guilty soul
In vain shall seek repose from pole to pole.

Perpetual anguish shall torment his breast,
And hellish demons haunt his troubled rest.
Not even death shall shield his hated name ;
For still the caitiff shall survive to fame
By Fate's decree, who thus pronounced his lot:—
"Too bad to die—too base to be forgot,
Thy crimes succeeding ages shall proclaim,
And Judas be forgot in Arnold's name."

166 ON SIR HENRY CLINTON'S RECALL.

From the "Freeman's Journal," May 22, 1782.

THE dog that is beat has a right to complain—
Sir Harry returns, a disconsolate swain,
To the face of his master, the devil's anointed,
To the country provided for thieves disappointed.

Our freedom, he thought, to a tyrant must fall :
He concluded the weakest must go to the wall.
The more he was flatter'd, the bolder he grew :
He quitted the old world to conquer the new.

But in spite of the deeds he has done in his garrison,
(And they have been curious beyond all comparison,)
He now must go home, at the call of his king,
To answer the charges that Arnold may bring.

But what are the acts that this chief has achieved ?
If good, it is hard he should now be aggrieved :
And the more, as he fought for his national glory,
Nor valued, a farthing, the RIGHT of the story.

This famous great man, and two birds* of his feather,
In the Cerberus frigate came over together :
But of all the bold chiefs that remeasure the trip,
Not two have been known to return in one ship.

Like children that wrestle and scuffle in sport,
They are very well pleased as long as unhurt ;
But a thump on the nose, or a blow in the eye,
Ends the fray ; and they go to their daddy and cry.

Sir Clinton, thy deeds have been mighty and many !
You said all our paper was not worth a penny :

* Generals Howe and Burgoyne.

('Tis nothing but rags,* quoth honest Will Tryon:
Are rags to discourage the sons of the lion?)

But Clinton thought thus: "It is folly to fight,
When things may by easier methods come right:
There is such an art as counterfeit-ation,
And I'll do my utmost to honour our nation:

"I'll show this damn'd country that I can enslave her,
And that, by the help of a skilful engraver;
And then let the rebels take care of their bacon;
We'll play 'em a trick, or I'm vastly mistaken."

But the project succeeded not quite to your liking;
So you paid off your artist, and gave up bill-striking:
But 'tis an affair I am glad you are quit on:
You had surely been hang'd had you tried it in Britain.

At the taking of Charlestown you cut a great figure,
The terms you propounded were terms full of rigour,
Yet could not foresee poor Charley's* disgrace,
Nor how soon your own colours would go to the case.

When the town had surrender'd, the more to disgrace ye.

(Like another true Briton that did it at 'Statia,)
You broke all the terms yourself had extended,
Because you supposed the rebellion was ended.

Whoever the Tories mark'd out as a Whig,
If gentle, or simple, or little, or big,
No matter to you—to kill 'em and spite 'em,
You soon had 'em up where the dogs couldn't bite 'em.

* See his Letter to General Parsons.

* Cornwallis.

Then, thinking these rebels were snug and secure,
You left them to Rawdon and Nesbit Balfour :
(The face of the latter no mask need be draw'd on,
And to fish for the devil my bait should be Rawdon.)

Returning to York with your ships and your plunder,
And boasting that rebels must shortly knock under,
The first thing that struck you as soon as you landed
Was the fortress at West Point where Arnold commanded.

Thought you, "If friend Arnold this fort will deliver,
We then shall be masters of all Hudson's river ;
The east and the south losing communication,
The Yankees will die by the act of starvation."

So off you sent Andre, (not guided by Pallas,)
Who soon purchased Arnold, and with him the gal-
lows :

Your loss, I conceive, than your gain was far greater,
You lost a good fellow and got a damn'd traitor.

Now Carlton comes over to give you relief ;
A knight, like yourself, and commander-in-chief ;
But the *chief* he will get, you may tell the dear honey,
Will be a black eye, hard knocks, and no money.

Now, with "Britons, strike home !" your sorrows dis-
pel ;

Away to your master, and honestly tell,
That his arms and his artists can nothing avail ;
His men are too few, and his tricks are too stale :

Advise him, at length to be just and sincere,
Of which not a symptom as yet doth appear ;
As we plainly perceive from his sending Sir Guy,
Commission'd to steal, and commission'd to lie.

167 ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

FROM all our sunny homes to-day,
From distant verge of farthest bay,
From lofty crags that pierce the sky,
Are echoing songs of liberty.
And, hark ! e'en now, from off the seas,
The sailor's hymn comes on the breeze ;
His native mountains know the sound,
They chant the lay to valleys round ;
And louder, louder peal the notes,
And higher up the anthem floats.

How many visions of the past,
To-day are flitting thick and fast !
Look out on yonder leafy woods—
Again the red man swims the floods :
His savage whoop is heard once more
On rocky cliff and sedgy shore ;
And, weary, with his dog and gun
He tracks the deer from sun to sun :
His frail canoe glides o'er the streams,
And brighter now his watch-fire gleams.

They come, they come, that pilgrim band,
On Plymouth's ice-bound coast they land ;
Their midnight cry broods on the air,
And sorrow mingles with their prayer.
Press on, press on, ye pioneers,
'Tis Freedom's hand your light bark steers.
The spark that in the Mayflower came,
Is kindling now into a flame ;
And ransom'd millions raise the shout,
While patriot blood is pouring out.

O, 'tis a glorious sight to see
Our nation's standard flying free !
That gallant flag this morn unfurl'd
Its stars and stripes o'er all the world ;
And many a deck with rapture rings,
As round the mast that banner clings.
God of our fathers ! shield it well,
Till yon blue waves shall cease to swell—
Till earth's tall sentries, capp'd with snow,
Shall crumble in the vales below.

168 ORIGINAL ODE—NEW ENGLAND.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

CLIME of the brave ! the high heart's home,
Laved by the wild and stormy sea !
Thy children, in this far-off land,
Devote to-day their hearts to thee.
Our thoughts, despite of space and time,
To-day are in our native clime,
Where pass'd our sinless years, and where
Our infant heads first bow'd in prayer.

Stern land ! we love thy woods and rocks,
Thy rushing streams, thy winter glooms ;
And memory, like a pilgrim gray,
Kneels at thy temples and thy tombs :
The thought of these, where'er we dwell,
Come o'er us like a holy spell,
A star to light our path of tears,
A rainbow on the sky of years !

Above thy cold and rocky breast
The tempest sweeps, the night-wind wails,
But virtue, peace and love, like birds,
Are nestled mid thy hills and vales;
And glory, o'er each plain and glen,
Walks with thy free and iron men,
And lights her sacred beacon still
On Bennington and Bunker Hill.

169 THE GATHERING SONG.—1840.

THEY'RE rousing, they're rousing, in valley and glen,
The noble in soul, and the fearless in heart;
At Freedom's stern call to the combat again
They rush with a zeal she alone can impart.

From wild Madawaska's dark forests of pine
To the far, fertile glades where the calm Wabash
flows,
True sons of their fathers! the people combine,
To shake off the chains of their tyrants and foes.

They're gathering, they're gathering, on hill-side and
plain,
They swarm every vale, and o'ershadow each river,
Each hamlet and dell is made vocal again,
With the soul-thrilling cry of "Our country for-
ever!"

The flag of the free to the breeze is unfurl'd,
Around it they rally to guard its fair fame;
And well may the foes of corruption be bold,
In the glory and strength of their Harrison's name.

Where the noble Ohio in wild beauty sweeps,
Where the swift Susquehanna bears onward its
waves,
And e'en where the Hudson in calm grandeur sleeps,
There are thousands of freemen who scorn to be
slaves.

Arouse then, true hearts ! to the battle once more !
And the spoilers shall quail at your gallant array.
Despair fades behind us—Hope's morn dawns before :
It will brighten full soon to a shadowless day.

170 THE OLD REVOLUTIONIST.

He sleeps with the brave, who have fled
From their earthly abiding before him ;
For his country he fought and he bled,
And the soil of his country is o'er him—
The soil which so firmly he press'd
In the hour when the enemy found him,
With buckler and shield at his breast,
And the valiant in armour around him.

He sleeps, and the patriot's name
Shall be read in the annals of glory ;
For ages will hallow his fame,
And the minstrel proclaim it in story.
His children's descendants shall tell
Of his battles and dangers, and proudly
The pæan of honour shall swell,
And the shout of his triumph ring loudly.

In the moment of peril he stood
With his smoke-enwreathed pennon high waving,

Unheeding the toil, and the flood
Of dark gore which his footsteps was laving.

Unappeased, unappall'd, unoppress'd
In the ranks of the free and the glorious
He trod, till he hail'd with the rest
The starr'd banner of Freedom victorious.

He stood as his children shall stand
In the moment when dangers surround them,
When tumult awakes in the land,
And the league of the stranger hath found them—
Unpurchased : unbound in the toils
Of aggressors, and foes to aggression :
'Gainst the serfs of European soils,
They will cut out their way from oppression.

He sleeps—he has gone to the home
Where the war-blast can never assail him ;
Where peril and blight cannot come,
Or the warrior's bearing avail him.

He sleeps, and perennial bloom
Shall be his of whom fate hath bereft us :

We honour the warrior's plume,
And we weep that the soldier hath left us.

But he sleeps with the brave, who have fled
From their earthly abiding, before him :

For his country he fought and he bled,
And the soil of his country is o'er him—

The soil which he dauntlessly press'd
In the hour when the enemy found him,

With buckler and shield at his breast,
And the valiant in armour around him.

171 THE AMERICAN FLAG.

FLING out the nation's stripes and stars,
The glorious standard of the free ;
The banner borne through Freedom's wars,
The hallow'd gem of Liberty.
On mountain top, in valley deep,
Wherever dwell the free and brave,
Wherever Freedom's martyrs sleep,
Columbia's flag must freely wave.

Raise high the bright, auspicious flag,
From every height and lonely glen :
In forest dell, on jutting crag,
Afar among the haunts of men,
That sparkling banner, wildly flung,
Shall freely wave o'er land and sea ;
And Freedom's anthem, sweetly sung,
Shall swell our country's jubilee.

O ! let the world that flag behold !
That emblem of the brave and free ;
The brightest crown of streaming gold,
That decks the goddess Liberty.
Spread out its folds till heaven's dome
Reverberates the holy sound,
That all oppress'd have found a home
On Freedom's consecrated ground.

Unfurl that spangled flag of wars,
And let it float along the skies,
Until a freeman's bleeding scars
Shall bid an angry nation rise.

Then let its tints, its gorgeous folds,
Bedazzle hosts in battle driven,
Till victory's eagle proudly holds
The glittering ensign up to heaven.

Fling out our country's banner wide,
Our emblematic, starry gem :
Our Union never shall divide
While floats that silken diadem.
Year after year its brilliant stars
Shall indicate the strength of all :
Let all beware of civil wars,
That curse of monarchs—Freedom's fall.

172

FREEDOM.

Who would reverse the glorious plan
Of Him who freedom gave ?
Who never made his creature, man,
To be a crouching slave !
As chainless waves majestic roll,
When tempests sweep the sea,
So, with a brave and deathless soul,
Man is, and shall be free.

But yet cloud-cradled lightnings sleep,
And thunder-bolts repose,
While millions slaughter'd kindred weep,
In agonizing woes ;
And tyrants joy when Freedom dies,
And songs exulting sing,
While widows' wails, and orphans' cries,
Make vale and mountain ring.

Shall stern Oppression, wrapp'd in gloom,
Its purple course still run,
And make earth but a hopeless tomb
Revolving round the sun?
Forbid ! great God of Truth and Grace ;
Thine awful vengeance spare :
But speed the time when all our race
True happiness may share.

Immortal Freedom ! stand thou forth ;
Thy potent sceptre wield,
That it may be to moral worth
A buckler and a shield.

Let Virtue on thy standard shine,
And Truth, the fairest gem
That e'er was form'd by Power Divine,
Adorn thy diadem.

Let Justice mark thy grand career ;
Man's welfare be thine end ;
That in his breast care, hope, and fear,
Like rainbow hues may blend.
No more let ruffian hands profane
The temples thou hast built ;
Nor yet thy sacred altars stain
With marks of scarlet guilt.

Thy blessings rich, diffuse to all ;
Let War's dread trumpet cease,
And freemen gather at thy call,
To welcome smiling Peace.
But while thy sons their fealty swear,
And round thy banner cling,
Let not Ambition worship there—
That would confusion bring.

Lands of the earth ! in love unite,
And bow to Reason's sway ;
Then systems false, upheld by might,
Shall swiftly pass away.
No more shall rage the fearful storm
That drowns the world in blood ;
For all mankind that day will form
One glorious brotherhood.

173 THE WYOMING MONUMENT.

REVERENCE for the great and good who have gone, is a living principle in the heart of the American female. She cherishes with deep affection and respect the memory of those who fell in our Revolutionary struggle. She turns away from the gay trophies of living ambition, to the humble graves of our pilgrim fathers. She gives, in this attachment to the virtues of the departed, the most cheering earnest of the greatness that awaits us. From her piety and faith must spring the moral grandeur of this nation. It is her influence that must mould the energies on which, in this country, the vast interests of freedom, humanity, and religion must repose.

Her devotion to those virtues which hallow the past, are seen in that monument which soars from Bunker's Hill ; the same devotion will rear a memorial to the enduring worth of those who fell in the green vale of Wyoming. Poetry is already weaving its garland.

MEN of this happy land, if ye would have
That valour flourish which did guard your homes
From foreign domination, haste to pay
Due honour to the dead, who made their breasts
A shield against the foe, and in the cause
Of holy liberty laid down to die.

Flow'd not their blood from the same glorious source
That fill'd your own? Why should they longer sleep
In cold oblivion's tomb?

Their gather'd bones
 Are where the death shaft fell ; and the green turf
 Of fair Wyoming's vale hath done its best
 To deck their sepulchre. Yea, Spring hath come,
 Weeping like Rizpah for her slaughter'd sons,
 And spread a mantle o'er them : and the flowers
 That Summer brings have budded there, and died,
 These many lustrums.

Friends and countrymen,
Plant ye a stone upon that hallow'd mound,
And from its graven tablets teach your sons.
And when its pillar'd height goes up toward heaven,
Tell them from whence was drawn that fortitude
Which saved their land. Then, if you see a tear
Upon the bright cheek of your listening boy,
Haste, with a precious speed, and charge him, there,
To love his country and to fear his God.

174 LAST WISH OF POCAHONTAS.

BY MISS BAKER.

THE setting sun threw a parting ray
O'er the lowly couch where the dying lay ;
The fragrant breeze from a rosy bough,
Moved the long, dark locks on the hueless brow ;
A tear-drop stood in the swimming eye,
And the bosom laboured with a sigh :
Then the dying turn'd to the sunset glow,
And said, with a faltering voice and low—

“Yon sun goes down—but never to me
Shall the glory of his rising be :
For my form is faint, my heart throbs slow,
The fountain of life is chill and low :
The spirit’s home looks brightly afar,
And I go to dwell with my kindred there.
I wish for my lowly grave to be made
In my native vale, ’neath the wild-wood shade.
When the dying strife in my bosom is o’er,
And closes mine eye to wake no more,
Then bear ye my pallid corse away
To my own green vale, where the sunbeams play—
Where the streams with a gentle murmur flow,
The wild birds sing, and the fresh winds blow.
There first I sported when wild and free,
And there may the place of my resting be ;
My fathers sleep there ’neath the green oak shade—
With theirs let my lowly couch be made.”

175 OUR COUNTRY—A LYRIC.

BY FLACCUS.

HAIL to thee, native country !
The young, the brave, the free !
What heart of true-born child of thine,
Beats not with pride for thee ?
Thine are the unshorn mountains,
And thine the sweeping streams,
The billowy and the shoreless plains,
Whose soil exhaustless teems.
Far o’er the world of waters,
From Europe’s broken chain,

Freedom, a wandering exile, fled,
To found a nobler reign.
The westering sun she follow'd
To this her chosen ground,
Where tyrant never planted foot,
And God alone is found.

Bright flower among the nations !
Wild blossom, half disclosed !
Yet fairer in thine opening bud,
Than with full bloom exposed—
The glory of thy forests
Can ancient realms outshine :
The pride of art let others boast,
But Nature best is thine.

Thy waters need no minstrel
To sound their mighty name ;
Niagara is a herald trump
More worthy of thy fame.
Far flow thy swelling rivers,
Wide roll thy spreading seas,
The burden steeds of boundless wealth—
The silver chains of peace.

Thy people need no monarch,
No sceptred “man of straw ;”
Their rulers are their servants all,
The freeman's king is law ;
They boast no haughty title,
From ages gone before :
They know, and proudly know their sires ;
O ! need they seek for more ?

Thine is the noblest charter
By wisdom ever penn'd :

And what thy sages could achieve,
Thy soldiers can defend :
By this the humblest yeoman,
Released from every ban,
May lift to heaven his honest front,
And feel himself a man.

Thine are the generous fathers,
Who, claiming but a grave,
The soil of Freedom and her heirs,
A mighty freehold gave.
Their star-illumined record
Of trial-deeds sublime,
Will guide and cheer the struggling free,
Throughout the route of time.

Thine is the youthful navy
That in a night arose,
And thunder'd, through the sounding seas,
Defiance to its foes :

Wherever blows the breeze,
At home throughout the world,
Her canvass flaps its daring wings,
Her banner is unfurl'd.

Thine is the glorious union,
That, like the solar sway,
Bids roving stars of various clime
In one harmonious play :
Wheel within wheel revolving,
The vast machine sublime
Rolls on, the model of the free,
The wonder of the time.

Fair group of sister nations !
In holy friendship twined,

Still cherish, with unbroken front,
One heart, one voice, one mind :
God bless the sacred union
That made the many one,
And lead the sisters hand in hand,
Till thousand years are gone !

176 THE STAR IN THE WEST.—1840.

From the London Weekly Despatch.

THERE'S a star in the west that shall never go down
Till the records of valour decay ;
We must worship its light, though 'tis not our own,
For liberty bursts in its ray.
Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast ?
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem-star of the west ?

“ War, war to the knife ; be enthrall'd or ye die ! ”
Was the echo that waked in the land :
But it was not his voice that prompted the cry,
Nor his madness that kindled the brand ;
He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,
While a leaf of the olive remain'd :
Till, goaded with insult, his spirit arose
Like a long-baited lion, unchain'd.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
But sigh'd o'er the carnage that spread :
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
But wept for the thousands that bled.

Though he threw back the fetters and headed the strife
Till man's charter was fairly restored :
Yet he pray'd for the moment when freedom and life
Would no longer be press'd by the sword.

O ! his laurels were pure, and his patriot name
In the page of the future shall dwell,
And be seen in all annals the foremost in fame,
By the side of a Hofer and Tell.
Revile not my song, for the wise and the good
Among Britons have nobly confess'd,
That his was the glory, and ours was the blood
Of the deeply-stain'd field of the west.



177

POCAHONTAS.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

UPON the barren sand
A single captive stood ;
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's brim—
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air
The savage war-club swung :
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
'Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen limb,

Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him!

“Unbind him!” gasp’d the chief:
“It is your king’s decree!”
He kiss’d away the tears of grief,
And set the captive free!
’Tis ever thus, when in life’s storm
Hope’s star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels, in woman’s form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

178 DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

From the New York Gazette, or Weekly Post-Boy, October 29, 1759.

WHILST war now rages with impetuous roar,
And cannons thunder on our western shore—
From pole to pole whilst Frederick’s name rebounds.
And Amherst’s triumphs swell the grateful sounds—
Whilst English hearts with emulation glow,
To form some wreath for each victorious brow,
Soft Melancholy calls: she bids us turn
And mix our griefs o’er Wolfe’s untimely urn.
Wolfe is no more! who, to his latest breath,
Still conquer’d, and still triumphs in his death.
O, happy shade! what trophies can we raise?
How pay an adequate return of praise?
What has America to give, since she
Her being owes to Amherst and to thee.

When first the noble conquest reach’d our ears,
Complete were all our hopes, dispell’d our fears:
“Quebec is taken!” was the joyful note:
“Quebec is taken!” thrills through every throat:

To distant lands the welcome tidings fly,
And shouts of joy proclaim it to the sky :
But when we hear of thy lamented doom,
To this our joy, succeeds a general gloom.
Each countenance was changed, for each one thought
E'en Canada was thus too dearly bought :
That savage, treacherous race, which, to subdue,
Required no less a conqueror than you.

Our bosoms thus by different passions torn,
In doubt we stand or to rejoice or mourn ;
In doubt which was the greatest victory—
Thine o'er the foe, or that of death o'er thee.
To whom shall we submit this seeming strife,
This noble conquest, and this loss of life ?
Could we appeal to thy heroic breast,
Thus wouldst thou charm our ill-timed griefs to rest :
“ Since you have conquer'd, why should you com-
plain ?

My joy's complete—I did not fall in vain :
Life's not my own whene'er my country calls ;
He's bless'd, in such a cause who greatly falls.
My toil's rewarded far beyond my aim ;
A grateful memory is all I claim.
Rejoice with me—pay your glad vows to Heaven :
Live, and enjoy the victory God has given.”

Yes, thou brave hero ! gladly will we pay
Our highest tribute each revolving day :
And long as English annals shall retain
The glorious deeds of George's happy reign,
To distant ages shall be handed down
How Louisburg and how Quebec were won ;
And late posterity from these shall know
To whom their safety and their all they owe.

Meantime, O Wolfe ! permitted from above,
Mayst thou still, angel-like, our guardian prove :
Think on those cruelties we late did feel
From savage enemies, whose hearts were steel—
Think, if thy patriot zeal will give thee leave,
On those deep, mortal wounds thou didst receive :
Thus shall thy breast, still fired with generous flame,
Protect America's succeeding fame ;
Nor we by treacherous foes be more enslaved,
Whilst thou shalt guard that country thou hast saved.

179

LIBERTY.

From the New York Gazette, or, The Weekly Post-Boy, May 30, 174

CURSED be the man who e'er shall raise
His sacrilegious hand,
To drive fair Liberty, our praise,
From his own native land.

O, may his memory ne'er die,—
By future ages cursed ;
But live to lasting infamy,
Branded, of traitors worst.

But, happy ! happy ! happy they,
Who, in their country's cause,
Shall cast reluctant fear away,
Immortal in applause.

Who, with their conscious virtue girt,
Sha'n't dread oppression's voice ;
But boldly dare those rights t' assert,
In which all men rejoice.

180 AN AMERICAN PARODY,

On the old song of "Rule, Britannia."

From the Pennsylvania Gazette, October 19, 1774.

"WHEN Britain first, by Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:—
'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.' "

To spread bright Freedom's gentle sway,
Your isle too narrow for its bound,
We traced wild ocean's trackless way,
And here a safe asylum found.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
But rule us justly—not like slaves.

While we were simple, you grew great:
Now, swell'd with luxury and pride,
You pierce our peaceful free retreat,
And haste t' enslave with giant stride.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
But rule us justly—not like slaves.

"Thee haughty tyrants ne'er could tame:
All their attempts to pull thee down
Did but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their wo, and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons then would ne'er be slaves."

Let us, your sons, by freedom warn'd,
Your own example keep in view ;

'Gainst tyranny be ever arm'd,
Though we our tyrant find in you.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
But never make your children slaves.

With justice and with wisdom reign :
We then with thee will firmly join
To make thee mistress of the main,
"And every shore it circles, thine."
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
But ne'er degrade your sons to slaves.

When life glides slowly through thy veins,
We'll then our filial fondness prove :
Bound only by the welcome chains
Of duty, gratitude, and love.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
But never make your children slaves.

Our youth shall prop thy tottering age ;
Our vigour nerve thy feeble arm :
In vain thy foes shall spend their rage ;
We'll shield thee safe from every harm.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
But never make your children slaves.

For thee we'll toil with cheerful heart,
We'll labour, but we will be free—
Our growth and strength to thee impart,
And all our treasures bring to thee.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
We're subjects, but we're not your slaves.

181

AN ODE,

Addressed to the Freemen of America, and of Pennsylvania in particular, on the dreadful crisis of affairs.—From the Pennsylvania Evening Post, November 30, 1776.

HARK! the goddess of Fame,
Fair liberty's dame,
Has sounded her trumpet victorious :
To Americans all
She sounds her loud call,
To join in a cause that is glorious.

For your freedom and lives,
Your children and wives
To defend, is the time now or never ;
Then tyrants oppose,
America's foes,
And be freemen both now and forever.

Your grandsires of old
Were courageous and bold :
By the smiles and the blessings of Heaven,
Obtained this land,
And by their command,
To you, as their heirs, it was given.

May Heaven inspire
Their sons with their fire,
For greater your danger was never :
And while trumpets' alarms
Now sound you to arms,
Be valiant your rights to recover.

Future eras of time
Will gratefully join

In the praise of true patriot sages ;
America free
Forever shall be,
Through all the vast volumes of ages.

182

DEPARTED PATRIOTS.

From the New York Journal, or General Advertiser, March 21, 1776.

WHEN haughty monarchs quit this checker'd scene,
When cruel tyrants fall a prey to death,
Their actions may employ a venal pen,
Their praise may sound upon the venal breath :

But when the hero and the patriot fall,
(Heroes and patriots must submit to fate,)
Then may the mournful verse their virtues tell,
And elegy their fame may celebrate.

Come, then, thou weeping, mournful goddess, come,
In baleful cypress and in yew array'd ;
Meet me, O meet me by the marble tomb
In which some hero, or some patriot's laid.

Meet me beside the vault, whose space contains
Some great preserver of his country's peace :
Or where the pious Randolph's dear remains
Lie bound by death's insatiate, cold embrace.

And, Melancholy, sable queen ! attend,
Sadness and Sorrow will support thy train—
Ye sheeted phantoms, from your grave ascend,
And add a horror to the awful scene.

'Tis great Montgomery demands the tear :

The brave M'Pherson's fate we'll also mourn ;
And Cheeseman, to his country no less dear,
Nor great, nor brave—from her forever torn.

Could prayers or tears avert the dreadful blow,
Could piercing sighs recall the once-lost breath,
Then would our briny torrents ceaseless flow,
Until we'd draw them from the arms of death.

But, ah ! they're gone ! they now are past relief :
Their fate we mourn in vain—in vain we weep :
Our fears will not avail—our boundless grief
Can ne'er awake them from their deadly sleep.

Stretch'd on the hostile plain, they breathless lay—
Their mortal eyes are closed in endless night :
But, then, their souls are fled to endless day,—
Methinks I see them near the world of light !

Wrapp'd up in ecstasy, I now behold
The glorious gates of heaven open wide :
Millions of seraphs, clothed in robes of gold,
Enclose the heroes in on every side.

Chief of the band, illustrious Warren's seen,
Sweetness ineffable beams in his face :
Piercing his eyes—though piercing, still serene—
Awful his looks—yet, in each look a grace.

A wreath of laurel does his brow surround ;
A crown of glory does adorn his head ;
And on his breast is seen the purple wound
Through which, from earth, his soul with honour
fled.

Warren is sent to greet his much-loved friends :
To him the lovely, gentle task is given
Safe to conduct them where joy never ends,
And bid them welcome to the bliss of heaven.

183 THE SWEETS OF LIBERTY.

From the Pennsylvania Evening Post, February 27th, 1777.

How blest is he who, unconstrain'd,
Obeys kind nature's equal laws !
Who fears no power by might maintain'd,
And boldly vindicates his country's cause.
Fortune's attacks, secure, he braves,
Firmly prepared for any chance :
None tremble at her frowns but slaves,
Whose dastard fears their abject hopes enhance.

With thee, who treads the eternal snows
Of distant Greenland's icy coast,
Or, scorch'd beneath the line, he glows,
By adverse deities unkindly toss'd.

His roving steps, uncurb'd by dread,
From clime to clime can freely roam :
He goes where choice or fortune lead,
Freedom his guide, and all the world his home.

The face of war he nobly dares,
In freedom's cause prepared to bleed ;
And, soldier-like, defies all cares
But such as bounteous Heaven hath long decreed.

Conscious of worth, his generous soul
To stoop to lawless power disdains ;

No threats his principles control ;
He e'en enjoys his liberty in chains.

'Tis not ambition's giddy strife,
But justice, feeds the hero's fire :
Th' emblazon'd joys of public life
May please his fancy—not his breast inspire.

Hail, genius of our bleeding land !
Whose smiles confer a deathless name :
Thy glorious cause nerves every hand,
To pluck the laurel from the brow of Fame.

184 THE HEADS; OR, THE YEAR 1776.

From the Pennsylvania Evening Post, April 17, 1777.

YE wrong heads and strong heads, attend to my strains ;
Ye clear heads, and queer heads, and heads without
brains :

Ye thick skulls, and quick skulls, and heads great
and small,

And ye heads that aspire to be heads over all.

Derry down, &c.

Ye ladies, (I would not offend for the world,)
Whose bright heads and light heads are feather'd and
curl'd,

The mighty dimensions Dame Nature surprise,
To find she'd so grossly mistaken the size.

Derry down, &c.

And ye petit maitres, your heads I might spare,
Encumber'd with nothing but powder and hair ;

Who vainly disgrace the true monkey race,
By transplanting the tail from its own native place.

Derry down, &c.

Enough might be said, durst I venture my rhymes,
On crown'd heads and round heads of these modern
times :

This slippery path let me cautiously tread ;
The neck else will answer, perhaps, for the head.

Derry down, &c.

The heads of the church, and the heads of the state,
Have taught much, and wrote much—too much to
repeat :

On the neck of corruption, uplifted, 'tis said,
Some rulers, alas ! are too high by the head.

Derry down, &c.

Ye schemers and dreamers of politic things,
Projecting the downfall of kingdoms and kings,
Can your wisdom declare how this body is fed,
When the members rebel and wage war with the head ?

Derry down, &c.

Expounders, confounders, and heads of the law,
I bring case in point—don't point out a flaw :
If reason be treason, what plea shall I plead ?
To your chief I appeal, for your chief has a head.

Derry down, &c.

On Britannia's bosom sweet Liberty smiled :
The parent grew strong whilst she foster'd the child.
Ill-treating her offspring, a fever she bred,
Which contracted her limbs and distracted her head.

Derry down, &c.

Ye learned state doctors, your labours are vain—
 Proceeding by bleeding to settle her brain;
 Much less can your art the lost members restore:
 Amputation must follow, perhaps something more.
 Derry down, &c.

Pale goddess of whim! when, with cheeks lean or
 full,
 Thy influence seizes an Englishman's skull,
 He blunders, yet wonders his schemes ever fail,
 Though often mistaking the head for the tail.
 Derry down, &c.



185 TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR FLEMING AND LIEUTENANT YATES,

Of the First Virginia Battalion, who fell at Princeton, January 3, 1777.
 From the Pennsylvania Evening Post, February 1, 1777.

ADDRESSED TO VIRGINIAN YOUTH.

PERMIT an artless muse, in votive lays,
 To speak in Fleming's and in Yeates's praise;
 And, in a grateful strain, to tell
 How well they fought, how well they fell.

When Freedom's cause, by base, tyrannic hands,
 Was seeming hurt, yet shined in distant lands—
 When fair Virginia nigh a spoil was made,
 And thought bereft of liberty and trade,
 We saw these youths* with honest rage pursue
 The daring foe† who would their land subdue:

* Major Fleming was in his twenty-first year, and Mr. Yeates about the same age.

† Lord Dunmore and the English troops.

From state to state the ireful fiend was sent,
On bloody schemes and on dire mischief bent—
Till, met in battle near great Nassau's hall,*
Our youthful heroes like brave Wolfe did fall;
When victory was pronounced on Freedom's side,
They view'd their wounds, they smiled, they died.
From their example let us ever try
To dare our foes, and learn, like them, to die.

186 ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

From the Pennsylvania Gazette, November 8, 1759.—Published by B. Franklin.

THY merits, Wolfe, transcend all human praise,
The breathing marble or the muses' lays.
Art is but vain—the force of language weak,
To paint thy virtues, or thy actions speak.
Had I Duché's or Godfrey's magic skill,
Each line to raise, and animate at will—
To rouse each passion dormant in the soul,
Point out its object, or its rage control—
Then, Wolfe, some faint resemblance should we find
Of those great virtues that adorn'd thy mind.
Like Britain's genius shouldst thou then appear,
Hurling destruction on the Gallic rear—
While France, astonish'd, trembled at thy sight,
And placed her safety in ignoble flight.
Thy last great scene should melt each Briton's heart,
And rage and grief alternately impart.

* The college at Princeton, named after King William III.

With foes surrounded, midst the shades of death,
 These were the words that closed the warrior's breath—
 "My eyesight fails!—but does the foe retreat?
 If they retire, I'm happy in my fate!"
 A generous chief, to whom the hero spoke,
 Cried, "Sir, they fly!—their ranks entirely broke:
 Whilst thy bold troops o'er slaughter'd heaps advance,
 And deal due vengeance on the sons of France."
 The pleasing truth recalls his parting soul,
 And from his lips these dying accents stole:—
 "I'm satisfied!" he said, then wing'd his way,
 Guarded by angels to celestial day.

An awful band!—Britannia's mighty dead,
 Receives to glory his immortal shade.
 Marlborough and Talbot hail the warlike chief—
 Halket and Howe, late objects of our grief,
 With joyful song conduct their welcome guest
 To the bright mansions of eternal rest—
 For those prepared who merit just applause
 By bravely dying in their country's cause.

—♦—

187 TO THE MEMORY OF LIEUTENANT 122 PETER MERCIER, ESQ.,

Who fell in the battle near Ohio river, in Virginia, July 3, 1754.—From the Pennsylvania Gazette, October 31, 1754, published by B. Franklin.

Too fond of what the martial harvests yield—
 Alas! too forward in the dangerous field—
 Firm and undaunted, resolute and brave,
 Careless a life invaluable to save—
 As one secure of fame, in battle tried,
 The glory of Ohio's sons he died.

O, once endow'd with every pleasing power
To chase the sad and charm the social hour,
To sweeten life with mild ingenuous arts,
And gain possession of all open hearts,
How have thy friends and comrades cause to mourn!
How wish'd they for thy peaceable return,
Thy province and thy household to defend,
And happily thy future years to spend!
I hoped the fates far longer would allow
The laurel wreath to flourish on thy brow;
I hoped to greet thee from thy northern toils
Elate with victory, enrich'd with spoils:
But now, alas! these pleasing dreams are fled!
Sweetly thou sleep'st in glory's dusty bed,
By all esteem'd, admir'd, extoll'd, approved,
In death lamented as in life beloved.
Georgia, loud-sounding, thy achievements tell,
And sad Virginia marks where Mercier fell.

Ah! lost too soon—too early snatch'd away
To joys unfading, and immortal day!
Happy! had thy duration been prolong'd
To vindicate the British interest wrong'd;
Since none more ready to defend its cause,
Or to support religion and the laws:
In thee our royal sovereign has lost
As brave a soldier as his troops could boast.

If at some future hour of dread alarms,
When virtue and my country call to arms
For freedom, struggling nations to unbind,
Or break those sceptres that would bruise mankind,
In such a cause may such a death as thine,
With equal honour merited, be mine.

188 REPEAL OF THE STAMP ACT.

From a supplement to the New York Gazette, or Weekly Post-Boy, June 12, 1766.

Friday night, to the inexpressible joy of all, was received, by Capt. Coffin, the news of the repeal of the Stamp Act, which was signed by his Majesty, the 18th of March last, which caused general rejoicing throughout the town. According to a previous vote of the town, the selectmen met in the afternoon, at Faneuil hall, and appointed Monday last as a day of rejoicing on that happy occasion. The morning was ushered in with music, the ringing of bells, and discharge of cannon. By the generosity of some gentlemen, our jail was freed of debtors. At one o'clock a royal salute was fired, and the afternoon was spent in mirth and jollity. In the evening the whole town was handsomely illuminated. On the common, the Sons of Liberty erected a magnificent pyramid, illuminated with two hundred and eighty lamps, the four upper stories of which were ornamented with the figures of their majesties, and fourteen of the worthy patriots who have distinguished themselves by their love of liberty. The following lines were on the four sides of the next apartment, which referred to the emblematical figures of the lower story, the whole supported by a large base of the Doric order.

O THOU! whom, next to heav'n, we most revere!
Fair Liberty! thou lovely goddess! hear!
Have we not woo'd thee, won thee, held thee long?
Lain in thy lap and melted on thy tongue:
Through death's and danger's rugged path pursued,
And led thee, smiling, to this solitude:
Hid thee within our hearts' most golden cell,
And braved the powers of earth and powers of hell.
Goddess! we cannot part: thou must not fly—
Be slaves! we dare to scorn it—dare to die.

While clanking chains and curses shall salute,
Thine ears, remorseless G——le, thine, O B——te,

To you, bless'd patriots, we our cause submit—
Illustrious Camden—Britain's guardian Pitt—
Recede not—frown not—rather let us be,
Deprived of being than of liberty.
Let fraud or malice blacken all our crimes,
No disaffection stains these peaceful climes :
O save us, shield us, from impending woes :
The foes of Britain, only, are our foes.

Boast, foul Oppression, boast thy transient reign,
While honest Freedom struggles with her chain ;
But know, the sons of virtue, hardy, brave,
Disdain to lose through mean despair to save :
Aroused, in thunder, awful, they appear,
With proud deliverance stalking in their rear.
While tyrant foes their pallid fears betray,
Shrink from their arms, and give their vengeance way :
See ! in the unequal war, oppressors fall,
The hate, contempt, and endless curse of all.

Our faith approved, our liberty restored,
Our hearts bend grateful to our sovereign lord.
Hail, darling monarch ! by this act endear'd,
Our firm affections are thy best reward.
Should Britain's self against herself divide,
And hostile armies frown on either side—
Should hosts, rebellious, shake our Brunswick's throne,
And as they dared thy parent, dare the son,
To this asylum stretch thine happy wing,
And we'll contend who best shall serve our king.

189 THE DEATH OF HALE.

BY WILLIAM R. LINDSAY.

NATHANIEL HALE was a captain in the revolutionary army, and commanded a company in Colonel Knowlton's regiment in 1776. He was with the army in the retreat from Long Island. General Washington having applied to Colonel Knowlton for a discreet and enterprising officer to penetrate the enemy's camp, and procure intelligence, Hale volunteered to perform the dangerous service. He succeeded in obtaining the intelligence; but, while returning to the American camp, was arrested, and next morning executed as a spy, regretting that he had but one life to lay down for his country. The enemy denied him, at his execution, the use of a Bible, and the aid of a clergyman, and destroyed the letters he had written to his mother and sister. His pure and patriotic devotion to his country has not been properly appreciated, and his country has been wanting in due honour to his memory.

THE morn was calm—no cloud obscured the sun :

Its rays, refulgent, beamed upon the throng
That gathered round the gallows-tree of him,

Whose every nerve in battle had been strung—
The tyrant's scourge—a brother to the free—
Now doomed to die a son of Liberty.

No sound was heard : no tear was seen to fall

As forth he came, the victim of a king :
With step as firm as is the hero's wont,

To calm the terrors of a sceptred thing,
His death, alone, could soothe Oppression's fears—
The pride of cowards was a hero's tears.

But that high soul, when budding freedom blooms

In native pride, ne'er own'd a king's decree—
Nor bowed, submissive, at a tyrant's nod :

Its only pride was that of being free.

He woo'd and won fair Freedom as his bride :
For her he lived—for her he proudly died.

He fell—an ignominious death was his—

A death which cowards give to those they fear :
Yet still he lives in every freeman's heart,

Whilst babes are taught to hold his memory dear.
Cursed England ! look upon thy deeds of shame,
And blush to own a patriotic name.

Rest, now, in peace, brave martyr of the free !

Soft be thy slumbers in the bed of death :
A nation mourns the early fall of thee,
And speaks thy praise in every passing breath.
A tyrant fear'd thine arm but yesterday—
Now lie you there—a lump of Freedom's clay.



190

AN ESSAY

To an Epitaph on the mighty, great, and justly lamented MAJOR-GENERAL WOLFE,
who fell, victorious, before Quebec, September 13, 1759.—From the New York Gazette,
or the Weekly Post-Boy, December 13, 1759.

HERE rests from toil, in narrow bounds confined,
The human shell of a celestial mind—
Who, once, with splendour fill'd a scene so large,
And took the fate of empires in his charge :
A hero with a patriot's zeal inspired—
By public virtue, not by passion fir'd :
A hero disciplined in wisdom's school,
In action ardent, in reflection cool—
In bloom of years who gain'd a glorious name,
And reap'd, betimes, the harvest of his fame.

~~~~~  
Before Quebec he chased the flying foe,  
And quick as lightning struck their fatal blow—  
By active valour made the day his own,  
And lived to see the numerous foe o'erthrown.  
Crown'd by just Victory, drew his latest breath—  
As wont to smile on danger, smiled on death:  
And having bravely for his country fought,  
Died nobly as he wished, and calmly as he ought.

The troops around him shar'd a generous grief,  
And, while they gather'd laurels, wept their chief—  
Their chief, to whom the great Montcalm gave way,  
And fell, to raise the honours of the day.

—◆—

## 191

## STANZAS.

Occasioned by the departure of the British from Charlestown, December 14, 1782.—From  
the Freeman's Journal, or North American Intelligencer, February 19, 1783.

His triumphs of a moment done,  
His race of desolation run,  
The Briton, yielding to his fears,  
To other shores with sorrow steers.

To other shores and coarser climes  
He goes, reflecting on his crimes.  
His broken oaths, a murder'd Hayne,  
And blood of thousands spilt in vain.

To Cooper's stream advancing slow,  
Ashley no longer tells his woe—  
No longer mourns his limpid flood—  
Discolour'd deep with human blood.

Lo! where those social streams combine,  
Again the friends of freedom join—

And, while they point where once they bled,  
Rejoice to find their tyrants fled.

Since memory paints that dismal day  
When British squadrons held the sway,  
And, circling close, on every side,  
By sea and land retreat denied.

Shall she recall that mournful scene,  
And not the virtues of a Greene?—  
Who, great in war—in danger tried—  
Has won the day and crush'd their pride.

Through barren wastes and ravaged lands  
He led his bold undaunted bands :  
Through sickly climes his standard bore,  
Where never army march'd before.

By fortitude, with patience join'd,  
(The virtues of a noble mind,)  
He spread, where'er our wars are known,  
His country's honour, and his own,

Like Hercules, his generous plan,  
Was to redress the wrongs of men :  
Like him, accustom'd to subdue,  
He freed the world from monsters too.

Through every want and every ill  
We saw him persevering still :  
Through autumn's damp and summer's heat,  
Till his great purpose was complete.

Like the bold eagle from the skies—  
That stoops to seize his trembling prize,  
He darted on the slaves of kings,  
At Camden plains and Eutaw springs.

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Ah! had our friends, that led the fray,  
Survived the ruins of that day,  
We should not damp our joy with pain,  
Nor sympathising now complain.

Strange! that of those who nobly dare,  
Death always claims so large a share;  
That those of feelings most refined  
Are soonest to the grave consign'd.

But fame is theirs, and future days  
On pillar'd brass shall tell their praise;  
Shall tell, when cold neglect is dead,  
"These for their country fought and bled."



### 193 ON THE DEATH OF HIS EXCELLENCY, GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

From the New York Gazetteer, and the Weekly Mercury.—February 19, 1776.

WHAT mean those tears, that thus effusive flow?  
Why throbs each breast with agonizing woe?  
Montgomery's dead!—a name by all rever'd?  
By patriots lov'd—by dastard tyrants fear'd.  
For this, did he embark in freedom's cause!  
Nobly supporting our expiring laws?  
Was it for this he left his native home,  
The frozen wilds of Canada to roam?  
For this he toil'd to execute the plan,  
Which prov'd the hero—prov'd too clear, the man?  
Alas, too clear!—on Abraham's hapless plain,  
Where brave Montcalm, and braver Wolfe was slain.  
There view the wise, the valiant, and the just;  
There Roman greatness mingles with the dust,



No more to war, the drum or fife shall raise  
That head, encircled with immortal bays!  
No more shall troops, with Roman courage fir'd,  
With ardent zeal and liberty inspir'd,  
Led on by him, embattled hosts engage;  
For O! he's dead—the hero of the age!  
When Cato fell, Rome mourn'd the fatal blow;  
Wolfe's death bid streams of British tears to flow:  
Why then should freemen stop the friendly tear,  
Or ever blush to weep for one so dear?  
O! no—for him, with sighs our bosoms heave,  
And with the bay we now the cypress weave.  
And O! while valour, virtue, we revere,  
Or unsuccessful merit claims a tear,  
To brave Montgomery we that tear will give:  
His name with Cato's and with Wolfe's shall live.

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## 194

## VIRGINIA.

From the New York Journal, or the General Advertiser.—June 27, 1776.

From the Pennsylvania Journal.

At length,—with generous indignation fired,  
By freedom's noblest principles inspired,  
The continental spirit blazes high,  
And claims its right of Independency!  
Virginia hail! Thou venerable state!  
In arms and council still acknowledged great!  
When lost Britannia in an evil hour,  
First tried the steps of arbitrary power,\*  
Thy foresight then the Continent alarm'd,  
Thy gallant temper every bosom warm'd.—

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\* Time of the Stamp-Act.



And now when Britain's mercenary bands  
Bombard our cities, desolate our lands,  
(Our prayers unanswer'd, and our tears in vain,)  
While foreign cut-throats crowd th' ensanguined plain;  
Thy glowing virtue caught the glorious flame,  
And first renounced the cruel tyrant's name!  
With just disdain, and most becoming pride  
Further dependence on the crown denied!

Whilst freedom's voice can in these wilds be heard,  
Virginia's patriots shall be still revered.

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## 195 THE PILOT OF HATTERAS.

BY CAPT. PHILIP FRENEAU.

From the Freeman's Journal, or the North American Intelligencer.—December 9, 1789.

In fathoms four, the anchor gone,  
While here we furl the sail,  
No longer vainly lab'ring on  
Against the western gale;  
Whilst here thy bare and barren cliffs,  
O Hatteras, I survey,  
And shallow grounds and broken reefs,  
What shall provoke my lay?

The Pilot comes—from yonder sands  
He shoves his bark so frail,  
And, hurrying on, with busy hands,  
Employs both oar and sail.  
Beneath his own unsettled sky  
Content to pass his years,  
No other shores delight his eye,  
No prowling foe he fears.

For nature here, to make him blest,  
No quiet harbour plann'd,  
And penury his constant guest,  
Restrains the pirate band :  
His hopes are all in yonder flock,  
And some few hives of bees,  
Except when bound for Ocracock  
The gliding barque he sees.

His Marian then he leaves with grief,  
And spreads his tottering sails,  
While waving high her handkerchief,  
Her commodore she hails—  
She grieves and fears to see no more  
The sail that now forsakes,  
From Hatteras' sands to banks of Core  
Such tedious journeys makes.

Sad nymph, thy sighs are half in vain,  
Restrain those idle fears—  
Can you, that should relieve his pain,  
Thus kill him with your tears ?  
Can absence thus beget regard,  
Or does it only seem ?—  
He comes to see a wandering bard  
That aims for Ashley's stream.

Till eastern gales once more awake  
No danger shall be near ;  
On yonder shoals the billows break,  
But leave us quiet here—  
With gills of rum, and pints of gin,  
Again your lad shall land,  
And drink—till he and all his kin  
Can neither sit nor stand.

**196** LINES OCCASIONED BY THE DETECTION OF DR. CHURCH'S TRAITOROUS CORRESPONDENCE WITH GENERAL GAGE.

From the New York Gazetteer; or the Connecticut, Hudson's River, New Jersey, and Quebec Weekly Advertiser.—Livingston's. October 19, 1775.

How sadly, Church, are all thy honours fled!  
What infamy awaits thy guilty head!  
What dire remorse must rack thy tortur'd soul!  
What seas of anguish in thy bosom roll!  
Cast from the summit of thy country's love,  
And doom'd the rigours of her hate to prove:  
Without one gleam of comfort in thy fall;  
Condemn'd, forsaken, and despis'd by all.  
Ev'n pity's balm thou canst not hope to find,  
To soothe the torments of thy wretched mind:  
Compassion soft, at crimes like thine, recoils;  
'The virtuous breast with indignation boils—  
And, while for you all pity is effac'd,  
Feels but for human nature so disgrac'd,  
Laments that man, a rational confess'd,  
Thus basely can become creation's pest;  
Laments that he, with hypocritic hand,  
Can stab the vitals of his native land;  
Can seem her friend, and in her councils share,  
Smile to destroy, and flatter to ensnare:  
Betray her secrets to an open foe,  
And give new vigour to th' impending blow;  
All sense of duty, gratitude, control,  
And in the patriot hide the traitor's soul;  
Can slight the fairest prize of honest fame,  
And to contempt eternal, risk his name.

Deluded wretch ! what frenzy could inspire  
Thy faithless breast ? What more couldst thou  
desire ?

Whate'er thy gen'rous country had to give,  
Blest in her favour, didst thou not receive ?  
Power and honour did she not bestow ;  
And all the benefits which thence may flow ?  
What then could tempt thee to th' apostate part ?  
What prompt the treach'rous purpose of thy heart ?  
Why didst thou stoop to join the venal tribe  
Who barter conscience for a paltry bribe ;  
For sordid lucre, who themselves profane,  
And part with virtue, honour, all for gain ?—  
If to thyself, and to thy country just,  
True to her cause, and faithful to her trust,  
To bribing arts you ne'er had lent an ear ;  
The wise would praise thee, and the good revere :  
Ages to come would venerate thy name,  
And in the foremost rank thy worth proclaim.  
But now not so ;—the pleasing prospects fail ;  
(With horror still, methinks I hear the tale,)   
That Church, on whom his country's hopes relied,  
That Church has proved a lurking paricide ;  
In treason's dark recesses long hath stray'd,  
And hostile schemes against fair freedom laid ?  
Abused the confidence which she reposed,  
And to her foes each secret plan disclosed !

Distrust awakes, and anxious casts around  
A jealous eye, lest still there may be found,  
Who play the traitor in the seeming friend,  
And mean to hurt, while they to aid pretend.  
—If such there be, may Heaven their crimes reveal ;  
And may the miscreants public vengeance feel :

~~~~~  
May they, like Church, their frantic folly know,
And sink beneath the load of self-wrought wo.
But some there are from whom distrust refrains;
Whose patriot souls will ne'er admit the stains
Of trait'rous guilt; amid this glorious band
Tow'ring, I see, the virtuous Hancock stand!

—◆—

197 VERSES FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

(Supposed) BY DR. FRANKLIN.

From the Freeman's Journal, or the North American Intelligencer.—June 2, 1790.

DEAR poets, why so full of pain?
Why so much grief for Dr. Ben?
Love for your tribe I never had;
Nor wrote three stanzas, good or bad.

At funerals sometimes grief appears,
Where legacies have purchased tears—
'Tis nonsense to be sad for nought—
From me you never gain'd a groat.

To better trades I turn'd my views,
And never meddled with the muse:
Great things I did for rising states,
And kept the lightning from some pates;

This grand discovery, you adore it,
But ne'er will be the better for it;—
You still are subject to those fires,
For poets' houses have no spires.

Philosophers are famed for pride,
But pray be modest—when I died

No sighs disturb'd old ocean's bed,
Nor nature wept—for Franklin dead.

That day on which I left the coast,
A beggar man was also lost ;
If nature wept, you must agree
She wept for him—as well as me.

There's reason e'en in telling lies—
In such profusion of her sighs
She was too sparing of a tear—
In Carolina, all was clear.

And if there fell some snow and sleet,
Why must it be her winding sheet ?
Snows long hath clothed the vernal plain ;
Have melted—and will melt again.

Poets, I pray you go to school—
Dame nature is not quite a fool ;
When to the dust great men she brings,
Make her do some—uncommon things.



198 STANZAS OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF DR. FRANKLIN.

From the Freeman's Journal, or the North American Intelligencer.—May 5, 1790.

THUS, some tall tree that long has stood
The glory of its native wood,
By storms destroy'd, or length of years,
Demands the tribute of our tears.

The pile that took long time to raise
Will sink, 'tis true, by slow decays ;

But when its destined years are o'er,
We must regret the loss the more.

So long befriended by your art,
Philosopher, we must not part!—
When monarchs tumble to the ground,
Successors easily are found;

But, matchless Franklin, what a few
Can hope to equal such as you,
Who seized from kings their scepter'd pride,
And turn'd the lightning's darts aside!



199 FREEMEN, IF YOU PANT FOR GLORY.

From the New York Journal, or the General Advertiser.—July 11, 1776.

FREEMEN, if you pant for glory,
If you sigh to live in story,
If you burn with patriot zeal;
Seize this bright, auspicious hour;
Chase those venal tools of power,
Who subvert the public weal.
Huzza! huzza! huzza!
See Freedom her standard display;
Whilst Glory and Virtue your bosoms inspire,
Corruption's proud slaves shall with anguish retire.

Would traitors base with bribes beguile you,
Or with idiot scoffs revile you,
Ne'er your sacred trust betray:
See our patriots nobly pleading,
Never from the truth receding,
Whom North's vengeance can't dismay!

Huzza! huzza! &c.

See their glorious path pursuing,
All Britannia's troops subduing,
Patriots whom no threats restrain:
Lawless tyrants all confounding,
Future times, their praise resounding,
Shall their triumphs long maintain.
Huzza! huzza! &c.

200 COLUMBIA'S TRIUMPH.

From the Pennsylvania Gazette.—July 9, 1788.

The following song, composed by Francis Hopkinson, Esq., was distributed on the occasion of the Grand Federal Procession in Philadelphia, July 4, 1788, in celebration of the Declaration of Independence, made by the thirteen United States of America, July 4, 1776.

O FOR a muse of fire! to mount the skies
And to a listening world proclaim—
Behold! behold! an empire rise!
An era new, Time, as he flies,
Hath entered in the book of fame.
On Alleghany's towering head
Echo shall stand—the tidings spread,
And o'er the lakes and misty floods around,
An era new resound.

See! where Columbia sits alone,
And from her star-bespangled throne
Beholds the gay procession move along,
And hears the trumpet, and the choral song—
She hears her sons rejoice—
Looks into future times, and sees
The numerous blessings Heaven decrees,
And with her plaudit joins the general voice.


~~~~~  
" 'Tis done ! 'tis done ! My sons," she cries,  
" In war are valiant, and in council wise ;  
Wisdom and valour shall my rights defend,  
And o'er my vast domain those rights extend.  
Science shall flourish, Genius stretch her wing,  
To native strains Columbian muses sing ;  
Wealth crown the arts, and Justice clean her scales,  
Commerce her ponderous anchor weigh,  
Wide spread her sails,  
And in far distant seas her flag display.  
" My sons for freedom fought, nor fought in vain ;  
But found a naked goddess was their gain :  
Good government alone can show the maid  
In robes of social happiness array'd."  
Hail to this festival ! all hail the day !  
Columbia's standard on her roof display ;  
And let the people's motto ever be,  
"*United thus, and thus united—free !*"

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## 201 COLUMBIA'S FAVOURITE SON.

From the Pennsylvania Gazette.—November 4, 1789.

Sung on the occasion of the procession in honour of the President's (Washington) arrival at Boston, October 26, 1789.

GREAT Washington the hero's come,  
Each heart exulting hears the sound,  
Thousands to their deliverer throng,  
And shout him welcome all around !  
Now in full chorus join the song,  
And shout aloud, great Washington.

Then view Columbia's favourite son,  
Her father, saviour, friend, and guide!  
There see the immortal Washington!  
His country's glory, boast, and pride!  
Now in full chorus, &c.

When the impending storm of war,  
Thick clouds and darkness hid our way,  
Great Washington, our polar star,  
Arose; and all was light as day!  
Now in full chorus, &c.

'Twas on yon plains thy valour rose,  
And ran like fire from man to man;  
'Twas here thou humbled Paria's foes,  
And chased whole legions to the main!  
Now in full chorus, &c.

Through countless dangers, toil, and cares,  
Our hero led us safely on—  
With matchless skill directs the wars,  
Till Victory cries—The day's his own!  
Now in full chorus, &c.

His country saved, the contest o'er,  
Sweet peace restored, his toils to crown,  
The warrior to his native shore  
Returns, and tills his fertile ground.  
Now in full chorus, &c.

But soon Columbia call'd him forth  
Again to save her sinking fame;  
To take the helm, and, by his worth,  
To make her an immortal name!  
Now in full chorus, &c.

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Nor yet alone through Paria's shores,  
Has Fame her mighty trumpet blown;  
E'en Europe, Afric, Asia, hears,  
And emulate the deeds he's done!  
Now in full chorus, &c.

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## 202

## A SONATA.

Sung by a number of young girls, dressed in white, and decked with wreaths and chaplets of flowers, holding baskets of flowers in their hands, as General Washington passed under the triumphal arch raised on the bridge at Trenton, April 21, 1789.

From the Freeman's Journal, or the North American Intelligencer.

Welcome, mighty chief! once more  
Welcome to this grateful shore:  
Now no mercenary foe  
Aims again the fatal blow.  
Virgins fair, and matrons grave,  
Those thy conquering arms did save,  
Build for thee triumphal bowers.  
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers—\*  
Strew your hero's way with flowers.

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## 203

## ODE TO THE PRESIDENT.

BY A LADY.

From the Massachusetts Sentinel.—1789.

THE season sheds its mildest ray,  
O'er the blue waves the sun-beams play;  
The bending harvest gilds the plain,  
The towering vessels press the main;

---

\* As they sung these lines they strewed the flowers before the general, who halted until the sonata was finished.

The ruddy ploughman quits his toil,  
The pallid miser leaves his spoil;  
And grateful pæans hail the smiling year,  
Which bids Columbia's guardian chief appear.

Hence! disappointment's anxious eye,  
And pale affliction's lingering sigh!  
Let beaming hope the brow adorn,  
And every heart forget to mourn;  
Let smiles of peace their charms display,  
To grace this joy-devoted day:  
And where that arm preserved the peopled plain,  
Shall mind, contentment, hold her placid reign.

Let "white-robed choirs," in beauty gay,  
With lucid flow'rets strew the way;  
Let roses deck the scented lawn,  
And lilacs lift their purple form;  
Let domes in circling honours spread,  
And wreaths adorn that glorious head;  
To thee, great Washington! each lyre be strung;  
Thy matchless deeds by every bard be sung:  
When Freedom raised her drooping head,  
Thy arm her willing heroes led:  
And when her hopes, to thee resign'd,  
Were resting on thy godlike mind,  
How did that breast, to fear unknown,  
And feeling for her fate alone,  
O'er danger's threatening form the falchion wield,  
And tread with dauntless step the crimson'd field.

Not Decius—for his country slain,  
Not Cincinnatus—deathless name!  
Camillus—who could wrongs despise,  
And, scorning wealth, to glory rise,

Could such exalted worth display,  
 Or shine with such unclouded ray :  
 Of age the hope, of youth the leading star,  
 The soul of peace, the conquering arm of war.



## 204

## A SONG

*To the Tune—"Hearts of Oak."*

From the New York Journal, or the General Advertiser.—January 26, 1769.

COME, cheer up, my lads, like a true British band,  
 In the cause of our country who join heart and hand ;  
 Fair Freedom invites—she cries out—"Agree !  
 And be steadfast for those that are steadfast for me."

Hearts of oak are we all,  
 Hearts of oak we'll remain :  
 We always are ready—  
 Steady, boys, steady—  
 To give them our voices again and again.

With the brave sons of Freedom, of every degree,  
 Unite all the good—and united are we :  
 But still be the lot of the villains disgrace—  
 Whose foul, rotten hearts give the lie to their face.  
 Hearts of oak, &c.

See ! their unblushing chieftain ! perverter of laws !  
 His teeth are the shark's, and a vulture's his claws—  
 As soon would I venture—howe'er he may talk,  
 My lambs with a wolf, or my fowls with a hawk.  
 Hearts of oak, &c.

First—the worth of good Cruger let's crown with ap-  
 plause,  
 Who has join'd us again in fair Liberty's cause—

Sour Envy, herself, is afraid of his name,  
And weeps that she finds not a blot in his fame.

Hearts of oak, &c.

To Jauncey, my souls, let your praises resound !  
With health and success may his goodness be crown'd :  
May the cup of his joy never cease to run o'er—  
For he gave to us all when he gave to the poor !

Hearts of oak, &c.

What Briton, undaunted, that pants to be free,  
But warms at the mention of brave De Launcey ?  
“Happy Freedom !” said Fame; “what a son have  
you here !

Whose head is approved, and whose heart is sincere !”

Hearts of oak, &c.

For worth and for truth, and good nature renown'd,  
Let the name and applauses of Walton go round :  
His prudence attracts—but his free, honest soul  
Gives a grace to the rest, and enlivens the whole.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Huzza ! for the patriots whose virtue is tried—  
Unbiass'd by faction, untainted by pride :  
Who Liberty's welfare undaunted pursue,  
With heads ever clear, and hearts ever true.

Hearts of oak, &c.

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## 205 ON THE LIBERTIES OF THE NATION.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

From the New York Mercury, July 4, 1757.

WHAT's the spring or the sweet-smelling rose,  
What's the summer, with all its gay train,

Or the plenty of autumn to those  
Who have barter'd their freedom for gain!

Let the love of our king's royal right  
To the love of our country succeed—  
Let friendship and honour unite,  
And flourish on both sides the Tweed.

No sweetness the senses can cheer  
Which corruption and bribery bind—  
No calmness the gloom e'er can clear;  
For honour's the sun of the mind.

Let virtue distinguish the brave,  
Place riches in lowest degree:  
He's poorest who can be a slave,  
And richest, who dares to be free.

Let us think how our ancestors rose—  
Let us think how our ancestors fell:  
'Tis the rights they defended—'tis those  
They bought with their blood, which we sell.



## 206 ON THE PROCEEDINGS AGAINST AMERICA.

From the Pennsylvania Gazette, February 8, 1775.

"From a late London Magazine."

Lost is our old simplicity of times,  
The world abounds with laws, and teems with crimes.  
From justice fierce ambition wrests the sword;  
Kings would be gods, and monarchs every lord.  
Law, place, subjection, order, pride confounds,  
And lust of rule despotic nothing bounds.

In vain, between this iron seat of power,  
Where the state vultures every thing devour,  
And the new world, where Freedom's sons had fled,  
And braved a desert with untented head,  
The great Atlantic rolls its watery bar;  
Oppression's fatal dart can speed so far.  
With vengeance pointed, see, it mounts the sky,  
And law-pretensions give it wings to fly.  
O'er violated charters Freedom weeps,  
And keen suspicion constant vigils keeps.  
Commerce, from frequent marts, no more her own,  
Exiled, to foreign coasts compell'd is flown.  
Our useless keels, with helm neglected, ride  
Britannia's bulwarks, and Britannia's pride.  
The hostile sword, dread thought! prepared we draw,  
To rule by force—the tyrant's only law.  
With eye uplifted and with suppliant hands,  
Her empire shaken, true religion stands,  
With air astonish'd, trembling for her doom,  
And hears, or seems to hear, the chains of Rome.  
See, from the deep, Britannia's genius rise,  
Ardent in prayer, and thus address the skies :—  
“Their freedom, Heaven! defend—avert the blow,  
Crush the vile scheme, and lay the miscreants low  
Who counsel give, or lift the impious hand,  
To stab our country in a foreign land.  
Inspire each patriot breast with tenfold zeal,  
And for our refuge save their commonweal:  
And teach each little monarch here below,  
What tyrants ought to feel, or princes know.”



## 207

## RETURN OF PEACE.

From the Freeman's Journal, or North American Intelligencer, March 12, 1783.

GROWN sick of war and war's alarms,  
Good George has changed his note at last :  
Conquest and death have lost their charms—

He and his nation stand aghast  
To see what horrid lengths they've gone,  
And what a brink they stand upon.

Old Bute and North, twin sons of hell,  
If you'd advised him to retreat  
Before our humbled thousands fell,  
And lay, submissive, at his feet—  
Awake, once more, his latent fire,  
And feed with hope his heart's desire.

Let jarring powers make war or peace,  
Monster !—no peace shall greet thy breast !  
Our murder'd friends shall never cease  
To hover round and break thy rest.  
The furies shall thy bosom tear—  
Remorse, distraction, and despair,  
And hell, with all its fiends, be there.

Genius, that first our race design'd !  
To other kings impart  
The finer feelings of the mind,  
The virtues of the heart :  
Whene'er the honours of a throne  
Fall to the bloody and the base,  
Like Britain's monster, pull them down—  
Like his be their disgrace !

Hibernia, seize each native right !  
 Neptune, exclude him from the main :  
 Like her, that sunk with all her freight,  
 The Royal George, take all his fleet,  
 And never let them rise again :  
 Confine him to his gloomy isle,  
 Let Scotland rule her half,  
 Spare him to curse his fate a while,  
 And, Whitehead,\* thou to write his epitaph.



## 208

## HOME MANUFACTURES.

From the Pennsylvania Gazette, October 16, 1775.

ON reading an invitation to the spinners to promote American manufactures.

“ When Julius Cæsar ruled the world and Rome,  
 The cloth he wore was spun and wove at home :  
 His empress plied the distaff and the loom.”

COME, sisters, come, your injured country calls,  
 Forsake the toyshop, toilets, and the balls ;  
 Far nobler arts demand your better care,  
 That female worth a monument may rear :  
 Your mode of dress and tinsel garbs forsake,  
 And useful clothing for your country make,  
 That peace and liberty may be restored,  
 By easier conquest than the fatal sword :  
 As soon as e'er can make your own supply  
 May North's fell council and a Gage defy :  
 Since some wise ladies, that they may be free,  
 Do quite avoid the epidemic *tea*,

---

\* William Whitehead, poet laureat to his majesty—author of the execrable birth-day odes.

Sure, in their faith we further may confide,  
Since slaves to tyrants can't in coaches ride :  
The wheel, the loom, the silkworm would afford  
A scene to please the peasant and the lord ;  
And if the ladies will their wits bestow,  
'Twill soon polite and fashionable grow :  
But if you can't by other means advance,  
Spin the long threads, and learn with them to dance.

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**209**      WASHINGTON'S ARRIVAL IN  
                 PHILADELPHIA.

From the Freeman's Journal, or the North American Intelligencer, December 10, 1783.

THE great, unequal conflict past,  
The Briton banish'd from our shore ;  
Peace, heaven-descended, comes at last,  
And hostile nations rage no more ;  
From fields of death the wearied swain  
Returns to rural toils again.

In every vale she smiles serene,  
Freedom's bright stars more radiant rise :  
New charms she adds to every scene,  
Her brighter sun illumines our skies ;  
Remotest realms, admiring, stand,  
And hail the hero of our land.

He comes !—the genius of these lands,  
Fame's thousand tongues his worth confess,  
Who conquer'd with his suffering bands,  
And grew immortal by distress :  
Thus calms succeed the stormy blast,  
And virtue is repaid at last.

O, Washington!—thrice glorious name;  
What due rewards can man decree:  
Empires are far below thy aim,  
And sceptres have no charms for thee;  
Virtue alone has thy regard,  
And she must be thy great reward.  
When Faction rear'd her snaky head,  
And join'd with tyrants to destroy,  
Where'er you march'd, the monster fled,  
Timorous her arrows to employ.  
Hosts catch'd from you a bolder flame,  
And despots trembled at your name.  
Now hurrying from the busy scene  
Where thy Potomac's waters flow,  
Mayst thou enjoy the rural reign,  
And every earthly blessing know:  
So he\* who Rome's proud legions sway'd,  
Return'd and sought his native shade.  
O say, thou great, exalted name!  
What muse can boast of equal lays?  
Thy worth disdains all vulgar fame—  
Transcends the noblest poet's praise:  
Art soars unequal to the flight,  
And genius sickens at the height.  
Though thou must meet the general doom—  
While gratitude in man is found,  
Honour shall guard thy future tomb,  
And laurels deck that hallow'd ground:  
Late times shall see and own in you  
The patriot and the statesman too.

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\* Cincinnatus.

## 210

## RETURNING PEACE.

THE following piece was composed for, and sung at an entertainment given by the sheriff and inhabitants of Roadstown, Cumberland county, New Jersey, April 24, 1783.

From the Pennsylvania Gazette, May 14, 1783.

LET every age due honours pay,  
And swell with joy the grateful lay,  
To hail returning peace :  
Accept, sweet maid, the votive strain,  
And bid loud carols fill the plain,  
Since thou hast loosed the prisoner's chain,  
And bid war's horrors cease.

Of murmuring complaints let age beware ;  
E'en age should smooth the brow of care,  
Nor mourn misfortunes past :  
Ye cheerful youths of either sex,  
No more let fear your bosoms vex,  
Or friends or lovers lost perplex,  
Since peace is come at last.

Nor fire nor rapine now shall spoil  
The well-earn'd fruits of all your toil,  
Or rob your fleecy care ;  
But commerce, on each favouring breeze,  
Shall waft her treasures o'er the seas,  
Whilst rival nations strive to please,  
And in our friendship share.

The soldier, long inured to arms,  
To marshall'd fields and loud alarms,  
Return'd to love and rest,

Shall range the corn in even rows,  
 Or lop the too luxuriant boughs,  
 Or fell the pine with steady blows,  
     In peace and plenty bless'd.

No midnight horrors now shall fright,  
 Or boding visions of the night  
     Distress the simple swain ;  
 But, rising with the morning gray,  
 He times his labours with the day,  
 Or journeys, fearless, on his way,  
     And whistles o'er the plain.

Now sportive nymphs shall scour the glade,  
 Or seek the cool, refreshing shade,  
     Their innocence secure :  
 Those are thy gifts, indulgent Peace :  
 O ! may these blessings never cease,  
 But thy wide empire still increase,  
     While nature shall endure.



## 211

## THE GAMESTER.

*Tune—"A late worthy old lion."*

From the Pennsylvania Evening Post, July 16, 1773.

WEST of the old Atlantic firm Liberty stands :  
 Hovering Fame, just alighted, supported by bands  
 Of natives freeborn, who, loud echoing, sings,  
 " We'll support our just rights against tyrannic kings."  
     Taral laddy, &c.

George the Third she disowns, and his proud, lordly  
     cheats,  
 His murdering legions and half-famish'd fleets ;

---

To the Jerseys sneak'd off, with fear quite dismay'd,  
Although they much boasted that fighting's their trade.

Taral laddy, &c.

Our just rights to assert hath the Congress oft tried,  
Whose wisdom and strength our opponents deride;  
And still madly in rage, their weak thunders are hurl'd,  
To bring us on our knees, and to bully the world.

Taral laddy, &c.

Too haughty to yield, yet too weak to withstand,  
They skunk to their ships and leave us the firm land;  
In dread lest they share what Jack Burgoyne did feel,  
And the game be quite lost, as poor Jack had lost deal.

Taral laddy, &c.

Jack, thinking of cribbage, all-fours, or of put,  
With a dexterous hand he did shuffle and cut;  
And when likely to lose, (like a sharper, they say,)  
Did attempt to reneague—I mean, run away.

Taral laddy, &c.

But watched so closely, he could not play booty,  
Yet to cheat he fain would for George—'twas his duty,  
A great bet depending on that single game;  
Dominion and honour—destruction or shame.

Taral laddy, &c.

Examined with care, his most critical hand,  
At a loss, if better to beg or to stand,  
His tricks reckon'd up, (for all sharpeners can jangle,)  
Then kick'd up a dust, for his favourite wrangle.

Taral laddy, &c.

'Twas diamond cut diamond—spades were of no use,  
But to dig up the way for surrender and truce;

~~~~~  
For he dreaded the hand that dealt out such thumps ;
As the hearts were run out, and clubs were then
trumps.

Taral laddy, &c.

Thus he met with the rubbers as the game it turn'd out,
Poor Jack, although beat, made a damnable route ;
Complain'd he was cheated, and pompously talks ;
Quit the game with a curse, while he rubb'd out the
chalks.

Taral laddy, &c.

But see ! a cloud bursts, and a seraph appears,
Loud trumpeting peace, while in blood to their ears,
With bulls and with pardons, for us on submission,
To lull us, and gull us, by their sham commission.

Taral laddy, &c.

The haughty great George then, to peace is now prone,
A bully when match'd soon can alter his tone ;
'Tis the act of a Briton to bluster and threaten,
Hang his tail like a spaniel when handsomely beaten.

Taral laddy, &c.

Charge your glasses lip-high, to brave Washington
sing,

To the union so glorious the whole world shall ring ;
May their councils in wisdom and valour unite,
And the men* ne'er be wrong, who yet so far are right.

Taral laddy, &c.

* The Congress.

The great Doctor Franklin the next glass must claim,
Whose electrical rod strikes terror and shame,
Like Moses, who caused Pharaoh's heart-strings to
grumble,
Shock'd George on his throne, his magicians made
humble.

Tarat laddy, &c.

To Gates and to Arnold, with bumpers we'll join,
And to all our brave troops, who took gambling Bur-
goyne;
May their luck still increase, as they've turn'd up one
Jack,
To cut and turn up all the knaves in the pack.
Tarat laddy, &c.

212**CESSATION OF WAR.**

Delivered at the first commencement in Washington College, in the state of Maryland, May 14, 1783.

BY CHARLES SMITH, B. A.

From the Pennsylvania Gazette, July 16, 1783.

It comes ! it comes ! the promised era comes !
Now Peace and Science shall disperse the glooms
Of War and Error ; and, with cheerful ray,
O'er long-benighted realms shed heavenly day.
Hark ! the glad muses strike the warbling string,
And in melodious accents thus they sing :—
“ Woods, brooks, gales, fountains, long unknown to
fame,
At length, as conscious of your future claim,

Prepare to nurse the philosophic thought,
To prompt the serious or the sportive note.
Prepare, ye woods, to yield the sage your shade,
And wave ambrosial verdures o'er his head.
Ye brooks, prepare to swell the poet's strain,
Or gently murmur back his amorous pain!
Haste, O ye gales! your spicy sweets impart,
In music breathe them to the exulting heart.
Ye fountains! haste the inspiring wave to roll,
And bid Castalian draughts refresh the soul."

'Tis done—woods, brooks, gales, fountains, all obey,
And say, with general voice, or seem to say:—

"Hail, heaven-born Peace, and holy Science, hail!
Thrice welcome to these shores: here ever dwell
With shade and silence, far from dire alarms,
The trumpet's horrid clang, and din of arms.
'To you we offer every softer seat,
Each sunny lawn, and sylvan, sweet retreat;
Each flower-verged stream, each amber-dropping grove,
Each vale of pleasure, and each bower of love,
Where youthful nature, with stupendous scenes,
Lifts all the powers, and all the frame serene.
O, then! here fix—earth, water, air, invite—
Till a new Rome and Athens spring to light!

Smit deep, I antedate the golden days,
And strive to paint them in sublimer lays.
Behold! on periods, periods brightening rise;
On worthies, worthies crowd before mine eyes:
To every ancient hero, lo! a son:
For Cincinnatus see a Washington.
See other Bacons, Newtons, Lockes, appear,
And other Platos, Euclids, Tullys, near!

Amidst undying greens they lie inspired,
On mossy beds, by heavenly visions fired :
Aloft they soar on Contemplation's wing,
O'er worlds and worlds, and reach th' Eternal King.

Awaked by other suns, and kindling strong
With purest ardours for celestial song,
Hark ! other Homers, Virgils touch the string,
And other Popes and Miltons joyous sing ;
Find other Twick'nams in each bowery wood,
And other Tibers in each sylvan flood.

Lo ! the wild Indian, soften'd by their song,
Emerging from his arbours, bounds along
The green savannah, patient of the lore
Of dove-eyed Wisdom, and is rude no more.
Hark ! e'en his babes Messiah's praise proclaim,
Or fondly learn to lisp Jehovah's name.
O, Science ! onward thus thy reign extend
O'er realms yet unexplored, till time shall end :
Till death-like ignorance forsake the ball,
And life-endearing knowledge cover all :
Till wounded slavery seeks her native hell,
With kindred fiends eternally to dwell.
Not trackless deserts shall thy progress stay—
Rocks, mountains, floods, before thee shall give way ;
Sequester'd vales at thy approach shall sing,
And with the sound of happy labour ring.
Where wolves now howl, shall polish'd villas rise,
And towery cities grow into the skies :
“ Earth's farthest ends our glory shall behold,”
And the new world teach freedom to the old.

213 BLUSH ! ALBION, BLUSH !

From the Pennsylvania Gazette.—April 20, 1774.

Messrs. Hall and Sellers,—(Publishers,)

Your inserting the following (occasioned by reading in the Packet of this day, the ill-usage of the worthy Dr. Franklin) in your next, will oblige
Your friend, &c.,

Philadelphia, April 18, 1774.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

BLUSH ! Albion, blush ! at the unmanly rage
Thy sons assume in this degenerate age ;
When worth, like Franklin's, meets a vile reward,
And infamy, like Wedderburne's, regard.
Say, shall the man, who, worn with age, has stood
The test of senates* for his country's good,
Who nobly dared to right that country's wrong,
Bear the foul slander of a turn-coat's † tongue ?
While venal judges, who disgrace the name
And robes they wear, shall loud applaud the same.
His fame shall live, while Wedderburne's shall die,
(Though "Hear him"—"Hear him"—was the partial cry ;)
To ages live within each generous breast,
Of monuments the noblest and the best.
His country (though insulted) too shall raise
A grateful tribute to her servant's praise ;
Amplly repay the loss he there sustain'd,
When her just cause he 'gainst her foes maintain'd.—
Thus shall he rise, while Wedderburne shall fall,
Abhorr'd, despised, contemn'd, and cursed by all.

* His examination before the House of Commons.

† Wedderburne deserted the public cause, and joined the ministry

214 ODE TO THE INHABITANTS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

From the Pennsylvania Gazette.—September 30, 1756. Published by B. Franklin.

Still shall the tyrant scourge of Gaul
With wasteful rage resistless fall
On Britain's slumbering race?
Still shall she wave her bloody hand
And threatening banners o'er this land,
To Britain's fell disgrace?

And not one generous chieftain rise
(Who dares the frown of war despise,
And treacherous fear disclaim)
His country's ruin to oppose,
To hurl destruction on her foes,
And blast their rising fame?

In Britain's cause, with valour fired,
Braddock, unhappy chief! expired,
And claim'd a nation's tear;
Nor could Oswego's bulwarks stand
The fury of a savage band,
Though Schuyler's arm was there.

Still shall this motley, murderous crew
Their deep, destructive arts pursue,
And general horror spread?
No—see Britannia's genius rise!
Swift o'er the Atlantic foam she flies
And lifts her laurell'd head!

Lo! streaming through the clear blue sky,
Great Loudon's awful banners fly,
In British pomp display'd!

Soon shall the gallant chief advance;
Before him shrink the sons of France,
Confounded and dismay'd.

Then rise, illustrious Britons, rise!
Great Freedom calls, pursue her voice,
And save your country's shame!
Let every hand for Britain arm'd,
And every breast with virtue warm'd,
Aspire at deathless fame!

But chief, let Pennsylvania wake,
And on her foes let terrors shake,
Their gloomy troops defy;
For, lo! her smoking farms and plains,
Her captured youths, and murder'd swains,
For vengeance louder cry.

Why should we seek inglorious rest,
Or sink, with thoughtless ease oppress'd,
While war insults so near?
While ruthless, fierce, athirst for blood,
Bellona's sons, a desperate brood!
In furious bands appear!

Rouse, rouse at once, and boldly chase
From their deep haunts, the savage race,
Till they confess you men.
Let other Armstrongs* grace the field:
Let other slaves before them yield,
And tremble round Du Quesne.

* The worthy and gallant Colonel Armstrong, who, at the head of a number of the provincial troops, destroyed an Indian town, and its inhabitants, within twenty-five miles of Fort Du Quesne.

And thou, our chief, and martial guide,
Of worth approved, of valour tried
In many a hard campaign,
O Denny, warm'd with British fire,
Our inexperienced troops inspire,
And conquest's laurels gain !

215 LORD NORTH'S RECONTANTATION.

From the Pennsylvania Evening Post.—June 20, 1778.

From the London Evening Post.

WHEN North first began,
With his taxation plan,
The colonies all to supplant;
To Britain's true cause,
And her liberty, laws,
O, how did he scorn to recant.

O, how did he boast
Of his power and his host,
Alternately swagger and cant;
Of Freedom so dear
Not a word would he hear,
Nor believe he'd be forced to recant.

That Freedom he swore,
They ne'er should have more,
Their money to give and to grant;
Whene'er they address'd,
What disdain he express'd,
Not thinking they'd make him recant.

He armies sent o'er
To America's shore,
New government there to transplant;
But every campaign
Proved his force to be vain,
Yet still he refused to recant.

But with all their bombast,
They were so beat at last,
As to silence his impious rant;
Who for want of success,
Could at last do no less
Than draw in his horns and recant.

With his brother, Burgoyne,
He is forced now to join,
And a treaty of peace for to want;
Says he never will fight,
But will give up his right
To taxation, and freely recant.

With the great General Howe,
He'd be very glad now
He ne'er had engaged in the jaunt;
And every proud Scot,
In the devilish plot,
With his lordship are forced to recant.

Old England, alas!
They have brought to such pass,
Too late are proposals extant;
America's lost:
Our glory at most
Is only that—tyrants recant.

216 COLUMBIA, THE HOME OF THE WORLD.

BY W. GRIGG, M. D.

HAIL to Columbia, fair Queen of the Ocean,
Thy proud deeds awaken the fondest emotion,
Thy name shall forever live famous in story,
The watchword of Freedom,
The birth-place of Glory!
Thy sons are all brave and are firm to their duty,
Thy daughters are true, smiling sweetly in beauty!
O! soon in thy skies shall the eagle arise,
Proclaiming thee Queen of the World!

In the midst of her warriors her eagle reposes,
Whose neck is encircled by laurels and roses;
The clarions are hush'd, and the banners are furl'd.
Hail to Columbia, fair Queen of the Ocean,
The exile beholds thee with blissful emotion;
No home 'neath the sky
Is so dear to his eye,
As Columbia, the home of the world!

Ye who inveigh this fair land of the stranger,
Who would, by disunion, its blessings endanger;
Go seek foreign climes for a country so glorious,
A country so happy, so bless'd, so victorious.
Her torch shall illumine each dark enslaved nation,
Her light has appear'd the first dawn of salvation;
Undiminish'd and pure
That flame shall endure,
Till Freedom enlightens the world.

Long may her navy in triumph be sailing!
Her army still conquer with courage unfailing,
Their thunder forever 'gainst tyrants be hurl'd;

Hail to Columbia, fair Queen of the Ocean,
The exile beholds thee with blissful emotion ;
 No home 'neath the sky
 Is so dear to his eye,
As Columbia, the home of the world.

217 THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

From the Freeman's Journal, or the North American Intelligencer.—June 27, 1787.

WHERE dwells the man that dare suppress
The noble freedom of the press ?
Sure he who would attempt the thing,
On Haman's gallows ought to swing.

The freedom of the press—
O, how shall I express
This grand, important theme !
Which unto me doth seem
To be of great and mighty weight
Towards the freedom of the state.

Ye patriotic band of friends !
You scarce can guess how much depends ;
How much depends, you scarce can guess,
Upon the freedom of the press.

 The freedom of the press, &c.

How pleasing to a freeborn soul,
To speak, to write without control,
And his internal thoughts express,
Whilst Freedom smiles upon the press.

 The freedom of the press, &c.

How galling to the freeborn mind,
To be by shackles so confined
That he dare not his mind express,
Because a tyrant rules the press.

The freedom of the press, &c.

O, Liberty! thou darling thing!
For thee I'd write from fall to spring;
For thee my warmest thoughts express:
May thou forever rule the press.

The freedom of the press, &c.

218 LINES ADDRESSED TO GOVERNOR PARR.

From the Freeman's Journal, or the North American Intelligencer.—September 5, 1787.

THE sailor, toss'd on stormy seas,
Implores his patron god for ease,
When Luna hides her paler blaze,
And stars obscurely dart their rays.

For ease the Yankee, fierce in war,
His stores of vengeance points afar;
For ease the toiling Dutchman sighs,
Which gold, nor gems, nor purple buys.

No treasured heaps from India trade,
No doctor's or the lawyer's aid
Can ease the tumults of the mind,
Or cares to gilded roofs assign'd.

The lot to man he best completes
Whose board is crown'd with frugal treats,
Whose sleep no fears, nor thirst of gain,
Beneath his homely roof, restrain.

Why, then, with wasting cares engage,
Weak reptiles of so frail an age?
Why thus to distant climates run,
And lands beneath another sun?

For, though to China's coasts we roam,
Ourselves we ne'er can leave at home:
Care, swift as deer, as tempests strong,
Ascends the prow, and sails along.

The mind that feels an even state,
And all the future leaves to fate,
In every ill shall pleasure share,
As every pleasure has its care.

Death early seal'd Montgomery's doom,
In youth brave Laurens found a tomb,
While Arnold spends in peace and pride
The years that Heaven to them denied.

A hundred slaves before you fall,
A coach and six is at your call,
And vestments, tinged with Tyrian dye,
Where'er you go, attract the eye.

On me a poor and small domain,
With something of the rhyming vein
The muse bestow'd—and share of pride
To spurn a traitor from my side.

219 THE BIRTHDAY OF FREEDOM.

Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."

ALL hail to the birth of the happiest land
That the sun in his journey is proud to awaken;

~~~~~  
Here, Energy, Enterprise, Knowledge command,  
By Obstacle hearten'd, by Danger unshaken.  
Virtue, Valour, unite,  
Prop the pillar of Might,  
Rear'd by Him who surmounts it, an angel of light.  
O, proud beat our hearts, and our valour swells high,  
On the birthday of Freedom—the Fourth of July !

Long, long was the conflict, and doubtful the fray,  
When to crush the Philistine our David descended ;  
But Justice, indignant, decreed us the day,  
And Heaven our virtue and Valour befriended.  
Then our chieftain beloved,  
And compatriots approved,  
From the camp to the senate in majesty moved.  
We freemen were born, and we freemen will die,  
And this oath we renew on each Fourth of July !

This day the old soldier limps jollily out,  
And points to his scars as the stars of his glory ;  
This day the sad widows and orphans may shout,  
Whose husbands and sires shall live deathless in  
story.

Sweet peace to the dead,  
Whose spirits were shed,  
And now for their palms to Elysium are fled !  
The martyrs of Freedom look down from the sky,  
And crowd round their chief on the Fourth of July !

The lyre of the bard—the historian's page,  
Shall our chieftain resound till Fame's clarion sever ;  
The hero, the statesman, the Christian, the sage,  
Who laws bound with freedom in union forever.

O, accursed let him rave,  
And no lenity save,  
Who dares plant a nettle on Washington's grave!  
Our hearts to Mount Vernon, sad pilgrims, will hie,  
To weep at his shrine on the Fourth of July!

O, Freedom! how soothing to sense and to thought,  
The nurse of the Arts, and the cradle of Science!  
To protect thee, our sires their descendants have taught,  
And we scorn foreign threats, and we ask no alliance!  
Who dare molest  
The fair Queen of the West,  
While her sons imbibe warrior-blood from her breast?  
Ye matrons, the accents your infants first try,  
Be Washington, Freedom, and Fourth of July!

Here Genius his badges, respected, may wear;  
Ambition toil, rising the Mount of Promotion:  
Here yeomanry whistle, unarm'd, at his share;  
And Religion choose safely her shrine of devotion!  
Here Modesty roves  
In Cashmerian groves,  
Like Innocence led by the Graces and Loves!  
Ye bards of the west! to no Helicon fly,  
The theme shall inspire on the Fourth of July!

Here Commerce, exulting, shall spread her white wings,  
Here the fields, breathing perfume, wave golden  
their tresses;  
To the base rumbling wheel, here the shrill anvil rings,  
And the taper's late vigil pale study confesses.  
Where's a country on earth  
So divine in her birth,  
Can boast of such prowess, such beauty, such worth?

---

Who loves not his country, abash'd let him fly,  
Nor man patriot Concord this Fourth of July.

Late, the war-fiends, infuriate, have ravaged the east,  
And on horrible banquets of carnage run riot;  
Now, the world's from the tyrant's blood-sceptre released,

And conquering monarchs are leaguings for quiet.  
Hope espies from afar  
The millennial star

Smile on Peace while erecting the tombstone of War.  
Peal your cannon in triumph, your streamers bid fly,  
Our wave-cradled Nelsons, this Fourth of July.

Should Faction, Encroachment, Oppression arise,  
We instinctively turn to our good Constitution:  
The cynosure, in our political skies :

The oracle, knowing nor change nor pollution.

Lo! the eye of the seer,

In Futurity's year,

Sees America empress of nations appear.

To the great God of Armies, who marshals the sky,  
Let our gratitude rise on this Fourth of July.

**220****TO A QUIDNUNC.**

NAY, prithee, leave that doleful phiz,

In truth, you look a very quiz

Of hypochondriac sorrow.

When things are at their worst, my friend,

'Tis wisely thought that they must mend :

Perhaps they'll mend to-morrow.

If not to-morrow, then the next :  
And if not then, why, be not vex'd :  
    You thus will cheat the devil ;  
Who, not content with present ills,  
Each quidnunc's brain with terror fills,  
    Foreboding future evil.

Why should you feel such deep chagrin,  
If Yankee doctors do convene  
    To mend our constitution :  
Whether or not we've real disease,  
A "consultation" gives us ease,  
    So let's indulge their notion.

And why, my friend, this constant fidget  
To turn and twist financial budget,  
    Puzzling for "ways and means ?"  
Large "means" to purchase ease are yours,  
By "ways" bestrew'd with blooming flowers :  
    Then, I prithee, save thy brains.

Man, never wear that brow of gloom,  
Though 'gainst us that great Hill do come,  
    By Gallia's power unmoved :  
But Yankees have a stronger back ;  
Then rest secure in "faith," dear Jack ;  
    Even Hill may be removed.

I grant 'tis hard to tax our polls,  
It grieves my heart, that tax on soles ;\*  
    But ridicule he merits,  
Who, when each family's sore oppress'd  
By imposts, loans, conscriptions—pest,  
    Would tax "domestic spirits."

---

\* Tax on leather.



When Ross our federal city sack'd,  
It wrung my withers—that rude act—  
Yet full well he rued his pains :  
And should Sir Rowland hither come,  
To break the peace with noisy drum,  
We will “count upon our Gaines.”\*

Crack jokes, and banish useless fear,  
Lend not too free thy open ear  
To every idle rumour ;  
A fig for admirals, red or blue,  
Or transports, with their motley crew :  
Transport us with thy humour.

Come quaff this bowl—'twill chase thy pain,  
'Tis nectar fill'd from “high Champlain”—  
To M'Donough and Macomb :  
While deeds like theirs our annals throng,  
We soon shall hear the welcome song  
Of proud “Britons striking home.”



## 221 THE BIRTH-NIGHT FIRESIDE.

COME, boy, close the windows, and make a good fire,  
Wife, children, sit snug all around :  
'Tis the day that gave birth to our country's bless'd  
sire,  
Then let it with pleasure be crown'd.  
Dear wife, bring your wine, and, in spite of hard times,  
On this day, at least, we'll be merry :

---

\* When these lines were written, General Gaines commanded in the Pennsylvania district.

Come, fill every glass till it pouts o'er the brim,  
If not with Madeira—then Sherry.

The freedom you claim as your proudest birthright,  
To Washington's labours you owe :  
For this did he watch, through war's dark, stormy night,  
In battle, and famine, and wo.

Come, boys, take your glasses, and let our proud toast  
Be, "The hero, devoid of a stain :"  
Columbia's deliverer, Humanity's boast,  
Whose like we'll ne'er look on again.

In your innermost hearts his wise precepts impress,  
Be his actions your study and guide :  
Thus, ages to come may your memories bless,  
As your country's best guardians and pride.

May the laurels of fame, that his temples enwreathed,  
Ever flourish in gratitude's tears :  
O ! ever his name with devotion be breathed—  
That name which our country endears.

---

**222****JOEL BARLOW.**

LINES written on the pillar erecting by Mrs. Barlow to the memory of her late husband, minister of the United States at Paris, deceased at Zarnowitch, in Poland, on the 26th of September, 1812.

BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

WHERE, o'er the Polish desert's trackless way,  
Relentless Winter rules with savage sway ;  
Where the shrill polar storms, as wild they blow,  
Seem to repeat some plaint of mortal wo ;

Far o'er the cheerless space the traveller's eye  
 Shall this recording pillar long descry ;  
 And give the sod a tear, where Barlow lies—  
 He, who was simply great and nobly wise.  
 Here, led by patriot zeal, he met his doom,  
 And found, amid the frozen wastes, a tomb :  
 Far from his native soil the poet fell—  
 Far from that western world he sung so well.  
 Nor she, so long beloved, nor she was nigh,  
 To catch the dying look, the parting sigh ;  
 She, who, the hopeless anguish to beguile,  
 In fond memorial rears the funeral pile—  
 Whose widow'd bosom, on Columbia's shore,  
 Shall mourn the moments that return no more :  
 While, bending o'er the broad Atlantic wave,  
 Sad fancy hovers on the distant grave.

## 223 THE FARMER'S LETTERS.

From the Pennsylvania Gazette, April 28, 1768.—Published by Hall & Sellers.

Messrs. Hall & Sellers—The “Farmer’s Letters” discover such a thorough knowledge of the British constitution, and such patriotic principles in the author, as justly entitle him to the tribute of thanks, as well as the sincere esteem of every one who loves Liberty, and abhors Oppression. These considerations have induced me to beg you will give the following lines a place in your gazette. The latter part of them is addressed to my countrymen, who are now upon the brink of ruin, but who, I hope, will yet, by a lawful exertion of their power, be able to frustrate the designs of those who are enemies to the British constitution in general, and the distressed American in particular.—Your humble servant,

AN AMERICAN MARINER.

HAIL, worthy Farmer ! Liberty’s best friend !  
 Sure unborn millions will thy works commend.

---

Thus will they say, when thou art in thy grave,  
"The Farmer's aims were noble, loyal, brave,  
Much he deserved, who strove his native land to save."\*  
Rouse, rouse, my countrymen, the Farmer view,  
Who labours for your dear sweet babes and you.  
He, watchful guardian, well defends our cause,  
Points out our duty, and explains our laws :  
He proves himself sufficient for the task,  
While crafty Grenville's acts he does unmask :  
He sees the chains forged for your infant race,  
If ever these despotic acts take place.  
They are but preludes which to ruin tend :  
Then rouse in time, and your just rights defend.  
May Heaven direct you how to find the means  
To keep from dire confusion's mournful scenes.

Should the Britannia, by a dreadful blast,  
And want of faithful pilots, lose a mast,  
She may be wreck'd upon a foreign shore,  
And ne'er in triumph plough the ocean more.  
Great God ! forbid that such her fate should be :  
We love Britannia—but we will be free.

---

## 224

## PEACE.—1815.

HE comes ! the welcome herald comes !  
Mute be trumpets, fifes, and drums ;  
Make ploughshares of each sabre :  
The soldier cit no more shall prance  
On warlike steed, but gayly dance  
To merry pipe and tabor.

---

\* See Address from the city of Boston, to the author of the "Farmer's Letters."

Ring! ring the merry Christ-Church bells :  
Greet him, fair maids, with sunny smiles,  
And strew his way with flowers.  
Grim-visaged War no more shall scare—  
No more Bellona rudely tear  
Fond lovers from your bowers.

Join, vocal maids, the choral train,  
And swell the dulcet "Carrol"\* strain,  
The halcyon song of peace :  
The loves and graces, hand in hand,  
Again shall reign throughout the land,  
And war and discord cease.

'Tis merry in each crowded street,  
Where jolly cits each other greet  
In hearty gratulation :  
And, like heaven's galaxy bright,  
The city sheds one stream of light  
In clear illumination.

Now shines our great republic's pride :  
Her valiant chieftains, side by side  
Their trophies join'd with peace :  
Their patriot deeds and martial mien,  
In bright transparencies are seen,  
In all the pride of *grease*.

E'en Quidnunc's brows no longer lour,  
But catch the influence of the hour,  
And smiles his visage grace :

---

\* The name of the gentleman who announced the glad tidings of peace, as also that of the British vessel in which he came, the "Favourite," are peculiarly appropriate.—If names are ominous, these augur well.

To Peace the genial bowl he quaffs,  
In merry jeers cracks jokes, and laughs  
War's wrinkles from his face.

The din of arms no more prevail,  
The seaman loosens every sail  
To catch the favouring breeze ;  
Again is heard the hum of trade,  
The victor starry flag is spread  
To brighten distant seas.



## 225 ON THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

From the Edinburgh Magazine.

AMID the incense of a world's applause,  
That hails thee, champion of his country's cause,  
By virtue's tears embalm'd, to merit just,  
Thy ashes, WASHINGTON! return to dust.  
But not to death's oblivious shade return  
Thy soul's warm energies—they guard thy urn.  
When Freedom, shrieking through the western sky,  
Call'd all her sons to conquer, or to die,  
Turn'd her fair face, and, shuddering as she view'd  
The kindred hosts with civil blood imbrued ;  
Full in the van thy withering arm reveal'd  
Its awful sweep,—and conquest had the field :  
When torn humanity in sorrow stood,  
As war's wild vengeance pour'd the crimson flood ;  
Thine was the boast, mid ranks with terror lined,  
To blend the feeling with the mighty mind !  
In scenes of havoc and devouring flame,  
No brutal carnage stain'd thy glorious name ;

No voice of misery in vain implored  
The meed of mercy from thy conquering sword.  
These were the triumphs whose supporting power  
Shed its soft influence on thy dying hour.  
To thee no terrors deepen'd into gloom,  
The long unfathom'd twilight of the tomb;  
That heart, with virtue's purest feelings warm,  
That arm, the first in battle and alarm,  
Still shield thy country—for thy birth was fame,  
And latest ages shall adore thy name.

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**226 HONOUR AND GLORY WITH PLENTY  
AND PEACE.—1815.**

*Tune—"Hail to the Chief."*

SWIFT o'er the land on his fast-flowing pinions  
The angel of mercy hath pass'd on the wind,  
Sorrow no more shall bow down to pride's minions,  
Carnage no longer a refuge can find;  
Bless'd be his happy way:  
Hail! to the happy day,  
When rapine and bloodshed in mercy shall cease;  
Pledge high the noble toast,  
Our dearest pride and boast,  
Honour and glory, with plenty and peace.

Swift o'er the waves of the dark-foaming ocean,  
The flag of Columbia in triumph shall ride;  
Survive the attacks of the whirlwind's commotion,  
Mount high on the billows and float on the tide;  
Then shall each gallant tar,  
Proud of the honour'd scar,

Mount up the cordage, and sing to the breeze ;  
    Echoing o'er the sea,  
    This shall their motto be,  
Honour and glory, with plenty and peace.

Swift through the air, on the broad wings of eagles,  
    Fame has extended the blessing afar,  
Thanks be to Heaven—fast chain'd are the beagles,  
    Broken and gone is the chariot—of war ;  
    Raise high the grateful strain,  
    Farewell to thorny pain,  
Welcome the joys and the blessings of ease ;  
    ' On history's page behold,  
    Written in flaming gold,  
HONOUR AND GLORY, WITH PLENTY AND PEACE.

---

## 227      JAMESTOWN, AN ELEGY.

BY JOHN DAVIS.

Inscribed to Francis Emes, of Boston.

O'ER Powhatan's majestic flood  
The orb of day descends the sky,  
And, glimmering, lights the churchyard wood,  
Where the first settlers mingled lie.

Now fainter sounds the shrilling call  
Of locust from the oak afar,  
And to the steeple's ivied wall  
The pigeon flutters through the air.

Pensive, I view the roofless wall  
Where once the Atlantic fathers bent,  
And, pealing, praised the Lord of all,  
With incense from the bosom sent.



Still is the voice that worshipp'd God,  
And dim the supplicating eye,  
Cold is the hand, beneath the clod,  
That begg'd down blessings from on high.

Here often mused, with brow sublime,  
The gallant Smith, for arms renown'd,  
Whose polish'd lance, in Turkey's clime,  
Threw horse and horseman to the ground.

And here oft roam'd the tawny maid  
Whose bosom heaved at passion's call;  
For in the town, or savage glade,  
Resistless love is lord of all.

Now o'er the settler's unwept grave,  
The night-bird makes his funeral moan,  
And, rising from the tranquil wave,  
The queen of night ascends her throne.

So still is now the lone churchyard,  
That from the sea-worn, sandy ground,  
The dapper elves afar are heard,  
Footing their waving morrice round.

And here where Meditation dwells,  
I seek the unprotected grave,  
Where sleep within their narrow cells  
The rovers o'er the Atlantic wave.

Death o'er the earth extends his hand  
From tropic sun to polar snow;  
And those who seek a foreign strand  
Await alike the unerring blow.

Haply one lies beneath this turf,  
Who hoped again to cross the deep,  
But scarce escaped the Atlantic surf,  
Death rock'd him in eternal sleep.

No friend to smooth the bed of pain,  
No friend to watch his asking eye;  
He breathed a wish beyond the main,  
And gave to home his parting sigh.

A bard, perhaps, this cold clod hides,  
Who oft beneath the cypress shade,  
Where to the flood the streamlet glides,  
With harp bewail'd a distant maid.

The sylvan sisters hail'd the strain,  
Along the deep the murmur stole;  
'Twas wildly mix'd with joy and pain,  
The rising wave forgot to roll!

Without the lyre's recording string,  
In vain the hero's pulses glow,  
Unless the muse her tribute bring,  
His fame shall not through ages flow.

Who knows but in this unsung grave  
A heart decays that, in life's race,  
Hoped to be blazon'd with the brave,  
And spurn'd the earth's contracted space.

But see the solemn night retires,  
The swains collect the fields to till,  
And morning, robed in living fires,  
Walks o'er the dew of yonder hill.

---

**228 THE HEROES OF THE WEST.**

BY R. DABNEY.

How sweet is the song of the festal rite,  
When the bosom with rapture swells high;  
When the heart, at the soft touch of pleasure, beats light,  
And bright is the beam of the eye.  
In the dirge that is pour'd o'er affection's bier,  
How holy an interest dwells,  
When the frequent drop of the frequent tear,  
The heart-rending anguish tells;  
But sweeter the song that the minstrel should raise  
To the patriot victor's fame,  
And livelier the tones of the heart-gender'd praise,  
That should wake from the harp at his name;  
But holier the dirge that the minstrel should pour  
O'er the fallen hero's grave,  
Whose arm wields the sword for his country no more,  
Who has died the death of the brave.

There lives in the bosom a feeling sublime;  
Of all, 'tis the strongest tie;  
Unvarying through every change of time,  
And only with life does it die.

'Tis the love that is borne for that lovely land,  
That smiled on the hour of our birth;  
'Tis the love that is planted by Nature's hand,  
For our sacred native earth.

'Twas this that the patriot victor inspired,  
Was strong in the strength of his arm,  
With the holiest zeal his brave bosom fired,  
And to danger and death gave a charm.

'Twas this that the dying hero blest,  
And hallow'd the hour when he fell,

That throb'd in the final throb of his breast,  
And heaved in his bosom's last swell :

When a thousand swords in a thousand hands,  
To the sunbeams of heaven shone bright ;  
When the willing hearts of Columbia's bands  
Were firm for Columbia's right—  
When the blood of the west in the battle was pour'd,  
In defence of the rights of the west.  
When the blood of the east stain'd the point of the  
sword,  
At the eastern king's behest :  
Till the angel form of returning peace  
O'er the plain and the mountain smiled—  
Bade the rude blast of war from its ravage to cease,  
And the sweet gale of plenty breathe mild.  
She smiled, and the nation's mighty woes  
Ceased to stream from the nation's eyes :  
She smiled, and a fabric of wisdom arose,  
And exalted its fane to the skies.

Then firm be its base, as the giant rock  
Midst the ocean waves alone,  
That the beating rain and the tempest shock  
For numberless years has borne.  
And blasted the parricide arm that shall plan  
That glorious structure's fall ;  
But still may it sanction the rights of man,  
And liberty guardian to all.  
Then sweet be the song that the minstrel should raise,  
To the patriot victor's fame,  
And lively the tones of the heart-gender'd praise,  
That should wake from the harp at his name.

Then holy the dirge that the minstrel shall pour,  
O'er the fallen hero's grave,  
Whose hand wields the sword for his country no more—  
Who has died the death of the brave.

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## 229

## LEXINGTON ODE.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

LONG, in a nameless grave,  
Bones of the true and brave,  
Have ye reposed!  
This day our hands have dress'd,  
This day our prayers have bless'd  
A chamber for your rest;  
And now 'tis closed.

Sleep on, ye slaughtered ones!  
Your spirit, in your sons,  
Shall guard your dust,  
While winter comes in gloom,  
While spring returns with bloom,  
Nay! till this honour'd tomb  
Gives up its trust.

When War's first blast was heard,  
These men stood forth to guard  
Thy house, O God!  
And now, thy house shall keep  
Its vigils where they sleep,  
And still its shadow sweep  
O'er their green sod.

In morning's prime they bled ;  
And morning finds their bed  
    With tears all wet :  
Tears that thy hosts of light,  
Rising in order bright,  
To watch their tomb all night,  
    Shed for them yet.

Naught shall their slumber break :  
For "they shall not awake,  
    Nor yet be raised  
Out of their sleep," before  
Thy heavens, now arching o'er  
Their couch, shall be no more.  
    Thy name be praised.

---

## 230 WASHINGTON'S REMAINS.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

Ay, leave him alone to sleep forever,  
Till the strong archangel calls for the dead,  
By the verdant bank of that rushing river,  
Where first they pillow'd his mighty head.

Lowly may be the turf that covers  
The sacred grave of his last repose ;  
But, O ! there's a glory round it hovers,  
Broad as the daybreak, and bright as its close.

Though marble pillars were reared above him,  
Temples and obelisks, rich and rare—  
Better he dwells in the hearts that love him,  
Cold and lone as he slumbers there.

Why should ye gather with choral numbers?  
Why should your thronging thousands come?  
Who will dare to invade his slumbers,  
Or take him away from his narrow home.

Well he sleeps in the majesty,  
Silent and stern, of awful death!  
And he who visits him there, should be  
Alone with God and his own hush'd breath.

Revel and pomp would profane his ashes:  
And may never a sound be murmur'd there  
But the glorious river's that by him dashes,  
And the pilgrim's voice in his heartfelt prayer!

But leave him alone!—To sleep forever!  
Till the trump, that awakens the countless dead,  
By the verdant bank of that rushing river,  
Where first they pillow'd his mighty head.



## 231

## THE REVOLUTION.

BY T. GRAY, JUN.

WE meet but to part, love—we part but to meet,  
When our foes shall be trodden like dust at our feet.  
No fetters, no tyrants *our* souls shall enslave,  
While the ocean shall roll, or the harvest shall wave.  
We go—to return when the strife shall be done—  
When the field shall be fought, and the battle be won—  
When the sceptre is smitten, and broken the chain,  
We come back in freedom, or come not again.

Yon red-robed battalions are plumed for the fray,  
And their banners dance high o'er their martial array;

To-morrow, still redder in blood shall they lie  
On the spot where they stand—we will conquer or die.  
Few, faithful, and fearless, we bend to the fight,  
And England's best legions shall quail at our might;  
The rush of our foemen unshaken we stem :  
As the rock meets the ocean-wave, so meet we them.

Ours are no hirelings train'd to the fight,  
With cymbal and clarion, all glittering and bright :  
No prancing of chargers, no martial display,  
No war-trump is heard from our silent array.  
O'er the proud heads of freemen our star-banner waves ;  
Men, firm as their mountains, and still as their graves,  
To-morrow shall pour out their life-blood like rain :  
We come back in triumph, or come not again.

No fearing, no doubting, thy soldier shall know,  
When here stands his country and yonder her foe ;  
One look at the bright sun, one prayer to the sky,  
One glance where our banner floats glorious on high ;  
Then on, as the young lion bounds on his prey ;  
Let the sword flash on high, fling the scabbard away ;  
Roll on like the thunderbolt over the plain :  
We come back in glory, or come not again.

Sweep them off, as the storm sweeps the chaff on its  
breath,

Where bows the red harvest, whose reaper is Death !  
Be strong as the earthquake, and swift as the wind ;  
Carry vengeance before us, and freedom behind ;  
We shed not vain tears when the warrior is low,  
Be his soul to his God, so his breast's to the foe ;  
Our tears are the red drops, the life-blood that drain,  
When we come back with vengeance, or come not  
again.



**232 ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL  
JOSEPH REED.**

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

Soon to the grave descends each honour'd name  
That raised their country to this blaze of fame :  
Sages, that plann'd, and chiefs that led the way  
To Freedom's temple, all too soon decay—  
Alike submit to one impartial doom,  
Their glories closing in perpetual gloom,  
Like the pale splendours of the evening, fade,  
While night advances to complete the shade.

REED, 'tis for thee we shed the unpurchased tear,  
Bend o'er thy tomb, and plant our laurels there :  
Your acts, your life, the noblest pile transcend,  
And Virtue, patriot Virtue, mourns her friend—  
Gone to those realms where worth may claim regard,  
And gone where Virtue meets her best reward.

No single art engaged his vigorous mind,  
In every scene his active genius shined :  
Nature, in him, in honour to our age,  
At once composed the soldier and the sage—  
Firm to his purpose, vigilant and bold,  
Detesting traitors, and despising gold,  
He scorn'd all bribes from Briton's hostile throne,  
For all his country's wrongs he held his own.

REED ! rest in peace—for time's impartial page  
Shall raise the blush on this ungrateful age :  
Long, in these climes, thy name shall flourish fair,  
The statesman's pattern and the poet's care :  
Long, in these climes, thy memory shall remain,  
And still new tributes from new ages gain :  
Fair to the eye that injured honour rise—  
Nor traitors triumph while the patriot dies.

## 233

## STANZAS

Published at the procession to the Tomb of the Patriots, in the vicinity of the former stations of the prison-ships at New York.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

BENEATH these banks, along this shore,  
And underneath the waters, more  
Forgotten corpses rest—  
More bones, by cruelty consign'd  
To death, than shall be told mankind  
To chill the feeling breast:

More bones of those, who, dying here,  
In floating dungeons, anchor'd near,  
A prey to fierce disease,  
Than Fame, in her recording page,  
Will tell some late inquiring age,  
When telling things like these.

Ah, me ! what ills, what sighs, what groans,  
What spectre forms, what moving moans,  
What woes on woes were found !  
When here oppress'd, insulted, cross'd,  
The vigour of the soul was lost  
In miseries thickening round.

The youths of firm, undaunted mind,  
To climate nor to coast confined,  
All misery taught to bear—  
I saw them as the sail they spread,  
I saw them by misfortune led  
To capture and to care.

---

Though night and storms were round them cast,  
They climb'd the well-supported mast,  
And reef'd the fluttering sail :  
Though thunders roar'd and lightnings glared,  
They toil nor death nor danger fear'd—  
They braved the loudest gale.

Great Cause! that brought them all their wo!  
Thou, Freedom, bade their spirits glow!  
But, forced at last to yield,  
Died in despair each sickening crew :  
They vanish'd from the world : but you,  
Columbia, kept the field.

They sunk, unpitied, in their bloom—  
They scarcely found a shallow tomb  
To hide the naked bones :  
For, feeble was the nervous hand  
That once could toil, or once command  
The force of Neptune's sons.

In aid of that immortal cause  
Which spurn'd at England's tyrant laws,  
These pass'd the troubled main :  
They dared the seas she call'd her own,  
To meet the ruffians of a throne,  
And honour's purpose gain.

All generous—while that power was proved,  
To war the brave adventurers moved,  
And catch'd the seaman's art—  
Met, on their own domain, the crew  
Of foreign slaves, that never knew  
The independent heart.

Thou, Independence, vast design !  
The efforts of the brave were thine,  
    When, doubtful all, and dark,  
It was a chaos to explore—  
It seemed all sea without a shore,  
    Nor on that sea an ark.

For you, the young, the firm, the brave  
Too often met an early grave,  
    Unnoticed and unknown :  
On naked shores were seen to lie,  
In scorching heats were doom'd to die  
    With agonizing groan.

By strength, or chance, if some survived  
Disease, which hosts of life deprived,  
    That life they should devote  
To venture all in Freedom's cause,  
To combat tyrants and their laws,  
    So felt near this sad spot.

Yes ! and the spirit which began,  
(We swear by all that's great in man,)       
    That spirit shall go on,  
To brighten and illumine the mind,  
Till tyrants vanish from mankind,  
    And tyranny is done.

---

**234****POCAHONTAS.**

BY MOSES Y. SCOTT.

RUDE was the storm, and her fallen hair  
Stream'd in the gale from her bosom bare,  
As, alone, through the forest's blacken'd shade,  
On errand of fear came the Indian maid.

Wild was her look ; but her eye was bright  
With the melting beam of Mercy's light—  
Her speech was hurried ; but kindness hung  
On the accents bland of her warning tongue.

“ White men, beware of Havoc's sweep !  
He is waked in the forest from sullen sleep—  
He would drink your blood in a guardless hour,  
And your wives and slumbering babes devour.

“ Beware !—for the tempest, chain'd so long,  
Shall burst to-night, in its fury strong :  
The trees must root them against its sway,  
And the branches cling, or be scatter'd away !

“ The fire shall rage, for the breeze is blowing ;  
The smoke rolls hither—the flames are glowing ;  
They climb the hills ; to the vales they spread—  
The night is black ; but the forest is red.

White men, beware !—And when, at last,  
Your fears are dead, and your dangers past,  
Shall the voice of the warner be e'er betray'd ?  
Shall white men forget the Indian maid ?”



## 235 MANHATTAN CITY, (NEW YORK.)

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

FAIR mistress of a warlike state,  
What crime of thine deserves this fate ?  
While other ports to Freedom rise,  
In thee that flame of honour dies.

With wars and horrors overspread,  
Seven years, and more, we fought and bled :  
Seized British hosts, and Hessian bands,  
And all—to leave you in their hands.

While British tribes forsake our plains,  
In you a ghastly herd remains ;  
Must vipers to your halls repair ?  
Must poison taint that purest air ?

Ah ! what a scene torments the eye ;  
In thee what putrid monsters lie !  
What dirt, and mud, and mouldering walls,  
Burn'd domes, dead dogs, and funerals !

Those grassy banks, where oft we stood,  
And fondly view'd the passing flood ;  
There owls obscene, that daylight shun,  
Pollute the waters as they run.

Thus in the east—once Asia's queen—  
Palmyra's tottering towers are seen ;  
While through her streets the serpent feeds,  
Thus she puts on her mourning weeds !

Lo ! Skinner there for Scotia hails  
The sweepings of Cesarean jails ;  
While, to receive the odious freight,  
A thousand sable transports wait.

Had he been born in days of old,  
When men with gods their 'squires enroll'd,  
Hermes had claim'd his aid above,  
Arch-quibbler in the courts of Jove.

O chief, that wrangled at the bar—  
Grown old in less successful war;  
What crowds of miscreants round you stand!  
What vagrants bow to your command!

## 236 COLUMBIA AND LIBERTY.

BY R. T. PAINE.

YE sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought  
For those rights, which unstain'd from your sires  
    had descended,  
May you long taste the blessings your valour has  
    bought,  
And your sons reap the soil which your fathers  
    defended;  
    Mid the reign of mild peace,  
    May your nation increase,  
With the glory of Rome and the wisdom of Greece;  
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.  
In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,  
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,  
The trident of commerce should never be hurl'd,  
To increase the legitimate powers of the ocean.  
    But should pirates invade,  
    Though in thunder array'd,  
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.  
    For ne'er shall the sons, &c.  
The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,  
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,  
Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,  
And enveloped the sun of American glory.

But let traitors be told,  
Who their country have sold,  
And barter'd their God for his image in gold,  
That ne'er will the sons, &c.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in  
blood,  
And society's base threats with wide dissolution;  
May peace, like the dove who return'd from the flood,  
Find an ark of abode in our mild constitution.  
But, though peace is our aim,  
Yet the boon we disclaim,  
If bought by our sovereignty, justice, or fame.  
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

'Tis the fire of the flint each American warms :  
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision ;  
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms,  
We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a division.  
While, with patriot pride,  
To our laws we're allied,  
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide.  
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Our mountains are crown'd with imperial oak,  
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourish'd,  
But long ere our nation submits to the yoke,  
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it  
flourish'd.  
Should invasion impend,  
Every grove would descend  
From the hill-tops they shaded, our shores to  
defend ;  
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.



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Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm,  
Lest our liberty's growth should be check'd by  
corrosion;

Then let clouds thicken round us: we heed not the  
storm;

Our realm fears no shock, but the earth's own  
explosion;

Foes assail us in vain,

Though their fleets bridge the main,

For our altars and laws, with our lives, we'll  
maintain.

For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,  
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple  
asunder;

For, unmoved, at its portal would Washington stand,  
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the  
thunder!

His sword from the sleep

Of its scabbard would leap,

And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep.

For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Let Fame to the world sound America's voice;

No intrigues can her sons from their government  
sever:

Her pride are her statesmen—their laws are her choice,  
And shall flourish till Liberty slumbers forever.

Then unite heart and hand,

Like Leonidas' band,

And swear to the God of the ocean and land,

That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,

While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

**237 COUNTRY ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.**

BY R. TYLER.

SQUEAK the fife, and beat the drum,  
Independence-day is come !  
Let the roasting pig be bled,  
Quick twist off the cockerel's head,  
Quickly rub the pewter platter,  
Heap the nut-cakes, fried in butter ;  
Set the cups and beaker-glass,  
The pumpkin and the apple-sauce ;  
Send the keg to shop for brandy ;  
Maple-sugar we have handy.  
Independent, staggering Dick,  
A noggin mix of swinging thick ;  
Sal, put on your russet skirt,  
Jotham, get your boughten shirt ;  
To-day we dance to tiddle diddle.  
—Here comes Sambo with his fiddle ;  
Sambo, take a dram of whisky,  
And play up Yankee Doodle frisky.  
Moll, come, leave your witched tricks,  
And let us have a reel of six.  
Father and mother shall make two ;  
Sal, Moll, and I, stand all a-row.  
Sambo, play and dance with quality ;  
This is the day of blest equality.  
Father and mother are but men,  
And Sambo—is a citizen.  
Come foot it, Sal—Moll, figure in,  
And, mother, you dance up to him ;  
Now saw as fast as e'er you can do,  
And, father, you cross o'er to Sambo.

—Thus we dance, and thus we play,  
On glorious Independent day.—  
Rub more rosin on your bow,  
And let us have another go.  
Zounds! as sure as eggs and bacon,  
Here's Ensign Sneak, and Uncle Deacon,  
Aunt Thiah, and their Bets behind her,  
On blundering mare, than beetle blinder.  
And there's the 'squire too, with his lady—  
Sal, hold the beast, I'll take the baby.  
Moll, bring the 'squire our great arm-chair,  
Good folks, we're glad to see you here.  
Jotham, get the great case-bottle,  
Your teeth can pull its corn-cob stopple.  
Ensign,—Deacon, never mind;  
'Squire, drink until you're blind.  
Thus we drink and dance away,  
This glorious Independent day!

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## 238 ODE FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

God of the high and glorious heaven,  
To Thee, forever, praise be given!  
When tyrants aim'd the deadly blow,  
To lay Columbia's banner low,  
Thou, who canst blast, and who canst save,  
Stretch'd forth thine arm to shield the brave—  
And hurl'd Oppression's minions back,  
Dishonour'd, on their blood-stain'd track.  
How fought our Spartan sires, and fell,  
Their children need not shame to tell:

Thou wert the power that led them on,  
And smiled whene'er their valour won;  
And Thou the power that struck the blow,  
Which laid their proud oppressors low;  
To thee, O God! their children raise,  
This hallow'd day, the voice of praise.

Year after year hath worn away,  
Since, on this ever-glorious day,  
That deed of daring might was done,  
Which freed the land of Washington!  
'Twas Thou who nerved the arm that smote!  
And Thou who nerved the hand that wrote!  
And Thou who nerved the tongue that swore  
To seal that freedom with its gore!

Then went the shout, all far and free:—  
No longer bend the suppliant knee!  
No longer cower beneath the nod  
Of man—nor bow to aught but God!  
Rise! swerve not till the work be done—  
Till brighter still shine Valour's sun!  
Death to the traitor, and the slave!—  
For country—Freedom—or the grave!

Since—many a year hath roll'd away,  
And still returns this hallow'd day;  
And still, O God! this land is free—  
And bends its sons to none but Thee!  
And Freedom's torch is in her hand—  
Its light illumines every land;  
And despots, shuddering and amazed,  
Curse this fair land where first it blazed!

**239** ON THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

BY T. DWIGHT.

FAR, far from hence be Satire's aspect rude,  
No more let Laughter's frolic-face intrude,  
But every heart be fill'd with deepest gloom,  
Each form be clad with vestments of the tomb.  
From Vernon's sacred hill dark sorrows flow,  
Spread o'er the land, and shroud the world in wo.  
From Mississippi's proud, majestic flood,  
To where St. Croix meanders through the wood,  
Let business cease, let vain amusements fly,  
Let parties mingle, and let faction die,  
The realm perform, by warm affection led,  
Funereal honours to the mighty dead.

Where shall the heart for consolation turn,  
Where end its grief, or how forget to mourn?  
Beyond these clouds appears no cheering ray,  
No morning star proclaims the approach of day.  
Ask hoary Age from whence his sorrows come,  
His voice is silent, and his sorrow dumb;  
Inquire of Infancy why droops his head,  
The prattler lisps,—“Great Washington is dead.”  
Why bend yon statesmen o'er their task severe?  
Why drops yon chief the unavailing tear?  
What sullen grief hangs o'er yon martial band?  
What deep distress pervades the extended land!  
In sad responses sounds from shore to shore—  
“Our Friend, our Guide, our Father is no more.”

Let fond Remembrance turn his aching sight,  
Survey the past, dispel Oblivion's night,  
By Glory led, pursue the mazy road  
Which leads the traveller to her high abode,

Then view that great, that venerated name,  
Inscribed in sunbeams on the roll of Fame.  
No lapse of years shall soil the sacred spot,  
No future age its memory shall blot;  
Millions unborn shall mark its sacred fire,  
And latest time behold it and admire.

A widow'd country ! what protecting form  
Shall ope thy pathway through the gathering storm !  
What mighty hand thy trembling bark shall guide,  
Through Faction's rough and overwhelming tide !  
The hour is past—thy Washington no more  
Describes, with angel-ken, the peaceful shore.  
Freed from the terrors of his awful eye,  
No more fell Treason seeks a midnight sky,  
But crawling forth, on deadliest mischief bent,  
Rears her black front, and toils with cursed intent.  
Behold ! arranged in long and black array,  
Prepared for conflict, thirsting for their prey,  
Our foes advance,—nor force nor danger dread,  
Their fears all vanish'd when his spirit fled.  
Oft, when our bosoms, fill'd with dire dismay,  
Saw mischief gather round our country's way ;  
When furious Discord seized her flaming brand,  
And threaten'd ruin to our infant land ;  
When Faction's imps sow'd thick the seeds of strife,  
And aim'd destruction at the bliss of life ;  
When War with bloody hand her flag unfurl'd,  
And her loud trump alarm'd the western world ;  
His awful voice bade all contention cease,  
At his commands the storms were hush'd to peace.

But who can speak, what accents can relate  
The solemn scenes which mark'd the great man's  
fate !

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Ye ancient sages, who so loudly claim
The brightest station on the list of Fame,
At his approach with diffidence retire,
His higher worth acknowledge, and admire.
When keenest anguish rack'd his mighty mind,
And the fond heart the joys of life resign'd,
No guilt nor terror stretch'd its hard control,
No doubt obscured the sunshine of the soul.
Prepared for death, his calm and steady eye
Look'd fearless upward to a peaceful sky;
While wondering angels point the airy road
Which leads the Christian to the house of God.

—◆—

240

WEST POINT.

BY MARGARETTA V. FAUGERES.

DASH, ye broad waves, and proudly heave and swell;
Rouse aged Neptune from his amber cave,
And bid the nymphs the pebbly strand who lave,
Round this grand bulwark found their coral shell:
For, nightly bending o'er these streams,
Base Treason plotted murderous schemes;
Then stealing soft to Arnold's bed,
Her visions vague around him shed;
And while dark vapours dimm'd his eyes,
She bade these forms illusive rise:
First, Andre came: his youthful air
Allured the falling chieftain's eyes,
But when the glittering bribes appear,
A thousand strange ideas rise:
He saw Britannia's marshall'd hosts,
Countless, advance towards his posts;

Honour he saw, and Wealth, and Fame,
With every good that wish can frame,
Attend their train; he long'd to stretch
Beyond his virtuous brethren's reach;
His heart, polluted, vainly sigh'd
To bound and swell in titled pride.
Now fair Columbia's armies come:
His hand hath seal'd their mournful doom;
And in an unrelenting hour
He yields them up to Albion's power.
Then Murder bloats with horrid pride!
A thousand fall on every side!
And coward Cruelty's base bands
Dip in warm gore their barbarous hands.
'Then the broadsword displays its force,
Drench'd to the very hilt in blood!
While the brave warrior and the frantic horse
Wallow together in the purple flood!
Then rose a name! and, lo! from far
He hears the hum of chariot-wheels;
Divinity within him feels,
And thunders forth the sovereign Lord of War.
His anxious eyes he strain'd for more;
But fickle Fancy dropp'd the scene;
Truth's radiant rays around him pour,
And show'd the wretch 'twas all a dream!

241 SONG, IN THE SCOTCH DIALECT.—1815.

I DINNA fear the news is true,
'Tis seen in ilka face;
Neighbours wha scarcely spake before,
How kindly they embrace!

There was na trade in our town
Sin' war began to blaw,
Our very markets wore a gloom,
An' specie fled awa.

Soon we'll hae ships an' siller baith ;
Prosperity again
Shall smile upon our happy land,
An' we will plough the main.

To every quarter of the world
Our mariners shall go,
An' wae be to the saucy knave
Wha treats them as a foe.

Now Yankee lads their discontents
Sae prudently will smother,
An' when they meet a southern blade,
Ca' him a friend and brother.

For interest, sweet interest
Sae powerfully can draw,
Nor doubt it, since without it
Our virtues look so sma.

John Bull and brother Jonathan
Hae had a hearty bout,
And here and there and everywhere
Hae fairly fought it out.

Till, tired wi' warsling up and down,
It gi'es us joy to see
How they shake hands like honest men,
Sae ready to agree.

When next they mean to break a lance,
As chosen friends will jar,

The mickle folks on either side,
May they sustain the war.

And let the nations baith stand by,
Regardless o' their din,
To see their manly valour tried,
An' tell wha first will rin.

242 ON A HESSIAN DEBARKATION.—1776.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

THERE is a book, though not a book of rhymes,
Where truth severe records a nation's crimes;
To check such monarchs as with brutal might,
Wanton in blood, and trample on the right.

REJOICE, O Death! Britannia's tyrant sends
From German plains his myriads to our shore;
The Caledonian with the English join'd:
Bring them, ye winds, but waft them back no more.

To these far climes with stately step they come,
Resolved all prayers, all prowess to defy;
Smit with the love of countries not their own,
They come, indeed, to conquer—not to die.

In the slow breeze (I hear their funeral song)
The dance of ghosts the infernal tribes prepare:
To hell's dark mansions haste, ye abandon'd throng,
Drinking from German skulls old Odin's beer.
From dire Cesarea* forced, these slaves of kings,
Quick, let them take their way on eagle's wings:
To thy strong posts, Manhattan's isle, repair,
To meet the vengeance that awaits them there!

* The old Roman name of Jersey.

243

NATIONAL SONG.

Tune—"The Pillar of Glory."

Written for the celebration of the 4th of July, 1814.—By EDWIN C. HOLLAND, Esq,
of Charleston, South Carolina.

SWELL the proud pæan ! the day-star advances,
Whose glories the triumph of Freedom proclaim :
Long may the lustre around it that glances,
Lead us to Liberty, Commerce, and Fame.
Bright from the billows' foam,
Girt with a starry zone,
Thy genius, Columbia, sublimely aspires,
Stern as her eagle eye,
Ranges through earth and sky,
Lightens its glare with more radiant fires.
Bold were the spirits thy rights that defended,
When rock'd with the whirlwind the waves of thy
deep,
Fierce was the conflict, the battle was ended,
And silent and long was the warrior's sleep.
Fair bloom'd the forest wild,
Peace through the valley smiled,
No more howl'd the tempest—the war-song was
hush'd ;
Sound then the trump of Fame,
Bless'd be each hero's name,
Fearless of death, in the contest that rush'd.
Dauntless in courage, they rose in the foray,
Refulgent as stars o'er the billowy main ;
Washington marshal'd the chieftains to glory,
And shone o'er the host like a pillar of flame.
Back from thy shores afar
Roll'd the rude storm of war ;

The tempest-toss'd ark found its mount of repose ;
 Free as thy flag unfurl'd
 Wide o'er the western world,
 Liberty dawn'd, and America rose.

Land of my fathers, resplendent with glory,
 Thy genius shall rise o'er the ruin of time :
 Immortal thy fame, thou shalt live in the story,
 Splendid in peace, and in battle sublime !
 Hark, from each rocky height
 Dashes the tide of fight ;

The noise of the battle hath waken'd the brave ;
 Proud as thy banner flies,
 Millions with ardour rise,
 Thy realm from invasion and insult to save.

Red through the shadows that darken thy fountains,
 Again like a meteor the war-beacon streams :
 Deep are the thunders that roll from thy mountains,
 Martial the lustre on ocean that gleams.
 Stamp'd on thy native sea,
 Offspring of Liberty ;
 Thy footsteps are brighten'd with triumph and fame,
 High o'er the waste of war
 Blazons thy naval car ;
 Ocean is free—and its freedom we claim.



244

SONG.

Written in Tripoli.—By W. RAY.

Tune—"Madam, you know my trade is war !"

COLUMBIA ! while the sons of Fame
 Thy freedom through the world proclaim,
 And hellborn tyrants dread the name

That wills all nations free ;
Remote on Barbary's pirate coast,
By foes enslaved, a miscreant host,
No more the rights of man we boast :
Adieu, bless'd Liberty !

How fearful lour'd the gloomy day,
When, stranded on the shoals, we lay
Exposed, our foremast cut away,
To the rough, dashing sea ;
When hostile gunboats thunder'd round,
And no relief nor hopes were found,
These mournful words swell'd every sound :
Adieu, bless'd Liberty !

In helpless servitude, forlorn,
From country, friends, and freedom torn,
Alike we dread each night and morn,
For naught but grief we see ;
When burdens press, the lash we bear,
And all around is black despair,
We breathe the silent, fervent prayer :
O, come, bless'd Liberty !

Memory, to misery e'er unkind,
Brings present, to the painful mind,
The woes oblivion, else, would find,
And evils cease to be ;
And Fancy, when we're wrapp'd in sleep,
Conveys us o'er the boundless deep ;
But, waked to sigh, we live to weep :
Adieu, bless'd Liberty !

And when invading cannons roar,
And life, their blood, from hundreds pour,
And mangled bodies float ashore,

And ruins strew the sea ;
The thoughts of death or freedom near,
Create alternate hope and fear,
O ! when will that bless'd day appear
That brings sweet Liberty !

When, rear'd on yonder castle's height,
That now bare flagstaff's dress'd in white,
We gaze enraptured at the sight ;
How happy shall we be !
When thundering guns proclaim a peace,
Our toils all o'er, our woes shall cease,
We'll bless the power that brings release,
And hail sweet Liberty !

245 THE DAY THAT WASHINGTON WAS BORN.

Written for February 22, 1825.—By W. RAY.

HAIL ! bright, returning, joyous day,
Which gave the greatest mortal birth
That ever bore imperial sway—
That ever walk'd upon the earth—
Auspicious and eventful morn,
The day that Washington was born.
His was the royalty of soul,
A boon which God and Nature gave,
And bade him go—a world control,
But first that world from bondage save ;
The hearts of tyrants shrunk forlorn
The day that Washington was born.
But Liberty look'd up and smiled,
And Independence too, though young,

Around the features of the child,
With love enthusiastic clung—
New lights arose, the world to adorn,
The day that Washington was born.
The lights of Freedom, Reason, Truth,
Shone round, with renovated ray ;
America, while yet in youth,
And error's darkness swept away ;
Slavery's night-veil from man was torn,
The era Washington was born.
And yearly, on his natal day,
Each son of Liberty—his son—
Should join, and votive honours pay
To the loved name of Washington :
Whose splendours, like the sun's, adorn
The globe where Washington was born.
Then let each true American,
Proud of the day and of the name,
Give all that e'er was due to man
Of immortality and fame—
The heart's warm incense every morn
The day that Washington was born.

**246** INDEPENDENCE.—AN ODE.—1816.

BY W. RAY.

TWICE twenty years have roll'd away,
Since, on this memorable day,
Was Independence born :
The child of Heaven—of Earth the joy,
Whom no base Herod could destroy,
'Though feeble and forlorn.

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Its strength hath increased with its years, till, behold,  
A giant Colossus it stands ;  
A statue like those which were worshipp'd of old,  
When gods were the work of men's hands :  
A statue, though spirit and life it contains—  
Breathes, speaks in a language well known,  
“ From all other nations, to you it belongs  
To cherish my blessings—alone ;

“ To you, Americans, I give  
Man's equal rights to share ;  
And be those rights, or die or live,  
Your ever-constant care.”

Our heroes lamented  
Have purchased the prize,  
Their blood hath cemented,  
Their genius invented—  
With offerings sweet-scented,  
The fane where it lies.

Lighted by a flame of glory  
Is the temple—on its walls  
Sculptured are those deeds in story,  
Which renown immortal calls.

And when Britannia lately sought again  
To bind our nation, with a tenfold chain—  
With all the powers of Europe on her side,  
To her indebted, and with her allied,  
While native savages—internal foes,  
With Murder, Treason, and Rebellion rose—  
Thy name, O, Independence ! like a charm,  
Call'd from black heavens the meteor of alarm,  
Which shot like lightning through each dauntless soul?  
And broke, like thunder, with tremendous roll !



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The bolts of Vengeance on our foes were hurl'd,  
And Peace and Independence bless'd the world !

Such is the magic of thy name,  
And such the wonders of thy fame ;  
Long may thy offspring calmly rest  
Securely on Columbia's breast ;  
That breast which glows with noble pride,  
To no legitimates allied,  
Save God and Nature—these it owns,  
Above all potentates and thrones ;  
From these the people, every hour,  
Derive and exercise their power ;  
To these amenable for all—  
Masters in whom they stand or fall.  
With such immortal powers allied,  
With God and Nature on our side,  
The glorious era let us hail,  
Which gave to man, so weak, so frail,  
A boon so precious from the sky,  
As Independence—Fourth July.

May all other nations, in time, too, rejoice,  
To have, for their rulers, the men of their choice—  
The King of all kings, but no other obey,  
And bless'd Independence the universe sway.

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## 247 THE VISION OF LIBERTY.

BY HENRY WARE, JR.

THE evening heavens were calm and bright ;  
No dimness rested on the glittering light  
That sparkled from that wilderness of worlds on high :

Those distant suns burn'd on with quiet ray,  
The placid planets held their modest way,  
And silence reign'd profound o'er earth, and sea, and  
sky.

O, what an hour for lofty thought !  
My spirit burn'd within : I caught  
A holy inspiration from the hour.  
Around me man and nature slept ;  
Alone my solemn watch I kept,  
Till morning dawn'd, and sleep resumed her power.

A vision pass'd upon my soul.  
I still was gazing up to heaven,  
As in the early hours of even :  
I still beheld the planets roll,  
And all those countless sons of light  
Flame from the broad blue arch, and guide the moon-  
less night.

When, lo ! upon the plain,  
Just where it skirts the swelling main,  
A massive castle, far and high,  
In towering grandeur broke upon my eye.  
Proud in its strength and years, the ponderous pile  
Flung up its time-defying towers :  
Its lofty gates seem'd scornfully to smile  
At vain assault of human powers,  
And threats and arms deride.  
Its gorgeous carvings of heraldic pride  
In giant masses graced the walls above,  
And dungeons yawn'd below.  
Yet ivy there, and moss, their garlands wove,  
Grave, silent chroniclers of time's protracted flow.

Bursting on my steadfast gaze,  
See, within, a sudden blaze !  
So small at first, the zephyr's slightest swell,  
That scarcely stirs the pine-tree top,  
Nor makes the wither'd leaf to drop,  
The feeble fluttering of that flame would quell.

But soon it spread—  
Waving, rushing, fierce, and red,  
From wall to wall, from tower to tower,  
Raging with resistless power,  
Till every fervent pillar glow'd ;  
And every stone seem'd burning coal,  
Instinct with living heat, that flow'd  
Like streaming radiance from the kindled pole.

Beautiful, fearful, grand,  
Silent as death I saw the fabric stand.  
At length a crackling sound began ;  
From side to side throughout the pile it ran ;  
And louder yet, and louder grew,  
Till now, in rattling thunder-peals it grew,  
Huge, shiver'd fragments from the pillars broke,  
Like fiery sparkles from the anvil's stroke.  
The shatter'd walls were rent and riven,  
And piecemeal driven  
Like blazing comets through the troubled sky.  
'Tis done ; what centuries had rear'd,  
In quick explosion disappear'd,  
Nor even its ruins met my wondering eye.

But in their place,  
Bright with more than human grace,  
Robed in more than mortal seeming,

Radiant glory in her face,  
And eyes, with heaven's own brightness beaming,  
Rose a fair, majestic form,  
As the mild rainbow from the storm.  
I mark'd her smile, I knew her eye;  
And when, with gesture of command,  
She waved aloft the cap-crown'd wand,  
My slumbers fled mid shouts of "Liberty!"

Read ye the dream, and know ye not  
How truly it unlock'd the word of fate?  
Went not the flame from this illustrious spot?  
And spreads it not, and burns in every state?  
And when their old and cumbrous walls,  
Fill'd with this spirit, glow intense,  
Vainly they rear their impotent defence—  
The fabric falls!  
That fervent energy must spread,  
Till despotism's towers be overthrown,  
And in their stead  
Liberty stands alone.

Hasten the day, just Heaven!  
Accomplish thy design;  
And let the blessings thou hast freely given,  
Freely on all men shine,  
Till equal rights be equally enjoy'd,  
And human power for human good employ'd:  
Till law, not man, the sovereign rule sustain,  
And peace and virtue, undisputed, reign.

## 248 THE TRIUMPHS OF LIBERTY.

BY EBENEZER BAILY.

SPIRIT of Freedom, hail !

Whether thy steps are in the sunny vale,  
Where Peace and Happiness reside  
With Innocence and thee, or glide  
To caverns deep, and vestal fountains,  
Mid the stern solitude of mountains,  
Where airy voices still prolong,  
From cliff to cliff, thy jocund song.  
We woo thy presence—thou wilt smile upon  
The full heart's tribute to thy favourite son,  
Who held communion with thee, and unfurl'd  
In light, thy sacred charter to the world.

We feel thy influence, power divine,  
Whose angel smile can make the desert shine ;  
For thou hast left thy mountain's brow,  
And art with men no stranger now.  
Where'er thy joyous train is seen  
Disporting with the merry hours,  
Nature laughs out, in brighter green,  
And wreathes her brow with fairy flowers :  
Pleasure waves her rosy wand,  
Plenty opens wide her hand—  
On Rapture's wings,  
To heaven the choral anthem springs,  
And all around, above, below,  
Exult and mingle, as they glow,  
In such harmonious ecstasies as play'd,  
When earth was new, in Eden's light and shade.

But not in peaceful scenes alone  
Thy steps appear—thy power is known—  
Hark ! the trump ! its thrilling sound  
Echoes on every wind,  
And man awakes, for ages bound  
In leaden lethargy of mind :  
He wakes to life !—earth's teeming plains  
Rejoice in his control ;  
He wakes to strength ! and bursts the chains  
Whose rust was in his soul :  
He wakes to liberty, and walks abroad  
All disenthral'd : the image of his God.

See, on the Andes' fronts of snow  
The battle-fires of Freedom glow !  
Where triumph hails the children of the sun  
Beneath the banner of *their* Washington.  
Go on, victorious Bolivar !  
O ! fail not, faint not, in the war  
Waged for the liberty of nations !  
Go on, resistless as the earthquake's shock,  
When all your everlasting mountains rock  
Upon their deep foundations.

And Greece ! the golden clime of light and song,  
Where infant genius first awoke  
To arts and arms, and godlike story,  
Wept for her fallen sons in bondage long—  
She weeps no more—those sons have broke  
Their fetters—spurn the slavish yoke,  
And emulate their fathers' glory.  
The crescent wanes before the car  
Of Liberty's ascending star,

And Freedom's banners wave upon  
The ruins of the Parthenon ;  
The clash of arms rings in the air,  
As erst it rung at Marathon.  
Let songs of triumph echo there :  
Be free, ye Greeks ! or, failing, die  
In the last trench of liberty.  
Ye hail the name of Washington : pursue  
The path of glory he has mark'd for you.  
But should your recreant limbs submit once more  
To hug the soil your fathers ruled before  
Like gods on earth—if o'er their hallowed graves  
Again their craven sons shall creep as slaves,  
When shall another Byron sing and bleed  
For you ? O, when for you another Webster plead !

Ye Christian kings and potentates,  
Whose sacrilegious leagues have twined  
Oppression's links around your states,  
Say, do ye idly hope to bind  
The fearless heart and thinking mind ?  
When ye can hush the tempest of the deep—  
Make the volcano in its cavern sleep,  
Or stop the hymning spheres, ye may control,  
With sceptred hand, the mighty march of soul.

But what are ye ? and whence your power  
Above the prostrate world to tower,  
And lord it all alone ?  
What god, what fiend, has e'er decreed  
That one shall reign while millions bleed  
To prop the tyrant's throne ?  
Gaze on the ocean ye would sway :  
If, from his tranquil breast, the day

Shine out in beams as bright and fair  
As if the heavens were resting there,  
Ye, in its mirror-surface, may  
See that ye are but men ;  
But should the angry storm-winds pour  
Its chainless surges to the shore,  
Like Canute, ye may then  
A fearful lesson learn : ye ne'er would know  
The weakness of a tyrant's power—how low  
His pride is brought, when, like that troubled sea,  
Men rise in chainless might, determined to be free.

And they will rise who lowly kneel,  
Crush'd by Oppression's iron heel—  
They yet will rise—in such a change as sweeps  
The face of Nature, when the lightning leaps  
From the dark cloud of night ;  
While Heaven's eternal pillars reel afar,  
As o'er them rolls the Thunderer's flaming car—  
And, in the majesty and might  
That freedom gives, my country, follow thee,  
In thy career of strength and glorious liberty.

Immortal Washington ! to thee they pour  
A grateful tribute on thy natal hour,  
Who strike the lyre to Liberty, and twine  
Wreaths for her triumphs—for they all are thine—  
Woo'd by thy virtues to the haunts of men,  
From mountain precipice, and rugged glen,  
She bade thee vindicate the rights of man,  
And in her peerless march 'twas thine to lead the van.

Though no imperial mausoleum rise,  
To point the stranger where the hero lies,



He sleeps in glory. To his humble tomb—  
The shrine of Freedom—pious pilgrims come  
To pay the heartfelt homage, and to share  
The sacred influence that reposes there.  
Say, ye blest spirits of the good and brave,  
Were tears of holier feeling ever shed  
On the proud marble of the regal dead,  
Than gush'd at Vernon's rude and lonely grave,  
When, from your starry thrones, ye saw the son  
He loved and honour'd, weep for Washington.

As fade the rainbow hues of day,  
Earth's gorgeous pageants pass away :  
Its temples, arches, monuments, must fall ;  
For Time's oblivious hand is on them all.  
The proudest kings will end their toil  
To slumber with the humble dead :  
Earth's conquerors mingle with the soil  
That groan'd beneath their iron tread,  
And all the trophies of their power and guilt  
Sink to oblivion with the blood they spilt.  
But still the everlasting voice of Fame  
Shall swell, in anthems, to the patriot's name,  
Who toil'd—who lived—to bless mankind, and hurl'd  
Oppression from the throne,  
Where long she sway'd, remorseless and alone,  
Her scorpion sceptre o'er a shrinking world.  
And though no sculptured marble guards his dust,  
Nor mouldering urn receives the hallow'd trust,  
For him a prouder mausoleum towers,  
That Time but strengthens with his storms and  
showers—

The land he saved, the empire of the free—  
Thy broad and steadfast throne, triumphant Liberty !

---

## 249 THE JERSEY PRISON-SHIP.

BY JOHN W. WHITMAN.

THEY died ! the young, the loved, the brave :  
The death-barge came for them ;  
And where the seas yon crag-rocks lave  
Their nightly requiem,  
They buried them all, and threw the sand,  
Unhallow'dly, o'er that patriot band.

The black-ship, like a demon, sate  
Upon the prowling deep :  
From her came fearful sounds of hate,  
Till pain still'd all in sleep.  
It was the sleep that victims take,  
Tied, tortured, dying at the stake.

Yet some the deep has now updug,  
Their bones are in the sun ;  
And whether by sword, or deadly drug,  
They died—yes, one by one.  
Was it not strange to mortal eye,  
To see them all so strangely die ?

No death upon the field was theirs,  
No war-peal o'er their graves :  
They who were born as Freedom's heirs,  
Were stabb'd like traitor slaves.  
Their patriot hearts were doom'd to feel  
Dishonour—with the victor's steel.

There come upon the stilly eve  
Wild songs from yon wild shore :  
And then the surges more wildly heave  
Their hoarse and growling roar,  
When dead men sing unearthly glees,  
And shout in laughing revelries.

The corpse-light shines, like some pale star,  
From out the dead men's cliff ;  
And the sea-nymphs sail in their coral car,  
With those that are cold and stiff.  
And they sail near the spot of treachery, where  
The tide has left the dark ship bare.

Are they those ancient ones who died  
For freedom, and for me ?  
They are—they point, in martyr'd pride,  
To that spot, upon the sea,  
From whence came once the dying yell,  
From out that wreck—that prison'd hell.

Hark ! hear their chant ! it starts the hair—  
It makes the blood turn cold—  
'Twould make the tiger leave his lair—  
The miser quit his gold.  
And, see ! yon harper, he doth try  
A dead man's note of melody.

## CHANT.

Soundly sleep we in the day,  
And yet we trip it nightly ;  
We sail with the nymphs around each bay  
When the moon peers out most brightly.  
And we chase our foes to their distant graves ;  
For they, like us, are sleeping ;

But they dare not come o'er our bonny waves,  
 For our nightly watch we're keeping.  
 Our spectres visit their foreign homes,  
 And pluck, right merrily,  
 Their bones, which whiten within their tombs,  
 And plant them here—ay! cheerily :  
 For cheerily then we dance and sing,  
 With our spectre-band around them,  
 And the curse and the laugh of scorn we fling,  
 As we tell where our shadows found them.  
 And then we go to the rotting wreck,  
 Where we drank the cup of poison :  
 We laugh and we quaff upon her deck,  
 Till morn comes up the horizon.  
 But skip ye, skip ye, beneath the cliff,  
 For the sun comes up like a fiery skiff,  
 Ploughing the waves of yon blue sky—  
 Hie! laughing spectres! to your homes, haste! hie!

## 250 CONFLAGRATION OF WASHINGTON.

August 24, 1814.—By PHILIP FRENEAU.

— Jam delphobi debit ampla ruinam,  
 Vulcano superante, domus ; jam proximus ardet  
 Ucalegon.—VIRGIL.

Now, George the Third rules not alone,  
 For George the Vandal shares the throne,  
 True flesh of flesh, and bone of bone.

God save us from the fangs of both ;  
 Or, one a Vandal, one a Goth,  
 May roast or broil us into froth.

---

Like Danes, of old, their fleet they man,  
And rove from Beersheba to Dan,  
To burn, and beard us—where they can.

They say, at George the Fourth's command,  
This vagrant host were sent, to land  
And leave in every house a brand.

An idiot only would require  
Such war—the worst they could desire—  
The felon's war—the war of fire.

The warfare, now, the invaders make,  
Must surely keep us all awake,  
Or life is lost for freedom's sake.

They said to Cockburn, "honest Cock !  
To make a noise and give a shock,  
Push off, and burn their navy-dock :

"Their capitol shall be emblazed !  
How will the buckskins stand amazed,  
And curse the day its walls were raised !"

Six thousand heroes disembark :  
Each left at night his floating ark,  
And Washington was made their mark.

That few would fight them—few or none—  
Was by their leaders clearly shown,  
And, "Down," they said, "with Madison !"

How close they crept along the shore !  
As closely as if Rodgers saw her—  
A frigate to a seventy-four.

A veteran host, by veterans led,  
With Ross and Cockburn at their head,  
They came—they saw—they burn'd—and fled.

But not unpunish'd they retired ;  
They something paid, for all they fired,  
In soldiers kill'd, and chiefs expired.

Five hundred veterans bit the dust,  
Who came, inflamed with lucre's lust—  
And so they waste—and so they must.

They left our Congress naked walls—  
Farewell to towers and capitols !  
To lofty roofs and splendid halls !

To courtly domes and glittering things,  
To folly, that too near us clings,  
To courtiers who—'tis well—had wings.

Farewell to all but glorious war,  
Which yet shall guard Potomac's shore,  
And honour lost, and fame restore.

To conquer armies in the field,  
Was, once, the surest method held  
To make a hostile country yield.

The mode is this, now acted on :  
In conflagrating Washington,  
They held our independence gone !

Supposing George's house at Kew  
Were burn'd, (as we intend to do,)  
Would that be burning England too ?

---

Supposing, near the silver Thames  
We laid in ashes their Saint James,  
Or Blenheim palace wrapp'd in flames ;

Made Hampton Court to fire a prey,  
And meanly, then, to sneak away,  
And never ask them, what's to pay ?

Would that be conquering London town ?  
Would that subvert the English throne,  
Or bring the royal system down ?

With all their glare of guards and guns,  
How would they look like simpletons,  
And not at all the lion's sons !

Supposing, then, we take our turn,  
And make it public law, to burn,  
Would not old English honour spurn

At such a mean, insidious plan,  
Which only suits some savage clan—  
And surely not the Englishman !

A doctrine has prevail'd too long ;  
A king, they hold, can do no wrong—  
Merely a pitchfork, without prong :

But de'il may trust such doctrines more ;  
One king, that wrong'd us, long before,  
Has wrongs, by hundreds, yet in store.

He wrong'd us forty years ago ;  
He wrongs us yet, we surely know ;  
He'll wrong us till he gets a blow

That, with a vengeance, will repay  
The mischiefs we lament this day,  
This burning, damn'd, infernal play;  
Will send one city to the sky,  
Its buildings low, and buildings high,  
And buildings—built the Lord knows why;  
Will give him an eternal check,  
That breaks his heart, or breaks his neck,  
And plants our standard on Quebec.

---

**251** TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD  
RUTLEDGE, ESQ.,

Late Governor of South Carolina.—By PHILIP FRENEAU.

REMOVED from life's uncertain stage,  
In virtue firm, in honour clear,  
One of the worthies of our age,  
Rutledge! resigns his station here.  
Alike in arts of war and peace,  
And form'd by Nature to excel,  
From early Rome and ancient Greece  
He modell'd all his actions well.  
When Britons came, with chains to bind,  
Or ravage these devoted lands,  
He our firm league of freedom sign'd,  
And counsell'd how to break their bands.  
To the great cause of honour true,  
He took his part with manly pride;  
His spirit o'er these regions flew,  
The patriots' and the soldiers' guide.



In arts of peace, in war's bold schemes,  
Amongst our brightest stars he moved,  
The Lees, the Moultries, Sumters, Greenes—  
By all admired, by all beloved.

A patriot of superior mould,  
He dared all foreign force oppose,  
Till, from a tyrant's ashes cold,  
The mighty pile of freedom rose.

In process of succeeding days,  
When Peace resumed her joyous reign,  
With laurel-wreaths and twining bays  
He sought less active life again.

There, warm to plead the orphan's cause,  
From Misery's eye to dry the tear,  
He stood where Justice guards the laws,  
At once humane, at once severe.

'Twas not his firm, enlighten'd mind,  
So ardent in affairs of state ;  
'Twas not that he in armies shined  
That made him so completely great :

Persuasion dwelt upon his tongue :  
He spoke—all hush'd, and all were awed ;  
From all he said conviction sprung,  
And crowds were eager to applaud.

Thus long esteem'd, thus early loved,  
The tender husband, friend sincere ;  
The parent, patriot, sage, approved,  
Had now survived his fiftieth year—

Had now the highest honours met  
That Carolina could bestow ;

Presiding o'er that potent state,  
Where streams of wealth and plenty flow ;  
Where Labour spreads her rural reign  
To western regions bold and free ;  
And Commerce, on the Atlantic main,  
Wafts her rich stores of industry ;  
Then left this stage of human things  
To shine in a sublimer sphere,  
Where time to one assemblage brings  
All virtuous minds, all hearts sincere.

---

**252 STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF  
GENERAL WASHINGTON,**

Who died December 14, 1799.—By PHILIP FRENEAU.

*Terra tegit, populus mæret, cælum, habet !*

DEPARTING with the closing age,  
To virtue, worth, and freedom true,  
The chief, the patriot, and the sage  
To Vernon bids his last adieu :  
To reap in some exalted sphere  
The just rewards of virtue here.

Thou, Washington, by Heaven design'd  
To act a part in human things  
That few have known among mankind,  
And far beyond the task of kings ;  
We hail you now to Heaven received  
Your mighty task on earth achieved.

While sculpture and her sister arts  
For thee their choicest wreaths prepare,

Fond Gratitude her share imparts,  
And begs thy bones for burial there ;  
Where, near Virginia's northern bound,  
Swells the vast pile on federal ground.

To call from their obscure abodes  
The Grecian chief, the Roman sage,  
The kings, the heroes, and the gods  
Who flourish'd in Time's earlier age,  
Would be to class them not with you :  
Superior far, in every view.

Those ancients of ferocious mould,  
Blood their delight, and war their trade,  
Their oaths profaned, their countries sold,  
And fetter'd nations prostrate laid ;  
Could these, like you, assert their claim  
To honour and immortal fame ?

Those monarchs, proud of pillaged spoils,  
With nations shackled in their train,  
Returning from their desperate toils  
With trophies, and their thousands slain ;  
In all they did no traits are known  
Like those that honour'd Washington.

Who now will save our shores from harms,  
The task to him so long assign'd ?

Who now will rouse our youth to arms,  
Should war approach to curse mankind ?

Alas ! no more the word you give,  
But in your precepts you survive.

Ah, gone ! and none your place supply,  
Nor will your equal soon appear ;

But that great name can only die  
When Memory dwells no longer here :  
When man, and all his systems, must  
Dissolve, like you, and turn to dust.

---

THE BARON DE KALB was an officer of great military talents and of very respectable character. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Camden, fought on the 16th of August, 1780. He died rejoicing in the services he had rendered America in her struggle for independence, and gloried with his latest breath in the honour of dying in so righteous a cause. He was buried near the village of Camden, and an ornamental tree planted at the head of his grave.

### 253 ON SEEKING THE GRAVE OF BARON DE KALB.

BORN in the reach of splendour, pomp, and power,  
He spurn'd at honours unattain'd by worth ;  
And, fostering Freedom in a glorious hour,  
Preferr'd her cause to all the pride of birth.

In Freedom's virtuous cause, alert, he rose ;  
In Freedom's virtuous cause, undaunted, bled ;

He died for Freedom mid a host of foes,  
And found, in Camden's plains, an honour'd bed.

But where, O ! where's the hallow'd sod,  
Beneath whose verd the hero's ashes sleep ?

Is this the cold, neglected, mouldering clod ?  
Or that the grave at which I ought to weep ?

Why rises not some massy pillar high,  
To grace a name that fought for Freedom's prize ?

Or, why, at least, some rudely-etch'd stone nigh,  
To show the spot where matchless valour lies ?

Yet, soldier, thy illustrious name is known,  
Thy fame supported, and thy worth confess'd ;

---

That peerless virtue, which in danger shone,  
Is shining still, when thou art laid in rest.

And though no monumental scrip is seen,  
Thy worth to publish, and thy deeds proclaim,

Each son of Freedom, passing near this green,  
Shall hail De Kalb, and venerate his name.

---

KOSCIUSKO was a Polish count: in his earlier days he enjoyed the confidence of his sovereign, by whom he had been frequently employed in a military character. Early in the revolutionary war he came to America, and offered his services to General WASHINGTON, who received him with cordiality, and gave him a command. After the peace which acknowledged the independence of the United States, he returned to Poland, where he greatly distinguished himself in an attempt to liberate his country from the odious vassalage of Russia. The attempt was foiled; Poland was dismembered; and Kosciusko, dangerously wounded, was cast into a prison near Petersburg, where he was released on the accession of Paul. He then went to London, where, emaciated as he was by his wounds and his sufferings, he became an object of jealousy to the government, by which he was ordered to depart the country. He came thence to America, where he was welcomed as his valour and his virtues deserved, and rewarded as justice and gratitude demanded. The following lines (by Dr. Walcot) were written when Kosciusko was going to embark for America.

## 254 TO GENERAL KOSCIUSKO.

BY PETER PINDAR.

O THOU, whose wounds from Pity's eye  
Could force the stream and bid her sigh,

That godlike valour bled in vain:

Sigh that the land which gave them birth  
Should droop its sorrowing head to earth,

And, groaning, curse the despot's chain!

Her beams around shall Glory spread,  
 Where'er thy star thy steps shall lead,  
 And Fame thy every deed repeat ;  
 Each heart in suffering Virtue's cause  
 Shall swell amid the loud applause,  
 And, raptured, catch a kindred heat.

In Fancy's eye, thy friend, the Muse,  
 Thy bark from wave to wave pursues,  
 With fondest wish to join the way,  
 To view the shore where Freedom reigns,  
 (An exile long from British plains,)  
 And blesses millions by her sway.

While thou, in Peace's purple vale,  
 Fair Freedom, Fame, and Health shall hail,  
 At ease reclined amid the shade—  
 Britannia's wail will wound thy ear ;  
 And, lo ! I see thy generous tear  
 Embalms her laurels as they fade.

## 255 FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

"Festo quid potius die  
 Neptuni faciam ? prome reconditum  
 Lyde, strenua cœcubum," &c.

'Tis the day, dearest wife, when all hearts should be  
 glad ;

Shall I then be sober alone ?

Let me hear no complaints, see no visages sad,  
 Nor to-day our misfortunes bemoan.

Bring that cask of old whisky, my boast and my pride,  
 That in seventy-six was distill'd ;

---

To Washington's health it was quaff'd till he died,  
And now in his name shall be fill'd.

My life's day is closing, but e'er it departs,  
My old clay for the last time I'll wet  
In a bumper to him who was "first in our hearts,"  
And is first in our gratitude yet.

And I'll join with his name those brave youths who  
have proved

For their country they knew how to bleed,  
Noble Lawrence and Allen, lamented and loved,  
And Burrows, a hero indeed !

---

## 256 TO CAPTAIN DAVID PORTER.

WHEN Grecian bands lent Persia's legions aid,  
On Asia's shores their banners wide display'd,  
Though Heaven denied success, their leader's name  
Has still rank'd foremost in the rolls of Fame ;  
Hence the retreat, the theme of every tongue,  
'Through every age and clime incessant rung ;  
With Zenophon the bard adorn'd his lays,  
And gave the mighty chief immortal praise ;  
With him the historian graced his proudest page,  
And bade his glories live through every age :  
Thus thine, O, Porter, shall, in lays sublime  
Of future poets, live through endless time ;  
Thy noble daring, though with adverse fate,  
The rich, historic page shall long relate,  
And the glad voice of freemen's loud acclaim,  
Teach lisping Infancy thy honour'd name.  
—O, may, great chieftain, that Almighty power,  
Whose shield was o'er thee in the battle-hour,

When round thee fell thy brave, heroic band,  
Still guard thee safely, with protecting hand,  
In future conflicts!—and in health restore  
Thee to thy friends and happy native shore!

---

## 257

## THE REVOLUTIONERS.

BY GEORGE B. WALLIS.

As stars, before the morning light,  
With the thin azure seem to mix;  
Thus ye are fading from our sight,  
Spirits of Seventy-six.

And, veterans of that stormy strife,  
A health to you—"A nation's praise  
Gladden the winter of your life,  
The evening of your days."

Fathers of Freedom! ye have built  
A temple worthy of your stock—  
Cemented, by the blood ye spilt,  
Into a solid rock.

And may it stand till time shall cease,  
The idol of our country's youth;  
As firm as Justice—fair as Peace:  
As beautiful as Truth.

Old soldiers! you may boast to be  
Some of the hope-forlorn, that hurl'd  
The haughty tyrant of the sea  
Off from the western world.

And he is now supremely bless'd  
Who, on the field of battle, still



---

Can show its scars upon his breast,  
Or tell of Bunker's hill.

Or of that dark and wintry night,  
When Providence was pleased to bear  
The army, safely, in its flight  
Across the Delaware.

Beneath the flag of stripes and stars  
What deeds of valour have been done!  
Among the freeborn sons of Mars,  
It stood by Washington—

“A pillar of a cloud by day,  
A pillar of fire throughout the night;”  
The solace of the weary way,  
The spirit of the fight.

Our tree was planted by the sword—  
'Tis nurtured by the plough and spade:  
And nations now, of one accord,  
Rejoice beneath its shade.

And, hoary warriors, while ye stay  
Among us, it shall be our aim  
To manifest a will to pay  
The debt ye well may claim.

And to the graves of Freedom's band  
The striplings of our sons shall bring  
The future daughters of the land,  
To strew the flowers of spring.

**258 THE BIRTH-DAY OF WASHINGTON.**

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

WHY swell a million hearts as one  
With memories of the past?  
Why rings out yon deep thunder-gun  
Upon the rushing blast?  
Why hold the beautiful and brave  
The jubilee of earth?  
It is, it is the day that gave  
Our patriot hero birth.

We offer here a sacrifice  
Of hearts to him who came  
To guard young Freedom's paradise  
With sword of living flame :  
To him who, in War's whirlwind loud,  
Rode like an angel form,  
And set his glory on the cloud—  
A halo of the storm.

A hundred years, with all their trains  
Of shadow, have gone by,  
And yet his glorious name remains—  
A sound that cannot die !  
'Tis graven on the hill, the vale,  
And on the mountain tall,  
And speaks in every sounding gale,  
And roaring waterfall !

No marble, on his resting-spot,  
Its sculptured column rears :  
But his is still a nobler lot—  
A grateful nation's tears.

Old Time, that bids the marble bow,  
Makes green each laurel leaf  
That blooms upon the sainted brow  
Of our immortal chief!

His deeds were ours—but through the world  
That mighty name will be,  
Where glory's banner is unfurl'd,  
The watchword of the free—  
And as they bend their eagle eyes  
On Victory's burning sun,  
Their shouts will echo to the skies—  
“Our God and Washington!”

---

## 259 AN ELEGY ON THE BURNING OF FAIRFIELD.

BY DAVID HUMPHREYS.

GOVERNOR Tryon and General Garth, with a party of Tories, British and German vaughers, landed at Fairfield, Conn., the 7th of July, 1779. The American militia, conscious of their inability to contend with success, from a mistaken reliance on the generosity and compassion of the British, and misplaced confidence in Tryon, with whom many of them were personally acquainted, retreated, and in very many instances left their families, as well as property, to the mercy of the enemy, who found in the town only women, children, and aged men. The soldiery spared neither age, sex, or condition: their persons were abused, their houses rifled, and a general pillage and burning of every thing valuable closed this outrage upon humanity.—It was thought that this brief historical sketch might not be unacceptable as a preface to the poem of Col. Humphreys.

YE smoking ruins, marks of hostile ire,  
Ye ashes warm, which drink the tears that flow—

~~~~~  
Ye desolated plains, my voice inspire,
And give soft music to the song of wo !

How pleasant, Fairfield, on the enraptured sight
Rose thy tall spires, and oped thy social halls !
How oft my bosom beat with pure delight,
At yonder spot where stand the darken'd walls !

But there the voice of mirth resounds no more,
A silent sadness through the streets prevails :
The distant main alone is heard to roar,
And hollow chimneys hum with sullen gales—

Save where scorch'd elms the untimely foliage shed,
Which, rustling, hovers round the faded green—
Save where, at twilight, mourners frequent tread,
Mid recent graves, o'er desolation's scene.

How changed the blissful prospect, when compared,
These glooms funereal, with thy former bloom,
Thy hospitable rites when Tryon shared,
Long ere he sealed thy melancholy doom !

That impious wretch, with coward voice, decreed
Defenceless domes and hallow'd fanes to dust ;
Beheld, with sneering smile, the wounded bleed,
And spurr'd his bands to rapine, blood, and lust.

Vain was the widow's, vain the orphan's cry,
To touch his feelings, or to sooth his rage—
Vain the fair drop that roll'd from beauty's eye,
Vain the dumb grief of supplicating age.

Could Tryon hope to quench the patriot flame,
Or make his deeds survive in Glory's page ?
Could Britons seek of savages the fame,
Or deem it conquest, thus the war to wage ?

~~~~~  
Yes, Britons! scorn the counsels of the skies,  
Extend wide havoc, spurn the insulted foes;  
The insulted foes to tenfold vengeance rise—  
Resistance growing as the danger grows.

Red in their wounds, and pointing to the plain,  
The visionary shapes before me stand—  
The thunder bursts, the battle burns again,  
And kindling fires encrimson all the strand.

Long, dusky wreaths of smoke, reluctant driven,  
In blackening volumes o'er the landscape bend:  
Here the broad splendour blazes high to heaven—  
There, umber'd streams in purple pomp ascend.

In fiery eddies, round the tottering walls,  
Emitting sparks, the lighter fragments fly:  
With frightful crash the burning mansion falls,  
The works of years in glowing embers lie.

Tryon, behold thy sanguine flames aspire!  
Clouds tinged with dyes intolerably bright:  
Behold, well-pleased, the village wrapp'd in fire!  
Let one wide ruin glut thy ravish'd sight!

Ere fades the grateful scene, indulge thine eye,  
See age and sickness, tremulously slow,  
Creep from the flames—see babes in torture die,  
And mothers swoon in agonies of wo.

Go, gaze! enraptured with the mother's tear,  
The infant's terror, and the captive's pain,  
Where no bold bands can check thy cursed career—  
Mix fire with blood on each unguarded plain!

These be thy triumphs! this thy boasted fame!  
Daughters of memory, raise the deathless songs!

Repeat through endless years his hated name—  
Embalm his crimes, and teach the world our wrongs.

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## 260 THE GENIUS OF AMERICA.

Written during the insurrections in Massachusetts, in the year 1787.

BY DAVID HUMPHREYS.

*Tune—"The Watery God, &c."*

WHERE spirits dwell, and shadowy forms,  
On Andes' cliffs, mid blackening storms,  
With livid lightnings curl'd;

The awful genius of our clime  
In thunder raised his voice sublime,  
And hush'd the listening world.

"In lonely waves and wastes of earth,  
A mighty empire claims its birth,  
And Heaven asserts the claim :  
The sails that hang in yon dim sky,  
Proclaim the promised era nigh,  
Which wakes a world to fame.

"Hail, ye first bounding barks that roam  
Blue, tumbling billows, topp'd with foam,  
Which keel ne'er plough'd before !  
Here suns perform their useless round,  
Here rove the naked tribes, embrown'd,  
Who feed on living gore.

"To midnight orgies, (offering dire !)  
The human sacrifice on fire,  
A heavenly light succeeds—  
But, lo ! what horrors intervene,  
The toils severe, the carnaged scene,  
And more than mortal deeds !

~~~~~  
"Ye fathers, spread your fame afar,
'Tis yours to still the sounds of war,
And bid the slaughter cease ;
The peopling hamlets wide extend,
The harvests spring, the spires ascend,
Mid grateful songs of peace.

"Shall steed to steed, and man to man,
With discord thundering in the van,
Again destroy the bliss ?
Enough my mystic words reveal,
The rest the shades of night conceal
In Fate's profound abyss."



261

SONG,

Written for and sung at an entertainment given at Annapolis to Lieut. George Mann and
Dr. Harwood, of the U. S. Navy.

BY JOHN SHAW, M. D.

Now the war-blast is blown, and the thunders are still,
And the blue gleam of steel lies asleep in the sheath,
And to peace and to mirth the full bumpers we fill,
While the ear shrinks no more at the echo of death.

Yet still, not ungrateful, the deeds of the brave
Our heart's strongest impulse shall eagerly tell,
And on those who have sunk in a watery grave
With a sorrowing tear still shall memory dwell.

The sons of our fathers have proved to the world
That the blood in their veins beats for freedom as
high,

And wherever the red-striped flag is unfurl'd,
Like them they can conquer, like them they can die.

Though shackles a while may the eagle entwine,
And forbid him the strong-sinewed wing to display,
Yet break but the bands that his ardour confine,
And he mingles his flight with the blaze of the day.

Behold, where, in Afric's far regions, a band,
Though few, yet determined, all peril defy,
Their prospect by day but the hot, gleaming sand—
Their bed the hard desert—their shelter the sky.

Yet still they urge forward—'tis glory that calls,
Whose sovereign impulse leads onward the brave,
And the cluster'd stars rise o'er Derna's proud walls,
And the wan crescent fades, and descends in the
wave.

Then fill up the bumper—a tribute of fame,
Though 'tis small, yet 'tis all we now have to give :
Yet, while memory holds seat in our bosoms, the
names
Of Eaton, and Mann, and O'Bannen shall live.

262 THE BARBARY CAPTIVE RELEASED.

BLEST country of freedom ! no longer my home !
In my boyhood I loved o'er your green fields to roam :
Columbia ! still sweet to my ear is the sound,
Though now I'm a captive, dishonour'd and bound.

Dear land of my birth ! where my kindred all dwell,
Couldst thou see thy lost son in this comfortless cell,
Pale, starving, a slave, and with irons compress'd,
Thy vengeance would rise, and his woes be redress'd.

While millions thy bloom-scented breezes inhale,
And on thy rich harvests of plenty regale,
Here, far from the shores of abundance and health,
My wretchedness adds to a rude tyrant's wealth.

Enfeebled and weary, throughout the long day
I toil in the sun, where no pure zephyrs play :
No food fit for man doth my hunger assuage,
Nor cool draughts extinguish my thirst's burning rage.

When night o'er the world drops her curtains of gloom,
I am plunged in the damps of this horrible tomb,
Where nought can be heard but the clanking of chains,
And moaning of slaves that give vent to their pains.

Ah, then, my dear country ! on Fancy's free wing,
To thy bosom I fly, while Memory's keen sting,
Its tortures suspending, a moment lies sheathed,
And I dance o'er the scenes where my infancy breathed.

Their pomp to my view thy grand mountains disclose,
And I gaze where the skies on their summits repose ;
Thy valleys of beauty once more I behold,
And the loved of my heart in my arms I enfold.

But, alas ! as the kiss of affection I take,
A groan breaks the dream, and my senses awake :
A dungeon surrounds me—the ocean's broad wave
From the country of freedom divides the poor slave.

My sweet little infants, and partner endear'd,
My brothers and sisters, my parents revered,
Your tears and your sighs, your dishevelled gray hairs,
Are proof of your anguish, your sorrow and cares.

But happy, ah ! happy indeed were my doom,
If, as you conjecture, the sea were my tomb ;

But deeper, more poignant, your sobs and your woes,
Could you see me in fetters—degraded with blows.

Columbia, my country! whose generous blood
Controll'd the strong surges of tyranny's flood,
When England was mistress of ocean's domain—
How long shall thy sons in vile bondage complain?

The dawn through my grates the thick darkness dis-
solves,

And again the huge bolt of my dungeon revolves;
That monster's dread step is a prelude to pains,
When the lash that he bears will drink blood from
my veins.

Hark! what notes of sweet music! they thrill through
my soul:

Columbia's own strain is that soft melting roll!
Gracious Heaven! my dear countrymen once more I
view!

Hail, Liberty's banner! ye base tyrants adieu.

My wrongs are all cancelled—your shore is receding—
My country has freed me, my heart has ceased bleed-
ing—

In the arms of affection I soon shall be bless'd,
And my dust with the dust of my fathers shall rest.



263 INSCRIPTION PROPOSED FOR THE MONUMENT OF WASHINGTON.

ART thou a candidate for virtuous fame,
Who gazest on this everlasting name?

Then make the deeds, whose splendours round it glow,
The exemplar whence thy virtuous actions flow.
Wouldst thou those high sublime achievements learn?
To History's proudest, brightest volumes turn.
Whate'er of goodness God to man imparts—
Whate'er of greatness dwells in human hearts—
And all of wisdom that exalts the mind,
In Washington harmoniously combined.
He waked to life on Freedom's chosen shore,
And early caught her flame, and drank her lore.
When, thundering o'er the ocean's gloomy waves,
Oppression came to make Columbians slaves,
He grasp'd the sword, and, rising in his might,
Call'd on her sons, and march'd to glorious fight.
Back roll'd the invading blast, and Victory's peal
Proclaim'd the power that edged his flaming steel.
Then was employed his unambitious mind
To quell the feuds the conflict left behind :
And, as in battle, he, in council great,
Became the guardian of the rising state.
His country is the page of his renown,
And bliss eternal his rewarding crown.

264

NEW ENGLAND.

BY PERCIVAL.

HAIL to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast;
The sepulchre of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on Glory's brightest bed,

A fearless host ;
No slave is here—our unchain'd feet
Walk freely, as the waves that beat
Our coast.

Our fathers cross'd the ocean's wave
To seek this shore ;
They left behind the coward slave
To welter in his living grave ;
With hearts unbent, high, steady, brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils as meaner souls had quell'd ;
But souls like these, such toils impell'd
To soar.

Hail to the morn, when first they stood
On Bunker's height ;
And fearless stemm'd the invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mow'd in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight ;
O ! 'twas a proud, exulting day !
For even our fallen fortunes lay
In light.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore ;
Thou art the shelter of the free ;
The home, the port of Liberty
Thou hast been, and shall ever be,
Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,
On which we rest ;
And, rising from the hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And Slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free the oppress'd—
All who the wreath of Freedom twine,
Beneath the shadow of their vine,
Are bless'd.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,
And here we stand—
Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
And on our heads their fury pour,
And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
And storm our land ;
They still shall find our lives are given
To die for home ; and leant on Heaven
Our hand.

265

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

THE pilgrim fathers—where are they ?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore :
Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day,
When the May-Flower moor'd below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.
The mists, that wrapp'd the pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide ;

And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens look'd dark, is gone ;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—saint'd name !
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;—
But the pilgrim, where is he ?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest :
When Summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dress'd,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallow'd spot is cast ;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim spirit has not fled :
It walks in noon's broad light ;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-Flower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

**266 SONNET ON THE REVOLUTIONARY
WAR IN AMERICA.**

BY DAVID HUMPHREYS.

WHEN civil war awaked his wrathful fire,
I saw the Britons' burnings stain the sky;
I saw the combat rage with ruthless ire—
Weltering in gore the dead and dying lie.

How devastation crimson'd on my eye,
When swoon'd the frighten'd maid; the matron fled,
And wept her missing child with thrilling cry;
Old men on staffs, and sick men, from their bed
Crept, while the foe the conflagration sped!

So broods, in upper skies, that tempest dire,
Whence fiercer heat these elements shall warm:
What time in robes of blood, and locks of fire,
The exterminating angel's awful form
Blows the grave-rending blast, and guides the red-
dening storm.

**267 SONNET ON THE DEATH OF
WASHINGTON.**

BY DAVID HUMPHREYS.

HARK, friends! what sobs of sorrow—moans of grief,
On every gale, through every region spread!
Hark! how the western world bewails our chief,
Great Washington—his country's father—dead!
Our living light expiring with his breath,
His bright example still illumines our way

Through the dark valley of thy shadow, Death,
To realms on high—of life without decay.
Faint, he relied on heavenly help alone,
While conscience cheer'd the inevitable hour;
When fades the glare of grandeur, pomp of power,
And all the pageantry that gems a throne.
Then, from his hallow'd track, who shall entice
Columbia's sons, to tread the paths of vice?

268

AMERICAN UNION.

WHILE Britain, with despotic sway,
Would at her feet our freedom lay,
We raised the standard—"To arms! to arms!" we
cried:
Our patriots fought—they bled—they died:
Independent Columbians they would be,
Resolved to perish or be free.

Great Washington did there command:
He led the bold, heroic band—
They fought and conquer'd—Columbia's sons were
free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Independent Columbians they would be,
Resolved to perish or be free.

When France her struggle first began
For liberty—the rights of man—
Glowing with ardour—with ardour in a cause—
We scorn'd that a king should give her laws.

Independent—may Gallia still be free :
They fought at first for liberty.
But, France, you now forget your friend,
Our amity is at an end.

269

WASHINGTON.

HAIL! godlike Washington!
Fair Freedom's chosen son,
Born to command!
While this great globe shall roll,
Thy deeds, from pole to pole,
Shall shake Columbia's soul
With virtue's praise.
Millions, unborn, to save—
Freedom to worlds he gave—
Liberty's chief.
Terrific god of war,
Seated in Victory's car,
Fame hails him from afar,
Virginia's boast.

270

ADDRESS TO WASHINGTON.

BY GOV. LIVINGSTON, OF NEW JERSEY.

SAY, on what hallow'd altar shall I find
A sacred spark that can again light up
The muse's ardour in my wane of life,
And warm my bosom with poetic fire,
Extinguish'd long—and yet, O Washington,
Thy worth unequall'd, thy heroic deeds,

Thy patriot virtues, and high-soaring fame,
Prompt, irresistibly, my feeble arm,
To grasp the long-forgotten lyre, and join
The universal chorus of thy praise.

When urged by thirst of arbitrary sway
And overweening pride, a ruthless king
Grim, spurn'd us, suppliants from his haughty
throne,

And, in the tyrant, all the father lost—
When, to our prayers with humble duty urged,
He, Pharaoh-like, his heart obdurate steel'd,
Denouncing dreadful vengeance, unprovoked,
And all the dire calamities of war,
No ray of mercy beaming from his brow,
No olive-branch extended in his hand—
A sword unsheathed, or ignominious yoke,
The only sad alternative proposed :
Then, with one voice, thy country call'd thee forth—
Thee, Washington, she call'd—with modest blush,
But, soul undaunted, thou the call obey'dst
To lead her armies to the martial field.
Thee, Washington, she call'd to draw the sword,
And rather try the bloody chance of war
In virtue's cause, than suffer servile chains—
Intolerable bondage !—to enclose
The limbs of those whom God created free.

Lured by thy fame, with thy great virtues
charm'd,
And by thy valour fired, around thee pour'd
America's long-injured sons, resolved
To meet the veteran troops who oft had borne
Britannia's name, in thunder, round the world.
With warrior bands, by Liberty impell'd,

~~~~~  
And all their country glowing at their heart,  
And prodigal of blood, when she required,  
Though destitute of war's essential aids,  
(The well-stored armoury, the nitrous grain,  
The roaring cannon, and death-bearing ball,)  
Thou madest the solemn, dread appeal to Heaven—  
The solemn, dread appeal the Almighty heard,  
And smiled success. Unfabled Astrea weigh'd  
Our cause in her eternal scales, and found  
It just : while all-directing Providence,  
Invisible, yet seen, mysterious, crown'd,  
And more than crown'd our hopes ; and, strange to tell !  
Made British infidels, like Lucifer,  
Believe and tremble. Thou, with troops new raised,  
Undisciplined—nor to the tented field  
Inured, hast kept the hostile host aloof,  
And oft discomfited : while Victory  
The laurel wreath around thy temples twined :  
And Trenton, Princeton, prove thy bold emprise ;  
Names then unknown to song, illustrious now,  
Deriving immortality from thee.

Proceed, heaven-guided chief, nor be dismay'd  
At foreign myriads, or domestic foes ;  
(The best have foes, and foes evince their worth ;)   
Soon, by one danger roused, one soul inspired,  
One cause defending, on one goal intent,  
From every quarter whence the winds can blow,  
Assembled hosts their hero shall attend,  
Determin'd to be free. 'Them shalt thou lead—  
To conquest lead, and make the tyrant rue  
His execrable purpose to enslave,  
And teach e'en British folly to be wise.

Far as the encircling sun his chariot drives,

Thy fame shall spread : thy grateful country own  
Her millions, saved by thy victorious arm,  
And rear eternal monuments of praise.

The arduous task absolved—the truncheon broke  
Of future glory, liberty, and peace,  
The strong foundations laid, methinks I see  
The godlike hero gracefully retire,  
And (blood-stained Mars for fair Pomona changed)  
His rural seat regain. His rural seat,  
At his long-wish'd return, fresh-blooming smiles,  
And, in expressive silence, speaks her joy.  
There, recollecting oft thy past exploits,  
(Feast of the soul, ne'er cloying appetite,)  
And, still assiduous for the public weal,  
Incumbent duty ne'er effaced—amidst  
Sequester'd haunts ; and, in the calm of life  
Methinks I see thee, Solon-like, design  
The future grandeur of confederate states  
High-towering ; or, for legislation met,  
Adjust in senate what thou savedst in war.  
And when, by thousands wept, thou shalt resign  
Thy sky-infused, and sky-returning spark,  
May light supernal gild the mortal hour,  
But mortal to translate thee into life  
That knows not death. Then heaven's all-ruling Sire  
Shall introduce thee to thy glad compeers,  
The Hampdens, Sidneys, Freedom's genuine sons !  
And Brutus' venerable shade, high raised  
On thrones erected in the taste of Heaven,  
Distinguish'd thrones for patriot demigods,  
(Who, for their country's weal, or toil'd or bled,)  
And one reserved for thee : there envy's shafts  
Nor tyrants e'er intrude—nor slavery clanks

---

Her galling chain; but star-crowned Liberty,—  
Resplendent goddess!—everlasting reigns.

---

## 271

## ODE

On the establishment of the Constitution, and the election  
of Washington as President.

God of our fathers! need we trace  
The miseries of a former race,  
To learn true conduct from recorded woes?  
But now, our errors and our crimes  
Drew down thy judgments on the times—  
Black, o'er our heads, a tempest rose:  
Soon all the heavens were in a flame,  
Pointing to blast our peace and fame.  
But, O! thy mercy turn'd the storm aside,  
Deign'd to becalm the raging seas,  
Deign'd to diffuse the swelling breeze,  
And to the port of peace our vessel guide.  
Our "pilot," saved through such a watery war,  
Sits at the helm, and points to hope's bright star;  
And, Thou, his guide, he bids us boldly go,  
Whatever rocks oppose, whatever tempests blow.

---

## 272

## INVITATION TO AMERICA.

HITHER, ye poor and persecuted, come,  
To taste the comforts of a kinder doom!  
Ye, whose high souls, with gallant warmth, disdain  
To flatter and betray for sordid gain:

To slaver, like a dog, a tyrant's hand,  
And crouch obedient to his vile command ;  
To practise arts, disgraceful to the brave,  
Fit for a faithless, fawning, cringing slave,  
And here, in fields as eminently bless'd,  
As those which erst the chosen race possess'd,  
From bondage led to the delightful land,  
By their meek ruler, and Jehovah's hand,  
And here devote to Freedom's sacred name,  
With curious skill, a temple we will frame,  
Which upon Doric pillars shall be borne,  
And a severe simplicity adorn ;  
Such as nor Athens e'er, nor Sparta plann'd,  
Nor Rome, the dread and wonder of each land :  
Which, heaven-protected, ever shall defy  
The traitor's arts and rage of tyranny—  
Or, if it should be spoil'd, yet not before  
Its martyr's blood around its site we pour.

---

## 273

## THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

WHEN Heaven resolved Columbia should be free,  
And Independence spake the great decree,  
Lo ! Adams rose—a giant in debate,  
And turn'd that vote\* which fixed our empire's fate.  
In Europe, next, the minister behold,  
Who treaties form'd, and melted hearts of gold ;†  
Maintain'd the honour of our rising name,  
And, as a nation, gave us rank and fame !

---

\* Vote of Independence.

† Loans effected with Holland.

When allied armies triumph'd in the field,  
And full-plumed Victory made proud Britain yield,  
When Washington commanded "wars to cease,"  
He crown'd our triumphs by a glorious peace.  
For these, his country pours its honours down,  
And ranks him next her first, her darling son.  
Long may they rule, in sentiment allied,  
Columbia's safeguard, glory, boast, and pride.

---

## 274 ON GENERAL WASHINGTON.

SEE! Freedom's ensign glittering waves unfurl'd!  
There, stamp'd in gold, appears the hero's name  
Whose deeds are echoed round the admiring world;  
And distant ages shall record his fame.

'Twas his to stem the dreadful tide of war;  
'Twas his to teach the battle where to rage:  
With sounding pinions Victory shades his car,  
His legions eye him, eager to engage.

Calmly he views each army's dread array,  
And seems himself the bulwark of the field:  
His skill, superior, turns the doubtful day:  
His foes were Britons—long unused to yield.

Death, circling, flew around the ensanguined plain:  
There Fate, with fury, drove her maddening car;  
With human gore the clotted wheels distain'd,  
And view'd, exulting, all the waste of war.

The tide of blood which late o'erflowed the field,  
Fann'd by the breezes, stiffens in the glade:

A brother's with a brother's is congeal'd,  
And sons of Britons are with Britons laid.

The battle finish'd, and the carnage o'er,  
The vanquish'd see him, and confess his worth:  
His eye, averted, shuns the flood of gore,  
The noblest hero, and best son of earth.

---

**275**

## AN AMERICAN SONG.

*Tune—"King William's March."*

O'ER fair Columbia's awful brow,  
Dark clouds revolving rose,  
Till Truth's bright rays dispell'd the gloom,  
And recognised her foes.

In Freedom's temple, anarchy  
Had lurk'd, delusive sprite,  
But patriotism rent the veil,  
And dragg'd him into light.

Before the fathers of the land,  
In solemn state convened,  
The impious fiend was found to stand,  
His many faults unscreen'd.

They bid the miscreant begone  
Where night and chaos reign,  
Placed Concord on Columbia's throne,  
There ever to remain.

Who dare divide us?—spurn the thought:  
No diplomatic skill  
With golden bribe shall e'er divide  
Our government and will.



---

The wondering world, in mute surprise,  
See Peace and Honour sway :  
United, firm, sublime we'll rise  
Where Honour points the way.

Sustain'd by Freedom's fostering hand  
The rising arts shall shine,  
And Science, with her flowery wreaths,  
Each youthful brow entwine.

Gay Commerce, with her sails unfurl'd  
Our brilliant flag displays,  
Our stars shall glitter through the world  
And light it with their rays.

Thy copious bowl bring, Plenty, bring,  
For joy thy sons shall crown :  
While we, in chorus, drink and sing  
Adams and Washington.



## 276

## FEDERAL SONG

Sung at the grand Procession at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

*Tune—"He comes! he comes!"*

It comes! it comes! high raise the song!  
The bright procession moves along :  
From pole to pole resound the "nine,"\*  
And distant worlds the chorus join.

In vain did Britain forge the chain  
While countless squadrons hid the plain,

---

\* The nine states which had then ratified the Federal Constitution.

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Hantonia, foremost of the "nine,"  
Defied their force, and took Burgoyne.

*To the Tune—"Smile, smile, Britannia."*

When Peace resumed her seat,  
And Freedom seem'd secure,  
Our patriot sages met,  
That freedom to insure.  
Then every eye on us was turn'd,  
And every breast, indignant, burn'd.

That haughty race (they said)  
All government despise :  
Skill'd in the martial trade—  
More valiant, far, than wise,  
Though Pallas leads them to the field,  
Her aid in council is withheld.

False charge! the goddess cried :  
I made each hardy son,  
Who, in war's purple tide  
First laid the corner-stone,  
His utmost energy employ  
To bring the top-stone forth with joy.

*To the first tune—"He comes!"*

'Tis done! the glorious fabric's rear'd!  
Still be New-Hampshire's sons revered,  
Who fix'd its base in blood and scars,  
And stretch'd its turrets to the stars!

*To the tune—"When Britons first."*

See! each industrious art moves on  
To ask protection, praise, and fame :  
The ploughman by his tools is known,  
And Vulcan, Neptune join their claim.

---

Allow them all, and wisely prove  
Naught can exist long without love.

Love binds in peace the universe ;  
By love societies combine ;  
Love prompts the poet's rapturous verse,  
And makes these humble lays divine ;  
Then shout for union, heaven-born dame !  
And crown the goblet to her name.

*To the first tune—"He comes !"*

May Hampshire's sons, in peace and war  
Supremely great, both laurels wear ;  
From every rival bear the prize  
Till the last blaze involves the skies.

---

## 277 SONNET TO GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

ILLUSTRIOUS general of the Gallic band,  
And patriot hero of that favour'd land  
Where dawning Liberty begins to spread ;  
Extend thy banners and unfurl thy sails—  
May heaven bless thee with propitious gales,  
And lasting laurels circle round thy head.

Convince the world that Freedom's magic flame  
Can tumble tyrants from their stately thrones—  
Cover the despot with disgrace and shame,  
And him exalt who now in slavery groans.

To raise to native dignity the man  
Who bows the knee to any earthly lord ;  
To model freedom on a glorious plan :  
Be this thy work—and glory thy reward.

## 278

## TO LA FAYETTE.

From the French.

O, THOU young chief, Fayette, the good and brave,  
Freedom's firm friend beyond the Atlantic wave;  
While Glory mentions, France repeats thy name;  
And Time consigns it to immortal Fame!  
Though spots the fame of our first heroes stain,  
Since, chaining foes, they riveted our chain;  
Yet Fayette breaks oppression's iron rod,  
A patriot deem'd, thence grows a demigod.

---

## 279

## THE WASHINGTON COIN.

CAN wits or serious sages say  
Why Congress should refuse that head  
A place upon their coin this day,  
O'er which the world hath laurels spread?

Yes, Liberty, celestial maid,  
By whom its right to crown was given,  
The eager hands of Congress stay'd;  
And claim'd that place as sent by Heaven.

"Shall WASHINGTON, my favourite child,  
Be rank'd 'mongst haughty kings?" she cried;  
"Of manners pure, affections mild,  
For wild ambition be decried?"

"Or shall each vile successor share  
That honour which you think his due?  
Or, granting this were right, who dare  
This path of monarchies pursue?"

- 
- “Because a sycophantic race  
Worshipp’d, in every form, their kings;  
And on their coins, to their disgrace,  
Placed them, if wise or silly things:
- “Because (for this you have been told)  
Their lands, their lives, were not their own,  
Of course their silver and their gold  
Were his who sat upon their throne—
- “Shall sons of this enlightened land,  
Neglecting thus their sacred right,  
As if not yet they understand  
Why Heaven has favoured them in fight,
- “Thus madly mimic thoughtless tools?  
Let busts, let monuments arise  
To Washington! not like those fools  
On coins he’ll stay; I’ll bear him ’bove the skies.
- “My image place upon each piece;  
His, and his virtues, in your breast:  
There you’ll excel e’en Rome and Greece;  
By all my favourite sons caress’d.”
- 

## 280 EPITAPH ON GENERAL GREENE.

BY WILLIAM PIERCE, ESQ.

LIKE other things this marble must decay,  
The cipher’d characters shall fade away,  
And naught but ruin mark this sacred spot,  
Where Greene’s interr’d,—perhaps the place forgot.  
But time, unmeasured, shall preserve his name,  
Through distant ages shall roll on his fame;  
And, in the heart of every good man, raise  
A lasting monument of matchless praise.

## 281

## AMERICA.

HAIL to the birth of American glory !  
Her genius sounds loudly the trumpet of Fame ;  
Children, their parents, and grandfathers hoary,  
Exult in the valour which purchased that name ;

Her heroes have fought again,  
Truth and justice to maintain,  
Against foreign insult, menace, and scorn ;  
Baltimore and Orleans free,  
Have raised the shout of victory,  
And offered new gems her temple to adorn.

Supreme are the joys this day will afford ye,  
For Freedom has gathered green bays for each son ;  
Brothers made captive for vengeance implored thee,  
And wept with delight at the battles you won :

A firm and united band,  
Freed by your valiant hand,  
No tyrant shall force them from Liberty's tree :

With grateful emotion,  
They offer devotion  
To the God who protects them on land and by sea.

Who would exchange for a traitor's reflection  
The pride of the freemen who bled in our cause :  
Whose prowess released from disgraceful restriction,  
A country directed by Virtue's best laws :

Their praise shall abound again,  
From Europe's wildest glen,  
For honour and mercy rejoice in their fame ;  
While carnage and plunder  
Have mark'd British thunder,  
And tarnish'd what lustre might circle her name.

Our statesmen with wisdom have govern'd the nation,  
Avenging the wrongs which their country endured ;  
To freedom they offer'd a grateful oblation,  
And peace by their judgment have firmly secured :  
    Our ships now securely ride  
    Over ocean's swelling tide,  
Protected by the banner they proudly display ;  
    Ne'er shall it be seen to wave,  
    Guardian of that sordid slave,  
Who, bought by foreign gold, shuns this auspicious day.

The genius of Columbia a laurel wreath bears,  
For the heroes whose courage her power maintains,  
Yet a crown of fresh cypress she mournfully wears,  
For the loss which her children but recent sustains :  
    Bless'd shade of departed worth,  
    Smile on your nation's mirth,  
O'erclouded by grief for the statesman we mourn ;  
    Sure GERRY in realms above,  
    Will share in our anxious love,  
For the country he cherish'd, but ne'er can rejoin.

This spot, which first witness'd Columbia's com-  
    motion,  
Exhorts us to equal in valour and truth,  
What we hallow this day with grateful emotion :  
The memory of champions who guarded our youth.  
    Here Lawrence, Burrowes, Allen's shades,  
    And those who fought on freedom's glades,  
Unite with the spirits of seventy-five ;  
    To receive the just praises  
    Of their country, which raises  
Their fame to the portals of heaven's archive.

## 282

## VERSES

On Dr. Franklin shedding a tear while signing the Federal Constitution.

THE sage, whom rival nations join to praise,  
Whose lengthen'd span one patriot scene displays,  
Revolving, in his spacious mind, the fate  
Of millions, toiling in the servile state—  
With ardour grasp'd the pen to sign the plan  
Which gave his country all the rights of man.  
“Enough,” he cried—“my God, I ask no more—  
Excuse, my friends, a tear :—I am FOURSCORE.”

## 283

## THE FABRIC OF FREEDOM.

BY JONATHAN WILLIAMS, ESQ.

*Air—“The topsail shivers in the wind.”*

FAIR Freedom, lend thy gracious aid,  
To sing our fabric's fame :  
By patriots raised, celestial maid !  
It boasts thy sacred name :  
On thy broad basis may it be  
The pride and safeguard of the free !

Here Justice holds her even scales,  
And grasps her rightful sword ;  
As Truth directs, she never fails  
To punish or reward :  
Here, equal law is Virtue's guide,  
And Virtue's sons therein confide.

Here blue-eyed Peace, with gentle sway,  
Extends her blessings far ;



---

Though, by her dictates ruled, we may  
Be still prepared for war:  
The force which from our union grows  
Shall aid our friends, and crush our foes.

Thus is our constitution rear'd  
On freedom, strength, and peace;  
By Virtue loved, by Faction fear'd:  
For Faction's self must cease.  
Contented now, we'll happy live,  
While industry and trade shall thrive.

Come, Ceres! come in golden pride:  
Adorn each waving field:  
Come, with Pomona by thy side,  
And fruitful harvests yield:  
The heavenly pair their favours shower,  
And Agriculture owns their power.

See, Commerce, with extended hand,  
Flies the restraint of kings;  
And foreign riches to this land,  
From every climate brings.  
Bless'd by her smiles, we soon shall find,  
That where she's free, she's always kind.

May Science, and her handmaid, Art,  
To this new world belong!  
And infant Muses joy impart  
In strains of sportive song.  
Apollo see! with glory dress'd,  
Appears, refulgent, in the west.

America is thus become  
A seat to Freedom dear,

Where virtuous strangers find a home,  
And no oppression fear.  
These rising states shall be renown'd ;  
By Plenty, Art, and Science crown'd.

---

## 284 ADDRESS TO BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

WHEN rival nations, great in arms,  
Great in power, in glory great,  
Fill the world with war's alarms,  
And breathe a temporary hate—

The hostile storms yet rage a while,  
And the dire contest ends.  
But, ah ! how hard to reconcile  
The foes who once were friends !

Each hasty word, each look unkind,  
Each distant hint, that seems to mean  
A something lurking in the mind,  
That almost longs to lurk unseen—  
Each shadow of a shade offends  
The imbittered foes who once were friends.

That Power, alone, who framed the soul,  
And bade the springs of passion play,  
Can all their jarring strings control,  
And form on discord concord's sway.

'Tis He alone, whose breath of love  
Did o'er the world of waters move,  
Whose touch the mountain bends,  
Whose voice from darkness call'd forth light,

'Tis He, alone, can reunite  
The foes who once were friends.

To Him, O Britain! bow the knee;  
His awful, his august decree,  
Columbia's sons adore;  
Forgive at once, and be forgiven,  
Ope in each breast a little heaven,  
And discord is no more.



## 285

## PEACE.—1815.

A Song composed by Mr. JOHN M'CREARY, of Petersburg, Virginia, and sung at that place the Fourth of July, 1815.

No more the loud tones of the trumpet resound,  
No more the war-bugle's wild notes strike the ear;  
Our warriors return from the battle renown'd,  
To the bosom of friendship and families dear.  
Mild Peace round her flings  
Balmy sweets from her wings,  
The welkin with echoes of happiness rings;  
Come, toast our brave heroes, and swear, this great  
day  
We will hand down in glory till time pass away.  
The Briton, enraged, had proclaim'd, in his pride,  
To erase the strong fabric our sires had erected;  
To pollute the fair fane for which millions have died,  
To destroy Freedom's temple, by freemen protected.  
Boasting loud, o'er the wave  
Come his Wellingtons brave,  
Ah! who shall the green tree of liberty save?

Mark the eagle of Freedom, his banners unfurl'd,  
His eye on the sun, while suspense chains the world.

From a thousand ships pouring, his conquerors of  
France

Debouch on our plains in the dread pomp of war;  
Confiding in conquest, they gayly advance;

Their deep-mouth'd artillery thunders afar;

Near Niagara's roar

The parch'd earth drank their gore—

Our heroes their garbs triumphantly wore.

Brown, Scott, Gaines, and Ripley their falchions  
raised high,

Their resolve—"We will conquer, or gloriously die."

See, the sons of the west! like a dark cloud of night,

With eagerness forth from their deep forests throng;

Their death-tubes of terror prepared for the fight,

Like their own Mississippi, impetuous and strong.

'Tis Jackson who leads

Them to glorious deeds,

Where the vaunting invader in agony bleeds:

Come, toast then our heroes, we swear this great day

We will hand down, in glory, till time pass away.



## 286

## DEATH OF DU COUDRAY.

IN the spring of life he left

His relatives and hearth,

And bade a long farewell unto

The land which gave him birth.

Within his young breast glow'd

The patriot's holy flame:

---

In the glorious strife for liberty,  
To aid our sires he came.

He came in that dark hour  
Which souls the sternest tried :  
But freely the young warrior bound  
The falchion to his side.  
Its burning zeal gave promise  
Of a chivalrous career :  
The rolling drum, and cannon peal  
Was music to his ear.

Ah ! Death is often nearest  
When least we deem him nigh :  
This noble son of France fell not  
Where warriors meet to die.  
The banner, bathed in slaughter,  
Alas ! was not his shroud :  
Nor was the gallant stranger's pall  
The wreathing battle-cloud.

Impatient, in the fearful strife,  
To wield his blade untried,  
He urged his steed until he reach'd  
The Schuylkill's rapid tide.  
A boat, to bear him over, soon  
Across the flood was sent,  
And into it the fiery youth,  
Without dismounting, went.

Regardless of the rein, the steed,  
(Affrighted by the gleam  
Of weapons,) with his rider plunged  
Into the foaming stream.

His comrades fruitless efforts  
To save their leader made :  
They saw the waves close over him,  
But could afford no aid.

Forget him not, Americans !  
Green let his memory be !  
To die in your defence, he came  
Across the stormy sea.  
Your children teach, from infancy,  
To reverence his name,  
And give to him a lofty place  
Upon the page of Fame.

---

## 287 TO THE MEMORY OF HARRISON.

UNSEAL the mournful sod,  
Let sound your notes of wo—  
A Christian soul has gone to God—  
A Christian corse must to its burial go.

Simple shall be our rite :  
The dust unto its dust,  
The spirit to its native light,  
To us, the blessed memory of the just.

It seems but yestermorn  
That, by the gathering crowd,  
Thou, as their chosen one, wert borne  
Hither, with sound of joy, and welcome loud.

Call'd from thy stately West,  
Thou camest, on mission proud ;

---

It is fulfill'd : lie down to rest  
With quiet heart in an untarnish'd shroud.

Thy message briefly said,  
With word and look serene ;  
Thou bowest low thy hoary head,  
And glidest, as a shadow, from the scene.

Our good old president !  
On that triumphal day,  
A milk-white steed beneath thee bent—  
Paler is that which bears thee now away.

It is not well to mourn ;  
Man is but half a slave,  
But half to sin and suffering born,  
The tide of sorrow breaks upon the grave.

And when the warm spring sun  
On thy green bed shall lie,  
Methinks 'twill be a sweeter one  
Than purple couch or regal canopy.

For, surely, thou art spared  
The weight of weary days :  
Sleepless anxieties, unshared,  
And lonely wanderings in life's thorniest ways.

Thou hast but plann'd our good,  
Nor lived to see it fail ;  
Nor struggled with man's evil mood,  
Till thy soul fainted in its prison frail.

For thee the trump of war  
Breathes vain defiance now ;  
We hear it, dimly, from afar,  
But Peace has set her seal upon thy brow.

The chains thou wouldst have broken  
Must bind us, if God will :  
The words of truth thou wouldst have spoken  
His voice shall speak, and every heart be still.

Upon the wreck of things  
His signet is impress'd ;  
Turn we from vain imaginings,  
For so He giveth His beloved rest.

---

## 288 ON THE DEATH OF HARRISON.

A WAIL ! a plaintive, wide, and fearful wail !  
The air is full of deep and sickening wo ;  
A nation's eyes are dim, their faces pale,  
The chosen of their hearts in death is low !  
O, Death ! in wild, terrific majesty,  
Thou stand'st before us here ;  
Ah, yes, we had forgotten thee,  
Thou, who art ever near.

We were too full of joy, too full of trust  
In MAN,  
Forgetful of the mandate, "dust to dust,"  
And while bright hope began  
To wax into firm confidence, and we spoke aloud  
Of the dark future, as if even now  
It was our own,  
THOU,  
O Death ! all silent and alone,  
Prepared stood, our thoughtless hope in gloom to  
shroud.



O, 'tis a fearful thing  
To think that, while a nation's clamours rose and fell,  
While passion raged o'er all the land,  
And strife waved back and forth its clenched hand,  
And victory's shout rose up from hill and shaded dell,  
And triumph spoke, and proudly said, "All's safe and  
well"—

Thou ever wert above us with thy raven wing!  
And on that day,  
Than which the sun, in its long tireless way,  
Hath seen none more sublime,  
Nor will see, till the end of time,  
When the great chief, whom trembling hope had  
sought,  
And from his humble state with acclamations brought,  
Took now the nation's seat;  
While millions of men's hearts in fond affection beat,  
And rose a thrilling cry,  
To which the sea, the desert rock, the crowded city gave  
A wild, long, glad reply,  
A universal, warm "all hail."  
O, Death! thou, too, wert by,  
Thinking how soon would rise the nation's wide and  
long and plaintive wail.

To thee  
How strange must often seem the world's fond  
pageantry,  
And strange too, to thy keen, well-judging eye,  
Man's too fond trust in dying man, while in our breast  
He enters not, to whom a nation's hopes address'd  
May be full confident; for He  
Holds ever in his grasp futurity;  
And, in his mighty course, tramples, O Death, on thee!

## 289

## HARRISON'S RETURN.

BY J. W. MATTHEWS.

“He has return’d!”—but no clarion’s peal  
Breathes proudly his welcome home;  
Not with the music of ringing steel  
Doth that gray-haired chieftain come;  
Not on the bright triumphal car  
With the shouts of victory;  
Not with the banner and trump of war,  
In the warrior’s panoply.

He has return’d!—but not mid the tread  
Of a proud, exulting throng,  
With the glittering wreath upon his head,  
And in triumph borne along;  
Not with the gun’s deep thunder pour’d  
Out on the echoing air;  
Nor with roaring drum and gleaming sword  
Is that warrior welcomed there!

He has return’d!—but the glancing light  
Of that eagle eye is dim;  
For sternly and dark the fearful blight  
Of the tomb has passed o’er him.  
Hush’d is the throb of that mighty breast,  
And pale is that noble brow,  
And cold his form in its last, long rest—  
Ye cannot disturb it now!

He has return’d—but a weeping band  
Is gather’d around his bier,  
And a voice of wail through the sunset land  
Is echoing far and near.

They have borne him back to rest at last  
Mid the scenes he loved to trace,  
Where the sunset's dying gleams are cast  
O'er his glorious burial-place.

Ay ! bury him there by his own homestead,  
Where his own hearth-light has shone,  
Where the dirge may rise for the mighty dead  
In the billow's midnight moan.  
Tread lightly now !—he is with his God,  
And free from life's wildest storm ;  
Evermore hallow'd shall be the sod  
That rests o'er his sacred form !



## 290 THE AMERICAN HERO.

A Sapphic ode, written in the time of the American Revolution.

BY NATHANIEL NILES.

WHY should vain mortals tremble at the sight  
Of death and destruction in the field of battle,  
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,  
Sounding with death-groans ?

Death will invade us by the means appointed,  
And we must all bow to the king of terrors ;  
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,  
What shape he comes in.

Infinite Goodness teaches us submission,  
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings ;  
Never repining, but forever praising  
God, our Creator.

Well may we praise him : all his ways are perfect :  
'Though a resplendence, infinitely glowing,  
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals,  
Struck blind by lustre.

Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,  
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder.  
Mercies and judgment both proceed from kindness,  
Infinite kindness.

O, then, exult that God forever reigneth ;  
Clouds which, around him, hinder our perception,  
Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and  
Shout louder praises.

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master  
I will commit all that I have or wish for,  
Sweetly as babes' sleep will I give my life up,  
When call'd to yield it.

Now, Mars, I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,  
Bursting from bomb-shells, roaring from the cannon,  
Rattling in grape-shot like a storm of hailstones,  
Torturing ether.

Up the bleak heavens let the spreading flames rise,  
Breaking, like Ætna, through the smoky columns,  
Lowering, like Egypt, o'er the falling city,  
Wantonly burn'd down.\*

Let oceans waft on all your fleeting castles,  
Fraught with destruction, horrible to nature ;  
Then, with your sails fill'd by a storm of vengeance,  
Bear down to battle.

---

\* Charlestown, near Boston.

---

From the dire caverns, made by ghostly miners,  
Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,  
Heave the broad town, with all its wealth and people,  
Quick to destruction.

Still shall the banner of the King of Heaven  
Never advance where I am afraid to follow :  
While that precedes me, with an open bosom,  
War, I defy thee.

Fame and dear freedom lure me on to battle,  
While a fell despot, grimmer than a death-head,  
Stings me with serpents, fiercer than Medusa's,  
To the encounter.

Life, for my country and the cause of freedom,  
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with ;  
And, if preserved in so great a contest,  
Life is redoubled.

**291****THE AMERICAN BOY.**

BY J. H. HEWITT.

“FATHER, look up, and see that flag!  
How gracefully it flies!  
Those pretty stripes—they seem to be  
A rainbow in the skies.”  
“It is your country’s flag, my son,  
And proudly drinks the light,  
O’er ocean’s wave—in foreign climes  
A symbol of our might.”  
“Father, what fearful noise is that,  
Like thundering in the clouds?

Why do the people wave their hats,  
And rush along in crowds ?”

“It is the voice of cannonry,  
The glad shouts of the free :  
This is a day to memory dear—  
’Tis Freedom’s jubilee.”

“I wish that I was now a man ;  
I’d fire my cannon too,  
And cheer as loudly as the rest :  
But, father, why don’t you ?”  
“I’m getting old and weak : but still  
My heart is big with joy ;  
I’ve witness’d many a day like this :  
Shout you aloud, my boy.”

“Hurrah, for Freedom’s jubilee !  
God bless our native land,  
And may I live to hold the sword  
Of freedom in my hand !”

“Well done ! my boy : grow up and love  
The land that gave you birth ;  
A home where Freedom loves to dwell  
Is paradise on earth.”

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Long 1918  
May 25  
100  
Spent 12  
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